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THOMAS MOORE'S ANECDOTES

EDITED BY WILMOT HARRISON

WITH SPECIAL PREFACE

BY

RICHARD GARNETT LL.D

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Thomas Moore

(aged 40)

Moore's Anecdotes

WILMOT HARRISON

LONDON
WARWICK SQUARE
1885

"THOMAS MOORE" ANECDOTES

BEING ANECDOTES,
BON-MOTS, AND EPIGRAMS, FROM THE
"JOURNAL" OF THOMAS MOORE

EDITED, WITH NOTES,
BY
WILMOT HARRISON
Author of "Memorable London Houses," etc., etc.

WITH SPECIAL INTRODUCTION
BY
RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D.

LONDON
JARROLD & SONS, 10 & 11, WARWICK LANE, E.C.
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"It will hardly be denied that there is an interest in the talk of men of talent which is hardly to be found in their most laboured works."

Lord John Russell.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE "Journal" of Thomas Moore has an unequalled reputation in respect of its abundant character-traits and anecdotes of many of the most eminent men of his time. The "good stories" (to use Moore's favourite phrases) told by many of them—their *bon-mots* and epigrams, form an equally attractive portion of the work, vividly recalling, as Sir John Russell remarks, "the character and type of the conversations which were carried on by the eminent men now lost to us, with whom Moore habitually lived."

This work is, I think, fairly exhaustive of matter in the fragment of "Memoir" and in the "Journal," likely to interest readers of the present time. To those among them not already acquainted with the "story-tellers," and wits referred to, their introduction in the notes may be found acceptable; as also an indication, in many cases, of the *locales* of the social gatherings at which they met.

In the Notes, also, will be found two or three of the most amusing of the many "squibs" Moore refers to as contributed to the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle*, and many additional *apropos* anecdotes. To the few notes of Moore and the original editor, I have affixed their initials.

I have retained the dates of the several extracts as having a distinct value. The mental enfeeblement which ensued upon family losses and illness accounts for the paucity of extracts in the later years.

I have omitted in the Index the numerous instances in which names are merely mentioned.

W. H.

INTRODUCTION.

It was the maxim of a great Chinese philosopher, "Always be in sympathy with your age." The advice, admirable in most cases, fails in that of men of genius, save only in those exceptional instances, such as the Italian Renaissance, or the Elizabethan era, when an entire generation is as it were lifted off its feet, elevated above its level, and pushed forward it knows not how, by the influence of an invisible power. A Michael Angelo and a Shakespeare can thus be in fullest sympathy with an age which they far transcend. But, as a rule, the men of letters and artists, especially the former, in whom a period discerns the fullest response to its own requirements, and whom it consequently crowns with the amplest meed of popularity, fall after a while into the second, or even an inferior rank; and others previously neglected or contemned as unsympathetic with their contemporaries, are advanced to fill the vacant thrones. It is also to be observed that as regards these latter, the world's revised verdict is generally final. Seldom indeed has one thus promoted been remitted to the ranks; his gold has been tried in the fire, and its worth is henceforth unquestionable. But as regards the slighted favourite, there is more room for vacillation and oscillation of judgment. Never, or hardly ever does such a one regain the place which he originally held in the world's esteem; but depreciation is not unfrequently adjudged to have gone too far, and a wholesome reaction restores him to a place not too remote from his former altitude. It often appears

that the error lay after all not so much in an exorbitant estimate of the man himself as in a misapprehension of his rank in relation to his contemporaries.

Stronger examples of this twofold reaction could hardly be found than in what was once deemed by far the most conspicuous light of the glorious poetical constellation of the earlier decades of this century—Byron; and his brilliant satellite, Thomas Moore. Byron expressed the spirit of his age so perfectly that few contemporaries doubted or could doubt that he was its chief as well as its chosen poet. At present it would be hard to find a critic with any just claim to the character who did not perceive and admit the great superiority of Wordsworth and Coleridge, Shelley and Keats, in everything that discriminates the inspired poet from the writer of effective prose; and the reaction has proceeded so far that many have even denied Byron the title of poet. This absurd injustice has in its turn begotten another reaction which will doubtless end by putting Byron in his proper place, "below the great" (using this adjective in its very highest sense), "but far above the good." The same reaction ought in its degree to have benefited his acolyte and biographer, Thomas Moore, but this scarcely seems to have yet come to pass. There is perhaps no conspicuous poet of that time at present so decidedly at a discount as Moore, once second in popularity to Scott and Byron alone. This is most unjust. Moore is not only an excellent poet and a consummate man of letters, but he is a representative man in several departments. It happens unfortunately that none of these is at present particularly in favour. It takes a Swinburne or a Morris to make the metrical romance palatable just now. Moore's graceful wit and satire, though they can never miss admiration, were of necessity mainly expended upon themes of temporary interest. The music which contributed so largely to the success of his Irish Melodies is now unfashionable, as the music of a past generation, whatever its merits, invariably

seems to become. Worst of all, he has lost his rank as the national poet of Ireland, partly from the emergence of new ideals among his countrymen, but chiefly, it must be owned, from the discovery that there is little specifically Celtic in his genius except his wit and animation; and, in particular, that he is totally devoid of that priceless quality, "Celtic Magic." It cannot be, however, that oblivion will in the long run be allowed to overtake so interesting a literary figure. As the poet of the Ireland of his day, and not less of English parliamentary liberalism, Moore ought always to remain a conspicuous figure in national as well as literary history. It is impossible to replace him in anything near his old position. An age that has fed upon Wordsworth and Shelley, Tennyson and Browning, will not be deeply moved by Moore. But, apart from the poets who mould opinion, and are, as one of them said, "the unacknowledged legislators of the world," an honourable place remains for poets of the library, who embalm the spirit of their own age, and hand its volatile spirit down to posterity in a compact and clarified form. Such a poet was Moore, the best method of perpetuating whose fame, apart from the actual re-impression of his writings, is to show by a clear account of his life and literary activity the important position which he held in the worlds of letters and politics of his own day.

Thomas Moore was born in Aungier Street, Dublin, May 28th, 1779, and was the son of a grocer, who gradually developed into a wine merchant, and declined into a barrack master. Both his parents were Roman Catholics, victims of the unjust legislation and the still more pernicious social exclusion which had come down as the ugly but inevitable legacy of troubled times. Trinity College, however, was open to all as a place of education, though not at that period as a field of honour and emolument; and Moore, who was a remarkably clever and precocious boy, acquired sufficient Latin at private schools, partly by extra lessons from a friendly usher

named Donovan, to justify his matriculation there in 1794, at what would now be thought the early age of fifteen. Roman Catholic disabilities had been so far removed in the preceding year as to allow Romanists to practise as barristers, and it was the dearest wish of Moore's mother—much the more interesting of his parents—to see her son a counsellor. Nothing, probably, would have made Moore a lawyer, but he would have gained distinction as a speaker notwithstanding his short figure and unheroic physiognomy; he would have been a useful adjutant to O'Connell, and his career might very well have ended in an Irish judgeship. But, though far from idle or dissipated, he could no more than Petrarch, Boccaccio, or Ariosto, addict himself to the study of the law. His college reputation was that of a wit and an elegant scholar. He translated into English verse the most difficult Greek author, perhaps, with whom he was as yet competent to grapple, namely Anacreon; and the appellation of Anacreon Moore, the more appropriate from his cheerful and festive cast of countenance, adhered to him for the remainder of his life. The Provost would willingly have distinguished the translator by a special reward, but doubted whether the college could officially countenance anything "so amatory and convivial." That nothing might be wanting to his character as a representative Irishman, Moore struck up a friendship with Robert Emmet, and would probably have been drawn into the plots of the United Irishmen had not Emmet scrupulously abstained from soliciting him. Moore came exceedingly well out of the investigation which resulted, both as regarded his own behaviour, and his loyalty towards more compromised persons. In 1799 he proceeded to England to study for the bar at the Middle Temple, taking with him his translation of Anacreon, which his university honoured by subscribing for to the extent of two copies, when he had succeeded in making an arrangement with the London publishers. It is shocking to our sense of congruity to hear of an Anacreon in quarto, but such was

the form of publication adopted, and there were erudite notes, probably cribbed, into the bargain. The success of this publication opened the way for Moore's appearance as an English Anacreon under the pseudonym of Thomas Little. This otherwise insignificant publication is noteworthy as a warning to young men of genius to be careful what they publish at the beginning of their career. Twenty years later it would have excited no attention, but as the work of a clever young man just beginning to be productive, it was taken as a sample of the entire crop, and fixed a reputation for immorality upon Moore entirely unsupported by his subsequent writings. The same thing, *mutatis mutandis*, was happening at the same time to Wordsworth, who was making for himself a reputation with the mass of the public as a childish and prosaic writer by publishing a few poems where simplicity was exaggerated into triviality in illustration of his theory of poetic diction, but which critics and readers insisted on taking as the standard of his taste and the measure of his powers.

Moore's great success in English society, nevertheless, was but slightly attributable to his poetry, and still less to his law. He was a musical virtuoso, and, by the admission of the inimical Croker, who had known him as a young man in Dublin, could not only play but sing, or rather warble, bewitchingly, "set off by an expression of countenance and charm of manner the most graceful, the most natural, and the most touching that we have ever witnessed." He had brought over a high reputation in this department from Ireland, and had in particular gained the admiration of Lord Moira, through whom, in all probability, he obtained presentation to the Prince of Wales, then very liberal, very pro-Catholic, and very ready to patronise promising Irishmen. And now was witnessed a curious phenomenon, a return to primitive practice on the part of one of the most artificial of modern poets. The great objection to Moore's poetry is its want of nature; there is no getting over that. Yet this conventional

and theatrical writer was doing what Wordsworth and Coleridge could not do, he was reciting his own compositions with musical accompaniment; just like a Scandinavian skald or a Homeric rhapsodist, and would probably have been considered by Homer himself as supporting the character of a sacred bard better than any of the Lakers. Thus did primitive customs for a season revive in London drawing-rooms; and as it was probably true even then that

"Silent rows the songless gondolier,"

these drawing-rooms perhaps then exhibited what could not have been found elsewhere in the civilised world.

Of one of the ancient minstrels whom Moore thus emulated it is recorded that "he could harp a fish out of the water." Moore surpassed this feat by harping not only fishes, but loaves and fishes out of the Admiralty. In 1803, through the influence of Lord Moira, he was appointed to the Admiralty Registrarship at Bermuda, one of those places which one fills, when one can, by deputy. He was obliged, however, to go out to take possession, which having accomplished, and having installed, as subsequently appeared, the greatest rogue the islands produced as his *locum tenens*, he returned by way of the United States and Canada. The poems which he published upon his return (1806), contained some illiberal attacks upon America, of which Jeffrey properly took notice in the "Edinburgh Review," but in attacking Moore's amatory poetry he travelled beyond the record, and according to the code of the time justified the challenge which Moore addressed to him. The incidents which grew out of this cartel, as detailed by Moore himself, resemble those of a comic opera, and their ludicrousness was increased by the diminutive stature of the pair of combatants. The *dénouement*, however, was what it ought to have been, a firm friendship. It is remarkable that the two most important literary intimacies of Moore's

life should have arisen out of abortive duels. The second—which, especially as it grew out of the quarrel with Jeffrey, may be mentioned a little out of chronological order for convenience sake—was Moore's misunderstanding with Byron, who had sneered (1811) at the incident of the absence of the bullet from Jeffrey's pistol in a manner too clearly evincing his scepticism as to the presence of bullets in either weapon. Moore proceeded with more temper and discretion on this occasion, and the general conduct of the affair does honour both to him and to Byron. Byron never made a real friend after his native pride had been fostered into egotism by immoderate success, but his fidelity to his early intimacies shows that he was not naturally incapable of friendship. His intimacy with Moore came in the middle period, when he was beginning to be flattered and idolised, but was not yet a golden image with feet of clay. His regard for Moore, if not amounting to affection, was frank and cordial, and assuredly disinterested. The latter attribute was as difficult for Moore to sustain as it was easy for Byron. But he was, in a greater degree than has been generally recognised, a gentleman and a man of spirit. No unworthy compliance can be alleged against him; no slur ever rested upon his independence towards any man, or any body of men. His attitude towards Byron could not in the nature of things be comfortable or altogether dignified; he could not love him, and he could not help being horribly afraid of him. The satellites of Jupiter may revolve in peace, but it is an awful thing to be the satellite of a comet which may at any moment rush off into space. That Moore should have incurred disfavour with advanced Liberals by seeking to restrain Byron from quarrelling too openly with the established order of things was natural, was inevitable, but was still inequitable. It may be granted that he was wrong. As a poet and an intellectual force Byron was a revolutionist, or was nothing. But from Moore's own point of view he was right, and there is no reason to believe

that his conduct was dictated by any other motive than a regard for Byron's most visible interests. It was much to have preserved to the last both Byron's respect and his own.

When Moore presumed to demand explanations from Byron the position of the two poets in popular esteem approximated more closely than was ever afterwards the case. Byron was only known by "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," which had indeed produced a considerable sensation, but was just the kind of performance frequently achieved by a clever man who soon recognises that his sphere is rather politics than poetry. Moore's attempts in heroic verse, "Corruption," a satire, and "The Sceptic," which might be and perhaps was designed as a reply to some passages in Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," had not been remarkably successful, but he was already known as the author of "The Irish Melodies," and although the publication continued until 1834, enough had already been done to give him a leading rank among the lyrists of his day. Alone among them all he wrote for music which he found ready to his hand, and thus insured that his pieces should be real songs. This great quality, which far more sweet and subtle lyrists do not always attain, has been made a ground of unfavourable criticism. Moore's songs are said to be of little value when divorced from their music. But, rejoins Professor Minto, they were never intended to be divorced from their music. The melody is an integral part of the poem, and in fact this very modern poet has made a long step back towards the practice of the ancients. Others no doubt have done the same in isolated instances, but no one has given such a corpus of song adapted to music, and so completely wedded the two arts. It inevitably follows that the Irish Melodies cannot convey the same pleasure when merely read as when performed to their natural accompaniment. Much that seems trivial has its full musical justification, but this the reader cannot be expected to consider. Their merits as a body of national minstrelsy have been variously

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estimated. Many, undoubtedly, are only national in so far as the tunes to which they are adapted are Irish. Others breathe a truly patriotic feeling, which may appear somewhat out of date now that Roman Catholic grievances have been redressed, but was perfectly legitimate in its own day. The conceits, prettinesses, and tricks of diction which undoubtedly marred the Irish Melodies considered merely as literary compositions, do not affect this feeling, which is never insincere, though the note is not that of "Who Fears to Talk of Ninety-eight?" or "The Shan Van Vocht." If it is said that under the then circumstances of his country Moore ought to have been a rebel, such was not his own view. He was a good Irishman, but also a good Briton. He expected the redress of Irish grievances by peaceful means, and lived to see the fulfilment of most of his anticipations. The political verse of Davis and others has great merit in many respects, but only a small portion of it has obtained acceptance as classical English poetry. The proportion of Moore's melodies, on the other hand, which have become household words, is very considerable. It will suffice to name "Go where glory waits thee," "The harp that once through Tara's halls," "When he who adores thee has left but the name," "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," "As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow," "At the mid hour of night," "Come o'er the sea," "When first I met thee," and "Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken dear." It cannot be affirmed that there are many which owe their popularity to meretricious glitter, false sentiment, or anything except the felicitous marriage of good words to good music. They cannot be said to be masterpieces. The songs of Goethe, Heine, and Béranger possess all their recommendations, along with much higher ones which lay entirely beyond Moore's sphere. But these are not equally national. They express the national character to perfection, they are not equally expressive of the national aspirations. The competition of

Burns, no doubt, crushes Moore; but one may be far behind Burns, Goethe, Heine, and Béranger, and still be an excellent poet.

There is another class of literature in which Moore began to distinguish himself about this time in which he has little competition to fear, that of light epigrammatic satire. The incentive to this new departure was the conduct of the Prince Regent when, in coming nominally to the head of affairs through the insanity of his father (1811), he broke with his old political associates, and continued to govern by the aid of his father's ministers, espousing a system which he and his friends had continually denounced as pernicious, and repudiating all his former political convictions, or what had been supposed to be such. The situation was a painful one, and the Regent's chief fault was that he did not sufficiently feel it to be such. Had it been possible to believe him actuated by principle, his conduct might have been defended as wise and patriotic. Any Liberal administration that could have been formed must of necessity have been a very weak one, and weak government at home must have paralysed the nation in its tremendous struggle with Napoleon. If the Prince had really subordinated private attachments to public duty his conduct would have deserved applause. Unfortunately it was not possible to believe that he was really actuated by such motives, or that estrangement from his old associates cost him anything. It was evidently the more comfortable course for him to pursue, and, neither his political nor his personal character entitled him to credit for higher motives. Yet, whatever the motive, the action was in itself right, and did not merit the obloquy with which it was visited by the Whigs, infuriated by the disappointment of all their expectations, and the apparent prospect of another quarter of a century's exclusion from office. Moore had his own peculiar disappointment, he had long looked for a provision at the hands of Lord Moira, shortly to be Marquis of Hastings Ganod vernor General of India, the only one of the Regent's

Burns, no doubt, chasing Moore; and who may be the [illegible] Burns, Goethe, Heine, and Beranger, and still be an excellent poet.

There is another class of literature in which Moore began to distinguish himself about the time to which he has little competition to fear, that of light epigrammatic verse. The immediate to this new departure was the conduct of the Prince Regent when, in coming nominally to the head of affairs through the treasury of his father (1811), he broke with his old political [illegible] and continued to govern by the aid of his father's [illegible], repeating a system which he and his friends had [illegible] denounced as pernicious, and repudiating all his [illegible] convictions, or what had been supposed to be [illegible]. The situation was a painful one, and the Regent's chief [illegible] was that he did not sufficiently feel it to be such. Had a [illegible] possible to believe him actuated by principle, his conduct might have been defended as wise and patriotic. Any Liberal administration that could have been formed [illegible] of [illegible] have been a very weak one, and weak government at home [illegible] have paralysed the nation in its tremendous [illegible] with Napoleon. If the Prince had really subordinated private attachments to public duty his conduct would have deserved applause. Unfortunately it was not possible to believe that he was really actuated by such motives, or that [illegible] about his old associates cost him anything. It was evidently the [illegible] course for him to pursue, and neither the political nor his personal character entitled him to credit for higher motives. Yet, whatever the motive, the [illegible] was in [illegible], and did not merit the obloquy with which it was [illegible] by the Whigs, infuriated by the disappointment of all [illegible] and the apparent prospect of another quarter of [illegible] from office. Moore had his own [illegible], he had long looked for a [illegible] in the [illegible] of Lord Moira, shortly to be Marquis of Hastings General [illegible] of India, the only one of the Regent's

old friends who had not broken with him, but who could now only offer Moore a dubious provision in India, whither of course he was disinclined to proceed. He was now a husband and father, having married the charming actress, Bessie Dyke, in 1811; India, therefore, was more out of the question than ever, and he resigned himself to accept Lord Moira's valedictory gift of fifteen dozen of wine. All his social affections and intimacies, moreover, drew him to take an active part against the Prince; his talents had long recommended him to the brilliant society of Holland House, and he was becoming the associate of Lords Lansdowne and Holland, of Rogers, Sydney Smith, Mackintosh, and the rest. But the chief justification for the acrimonious hostility he evinced towards a Prince who had always personally treated him with kindness, was undoubtedly his strong resentment at the Prince's desertion of the Roman Catholic claims, which not unnaturally overbalanced imperial considerations in the mind of an oppressed Irish Catholic. Moore's patriotism was ardent, and on this point was reinforced by horror of bigotry and enthusiasm for toleration. Ere long it was discovered that English literature had acquired such a satirist as it had never before, whose prototype among classical writers was not Juvenal or Horace, but Martial. Martial, for excellent reasons, never meddled with politics, but the same mordant wit which he expended upon men's folly and frivolity, was now found effective as a political weapon. English literature had not wanted something of the kind before, but the airy malice of "The Twopenny Post Bag" is a great advance upon the elaborate pleasantry of the "Rolliad." It has more affinity to the *esprit* of Voltaire, while at the same time the manner, no less than the matter, is distinctively Moore's own, and is substantially the same as that employed on quite a different class of subject in the "Irish Melodies" and their companion amatory lyrics. The merit of the songs, apart from the melody of the verse, is quite as much intellectual as poetical, consisting

usually in the development of some exquisitely graceful or pathetic idea. In the satires there is a perfect shower of ideas, an incessant bombardment of the enemy with pungent sarcasms; but here, as in the songs, the pleasure received arises in great measure from the poet's intellectual force, intimated by the felicity of the thoughts themselves and the rare polish imparted to them by an intellectual process. Pope would probably have left us much poetry like Moore's if he had been endowed with Moore's lyrical faculty.

The sale of "The Twopenny Post Bag" was prodigious, but there could be no very great profit upon so small a book, and the "Irish Melodies," though appearing regularly and largely circulated, would not keep a family whose head, under pain of extinction, was obliged to appear continually in the best society. Moore was compelled to undertake some more extensive work; his industry and independence did him honour; but it is some shock to high ideas of poetical imagination to find him contracting with Longmans to give them the best metrical romance that had yet been written upon condition of receiving the highest price that had yet been paid. This was not the way in which Wordsworth or Shelley would have gone to work, though Scott had followed it. So high was the estimate of Moore's talent, which implies an equally high estimate of his conscientiousness, that Longmans agreed to pay three thousand pounds for any poem he might produce without having seen a line of it. Such was the origin of "Lalla Rookh," generally regarded on its publication as a work of the most ethereal fancy. In 1815 Moore had made such progress with it as to offer the publishers a sight of the manuscript, of which they declined to avail themselves. In 1816 the unsatisfactory state of business prompted a noble offer from him to cancel the agreement, which the publishers, with equal magnanimity, refused. In 1817 the poem was published, and everybody was satisfied, the publishers with the sale, the poet with his honorarium, and

the public with the important addition which seemed to have been made to English literature. Earl Russell repeats the verdict of his generation when, with a touching confidence that his views cannot be out of fashion, he writes in his preface to Moore's Diary:—"'Lalla Rookh' is the work next to the Melodies and Sacred Songs in proof of Moore's title as a poet. It is a poem rich with the most brilliant creations; a work such as Pope always wished to write; such as Tasso might have written." On the other hand, the greatest of English critics—who also, unluckily for Moore, was a great and unjustly neglected poet—wrote on the appearance of the poem:—"I have read two pages of 'Lalla Rookh,' or whatever it is called. Merciful Heaven! I dare read no more, that I may be able to answer at once to any questions, 'I have but just looked at the work.' O Robinson! if I could, or if I dared, act and feel as Moore and his set do, what havoc could I not make amongst their crockery-ware! Why, there are not three lines together without some adulteration of common English." The truth lies between these extremes. The comparison of Moore with Tasso does seem somewhat ludicrous, while, on the other hand, the soured and splenetic feelings which impelled Coleridge to so severe a judgment are fully revealed by his admission that he had not read more than two pages of the poem he vituperates. "Lalla Rookh" should be read as a whole, not because it is a work of consummate art, or that it really matters very much where it is opened, as because it is an assemblage of small brilliancies individually ineffective, but resplendent in the mass. It is not a great poem, but is a great literary feat; it has no creative imagination, but much radiant fancy; if the author read up Oriental lore for it, and went out of his way to make niches for picturesque circumstances, Southey had done the same in "Thalaba" and "Kehama." The under-current of political allegory, with constant reference to the woes of Ireland, if out of place in an Oriental romance, served at

all events to deepen the human interest. Great praise is due to the beautiful invention of "Paradise and the Peri," which has added a new and very attractive figure to the gallery of fairy mythology.

In 1817, the year of the publication of "Lalla Rookh," Moore seemed at the pinnacle of good fortune. He had scarcely taken Sloperton Cottage, a delightful retreat in Wiltshire, near his friend Lord Lansdowne, when a terrible blow fell upon him by the defalcation of his deputy at Bermuda, which rendered him liable for six thousand pounds. His correspondence proves the fortitude with which he bore the disaster, which elicited the most generous offers of help from Jeffrey, Lord Lansdowne, and others. It was found advisable, however, that he should for a time be out of the way, and he retreated to the Continent in 1819. In 1818 he had begun to keep a diary, which renders the materials for his life more copious and satisfactory from this date.

Moore's absence, with a brief interval in 1821, lasted until April, 1822. It had been partly spent in Italy, where he renewed acquaintance with Byron, "grown fat, which spoils the picturesqueness of his head," partly in Paris, where he stayed too long. He found himself able to arrange his Bermuda difficulties without recourse to Jeffrey or Lord Lansdowne, by anticipating a legacy from Byron, who bequeathed him his own autobiographic memoirs. On these Moore, as was no doubt intended that he should, raised sufficient money from Murray to put himself straight with the world: but he was far from foreseeing the complications which this unlucky autobiography was to occasion. Upon Byron's death in 1824 his friends and Lady Byron's friends were nearly unanimous in protesting against the publication. It was of course admitted that Moore must be compensated for the loss to himself, but this he absolutely refused to hear of, and repaid the money borrowed from Murray by effecting another loan from Longman. So far

the transaction was most honourable to him, but it is a serious question, usually answered in the negative, whether he could be justified in disappointing the trust reposed in him by Byron, who undoubtedly wished and designed the publication of the memoirs, and relied upon Moore to realise his intention. Moore himself does not appear to have seen any reason for withholding them until pressure was brought to bear upon him, and it is probable that the fear of giving offence and creating scandal had more weight with him than he acknowledged to himself. On the other hand, the property in the Memoirs had become so intricate that it was not clear that it did not vest in Murray, who desired their destruction, and had the advantage of actual possession. The right course would have been that which Moore himself proposed, to consult all parties interested, and then publish the diary with erasures and omissions. He ought not, perhaps, to have allowed himself to be overborne; but in judging his conduct one point must be always kept in mind, that publication would have been much to his own pecuniary interest, and suppression the reverse, a consideration which would have great, even undue influence upon one so nervously sensitive and delicately honourable in all pecuniary matters. After all, the chief cause of the untoward fate of the manuscript was Byron's own want of precision. If he had bequeathed it to Moore with an absolute injunction to publish it, and the proviso that in the event of his failing to do so it should go to some such person as William Cobbett, the objections would have quickly disappeared. According to Earl Russell, who had read most of it, it contained little that could do Byron's memory, or English literature, either credit or the reverse. This may well be believed, for great men who write their autobiographies have a trick of leaving off just as these are beginning to be interesting. We should probably have heard much about the rake of the early Regency; something about the crazes of Lady Caroline Lamb, and the insufferable

virtues of Lady Byron; but little of the Byron of "Manfred" and "Sardanapalus," of the "Vision of Judgment" and "Don Juan."

Instead of being Byron's editor, Moore was fated to be his biographer. Byron's bequest had manifestly marked him out for the office, and he was on the point of giving evidence of his qualifications for biography by his "Life of Sheridan," which had lingered long in his hands, but eventually made its appearance in 1825. If Moore was marked out as the ideal author for such a book, Murray was no less distinctly indicated as the only possible publisher, as Moore himself had admitted by depositing the Memoirs with him. The two were at open variance, but mutual interest spoke more strongly than resentment, a negociation was successfully conducted through Hobhouse, and Murray enabled Moore to acquit his obligation to Longman by returning the two thousand guineas repaid to himself, and adding two thousand pounds for literary labour. The result was Moore's "Life of Byron," published in 1831, his principal achievement as a prose writer, and which will never be forgotten, even should it be superseded. An exhaustive and accurate book it certainly is not, such a performance would have been absolutely impossible at that period. But neither is it deceptive. It is reticent, but not insincere. It is exactly such a book as it became a man of Moore's high standing to write of a generous, though erring friend and benefactor, at the time reputed the first poet of his age; and if Byron himself is spared, so are his adversaries. On the whole it is exactly the biography which the age and the circumstances required; and when the time arrives for Byron's career to be dealt with in a more fearless and searching manner, and with fuller access to materials, it is much to be hoped that the task may be performed with equal tact, delicacy, and soundness of judgment. Byron's career offers great temptations to a realistic biographer, but although a work of this class may supplement Moore, it will not supersede him. As a literary

performance the book is entitled to high praise; it is one to take down at any time, open anywhere, and always read with pleasure. It is quite true that much of the charm resides in the copious use of Byron's correspondence, nor could it be expected that Byron at one remove should be as attractive as Byron himself. An edition of Byron's works succeeded, able and adequate.

We must now return to Moore's literary activity between the first commencement of "Lalla Rookh," and the publication of the "Life of Byron." It included many interesting productions, but nothing of first-rate importance. In 1815 and 1816 had appeared "National Airs" and "Sacred Songs," including pieces so universally popular as "Flow on, thou shining river," "Oft in the stilly night," and "Sound the loud timbrel." "The Fudge Family in Paris," "The Fudges in England," "Rhymes on the Road," and "Fables for the Holy Alliance," were satirical verses in the style of "The Twopenny Post Bag," and evincing the same capacity for light pungent satire. The last appeared in 1823, shortly after which time he began to be a regular contributor of satirical verses to the *Times*, receiving an annual retainer. The number and the topics of his communications were left to himself, and the connection continued to the mutual advantage of paper and poet for many years. His position as laureate of Liberalism was thus not unlike that subsequently assumed by Heine, and his pieces do not yield to Heine's in wit, although not like Heine's spiced with poetry. During his exile in Paris he had written "The Loves of the Angels," a romantic poem in the style of "Lalla Rookh," the subject of which was apparently suggested by Byron's "Heaven and Earth." It cannot be considered a very successful performance, manifesting more of the extravagance and false taste chargeable upon "Lalla Rookh," with less of pathos and fancy, and much less felicity of invention. It brought the author, however, a thousand pounds, and thus freed him from obligation to Lord Lansdowne. "Alciphron," a metrical

Egyptian romance of the Roman period, began well, but the writer tired of it as a poem, and turned it into prose as "The Epicurean," a striking tale, but whose unfaithfulness to ancient manners drew upon Moore an annihilating criticism in the *Westminster Review* from a real scholar, Thomas Love Peacock. It is probably now best known by the highly imaginative illustrations of Turner. "Memoirs of Captain Rock" (1824), and "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion" (1834), were books of a partly polemical tendency, the former satirising the Irish Church Establishment in its legal and social aspects; the latter vindicating the Roman Catholic religion, to which Moore always adhered, though he brought his children up as Protestants. The "Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald" appeared in 1831.

Moore's latter years were full of care and sorrow. The deaths of all his children, and of his two sisters, tried his affectionate spirit to the utmost, and in the case of the eldest son the trouble was aggravated by the youth's wildness and extravagance. He was also bent beneath the burden of a work which, with his usual industry and loyal determination to exert himself to the utmost for his family, he had undertaken without duly estimating its wearisomeness and difficulty, or the incipient decline of his own powers. This was the History of Ireland, which he had engaged to write for Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia." "The few entertaining volumes in this compilation," wrote a contemporary critic, "are but like lumps of sugar thrown in to sweeten the mess;" and Moore's four volumes, no sugar to anybody, were to him exceedingly bitter pills. In truth, it was no disgrace to him to have failed with a hopeless subject. The legendary history of Ireland is poetical and attractive, but taboo to the serious historian; the mediæval period illustrates Milton's observation tending the wars of the kites and the crows; the later history resembles the scenery of the country, very fine isolated portions only attainable by journeying across tedious morasses. History

has few more brilliant pages than Macaulay's narrative of the suppression of the Irish revolt of 1688-90; but he had lighted upon an oasis; all before and all after is uninviting for many a long year. Moore, who was highly competent to narrate a single straightforward episode, was utterly unqualified to reduce the chaos of conflicting statements and contemporary transactions to order, and the effort so entirely wore him out that when at length (1846), the toil of ten years was completed, he could not summon up sufficient energy to write the preface, which was added by another hand. It is to this period that Earl Russell's remark applies:—"The brilliant hues of his varied conversation had faded, and the strong powers of his intellect had manifestly sunk." His mind, like Southey's, was worn out, and from the same causes, domestic sorrow and excessive literary toil. The wreck, nevertheless, was much less complete in his case than in Southey's. He continued his diary until 1847, and up to 1849 was frequently able to converse with freedom and gaiety; but after a fit which visited him in December 20th of that year his memory almost entirely failed, although his intelligence was never totally extinguished. "To the last day of his life," says Lord John Russell, "he would enquire with anxiety about the health of his friends, and would sing, or ask his wife to sing to him, the favourite airs of his past days. Even the day before his death, he 'warbled,' as Mrs. Moore expressed it, and a fond love of music never left him but with life." He died on February 26th, 1852, and was buried at Bromham, a village adjoining his Wiltshire residence. A pension of three hundred pounds a year had been most properly conferred upon him in 1835, through the good offices of Lord John Russell. To this a civil list pension of one hundred pounds a year was subsequently added. This was continued to his widow, who also obtained an annuity from the investment of the sum of three thousand pounds, paid by Longmans for the copyright of his "Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence,"

edited in eight volumes by Lord John Russell from 1853 to 1856.

As this posthumous publication supplies the pith of the present volume, it is entitled to circumstantial notice. Of the three parts which constitute the eight volumes (Memoirs, Correspondence, Diary), the Diary is far the most important. The Memoirs consist of an autobiographic fragment by Moore himself, extending from his birth to his introduction to Lord Moira in 1799. In a note written in 1833 they are stated as having been commenced some years before that date, but as unlikely to be completed. They are agreeably written, and it is not Moore's fault if most of the incidents recorded would have appeared of little interest but for his subsequent celebrity. Apart from this personal significance, their importance chiefly consists in the illustration they afford of the feelings of Roman Catholics of superior education under the unjust disabilities from which they then suffered, and their testimony to the considerable mitigation of this injustice through the liberality of Trinity College, Dublin. They further suggest that, desirable as an endowed Roman Catholic university may be in many points of view, it was fortunate for Moore that no such institution existed in his days.

Moore's letters, with the supplement, extend from 1793 to 1847. After 1818 they become very scanty, and throughout many of the best are not from him, but from his correspondents. His own letters in various hands must be exceedingly numerous, but no pains seems to have been taken to collect them except by an application from Lord John Russell to Rogers, who himself selected those which he deemed worthy of publication. A new and more diligent biographer could probably add largely to their number, and retrieve much worthy of preservation, but he would not be likely to add materially to Moore's fame as a letter-writer. In this department of literature he is mediocre, neither bad nor good, but nearer to good than bad. He certainly did not, as Wordsworth

affected to do, make his letters dull on purpose to prevent publication, for he did not mind publication, and he is not dull. Neither did he polish them like Pope and Gray, but wrote simply and naturally like Byron; and the measure of the difference is the power of their minds. Byron, though incapable of severe continuous thought, had a most piercing insight, and almost every literary gift which a good letter-writer requires—perspicuity, vehemence, playfulness, narrative and descriptive power—had been vouchsafed to him in profusion. Moore possesses an average stock of these endowments, but no more; hence his letters are not interesting as letters, but as records of feelings and circumstances, thus their merit is not epistolary, but biographical, and varies with the occasion which called each forth. You can never say of any of Moore's letters than in it you have Moore, but in any of Byron's letters you find Byron.

The character, nevertheless, which fails to come to light in a letter may be fully revealed in a diary extending over a long period. The impression derived from the first entries is continually reiterated, and after a while the person depicted becomes a reality. No self-portraiture anywhere can match the vividness of Pepys's, who did not aim at self-portraiture in the smallest degree. Every diarist but Mr. Pepys has had some reticence, and in proportion as he has thus embellished his character for himself he has obscured it for posterity. Moore had neither more nor less reticence than the generality of men; we gradually come to know him, and the impression deepens until our estimate of his character is probably not less accurate than that which we have formed of Pepys's, notwithstanding Moore's immeasurable inferiority in graphic force. It is a pleasing and amiable picture. Moore has many little foibles, but no fault inconsistent with the character of an intellectual and high-minded man. The besetting sin, as to be expected, is vanity, not immoderate, nor ungraceful, nor wholly unjustifiable, and most commonly exhibited in the

amiable form of recording the handsome things which others have said of him. There is no fatuity about his self-complacency; he is aware that he actually is entitled to a prominent place among the distinguished men of letters of his day, and hopes that it may be really as high as people seem to think it. Scott and Byron he understands, and owns for his superiors. Wordsworth and Coleridge he does not understand, yet is able to admire. Keats is only once mentioned throughout the Diary, and that in a quotation. If Moore thought himself the third poet of his age (and he nowhere says so), he had the full assent of his editor, Lord John Russell, who deliberately declares, "When these two great men" (Scott and Byron) "have been enumerated, I know not any writer of his time who can be put in competition with Moore." Preposterous as this judgment now appears, Lord John only repeated what Moore had been hearing all his life from his own circle. It says much for his heart that the self-appreciation which such praise could not fail to engender should have been so gracious and sociable, so entirely free from all taint of arrogance. Of the tenderness of his affections it is needless to speak, almost every page bears witness to it.

The chief interest of Moore's Diary, however, is not its delineation of himself, but the intimacy into which it admits us with the most refined society of his day. Undoubtedly Moore's record would have gained much in literary and historical value if he had possessed more graphic power. It was not necessary that he should paint elaborate portraits of the men he knew, but a more vivid gift of representation would have enabled him to make these more real to us. It would be unreasonable to compare him with artists of such unique power as Carlyle or Borrow, but put even Emerson's account of his interviews with Coleridge and Wordsworth side by side with Moore's, and the latter's inferiority is immediately apparent. Emerson has shown us the men,

Moore has talked agreeably about them. Regarding the Diary, however, not as a gallery of portraits, but as an assemblage of notes and observations upon the most intellectual society of Moore's time, its value is very considerable. If it does not portray personages, it reproduces the general atmosphere. We feel as if we were living in the period, and well content to do so. It is a most entertaining book, full of anecdotes and *bon mots* which have lost nothing of their freshness. It has a general air of politeness and urbanity, and exhibits human nature to advantage, displaying a man of humble birth and comparatively narrow means, with nothing but his accomplishments to recommend him, enjoying the intimate society of the great, without servility on his part or condescension upon theirs. Its freedom from sensational scandal of any sort is the more creditable when it is considered that, commencing it as he did under the pressure of his Bermuda difficulty, Moore in all probability entertained from the first the idea of making it serve as a provision for his family. He must have heard every day stories which would have greatly enhanced its value as "copy," but there is little which it would have been better to omit on grounds of discretion or delicacy, and there is no reason to suppose that this immunity from scandal is due to the editor rather than to the diarist.

The editing of the Diary, indeed, is the least satisfactory circumstance connected with it. The years of its publication, 1853-56, were the most unfortunate in Earl Russell's life. During part of the time he was a discontented Minister, dissatisfied with the proceedings of his colleagues, and chafing at his own subordinate position; during the remainder he was exiled from office, deserted except by his closest intimates, and the object of popular dislike and disapproval. It was unlikely that under the circumstances he should give much attention to his editorial duties, and he would have done far better to have entrusted them to some competent man of

letters, reserving merely the prestige of his name for the title page. As it is, the original edition of the "Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence," is a monumental example of slovenly editing. Earl Russell has given us both too much and too little. He has allowed numerous trivialities to stand which should never have been printed, while he has done little or nothing to retrieve the correspondence which might have added so much to the interest of the book. He has made no endeavour to supply the connecting narrative upon which the light discursive details of the Diary should have rested; and the few insignificant notes he has added to a book standing in special need of annotation are the merest *obiter dicta*. It is a great testimony to the intrinsic merits of Moore's work that it should nevertheless have established itself as one of the most generally appreciated English examples of the invaluable class of literature to which it belongs. This is not solely or even mainly owing to its well-merited character as a store of good things, or the degree into which it admits us to the intimacy of so many respecting whom the world is curious. It is rather from a pervading aroma of geniality and urbanity which editorial shortcomings cannot affect. It may be said of it in Moore's own words:—

> "You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will:
> But the scent of the roses will cling to it still."

Earl Russell nevertheless deserves praise, in literature as in politics, for the gallantry with which he expounds a good cause, and the spirit with which he vindicates it. This was exemplified in his treatment of Croker, who, exasperated at a remark in the Diary which seemed to show that Moore had not rated his talents very highly, retaliated by a review of the first four volumes in the *Quarterly* of unmatched malignity and offensiveness, but after all not so characteristic of the perversion of the writer's heart, as of the narrowness of his mind. The extent to which the pettiest points are laboured would seem incredible

if the article were not before us. The worst of the matter was that the review was unquestionably, and to all appearance, deliberately adapted to inflict severe pain on Mrs. Moore, whose innocence and bereavement should have shielded her from the most envenomed vindictiveness. Lord John Russell replied by a contemptuous note in a subsequent volume, which drew a remonstrance from Croker, who made his case ten times worse by insisting that Moore had been his friend, whence it followed that he had also been Moore's. Such episodes explain the general aversion for a man whose own memoirs prove him to have been by no means incapable of kind thoughts and kind actions, and whose offences are perhaps sufficiently accounted for as the offspring of excessive vanity and excessive censoriousness.

We began by intimating that it has been Moore's great misfortune to be overpraised, and thus to have a character forced upon him which he was incapable of supporting. The truth, however, is perhaps not so much that he was personally over-rated as that his greater contemporaries were unduly disparaged. If Wordsworth, Keats, and the rest had been allowed their proper places, Moore would have fallen naturally into his own. His reputation has appeared unduly inflated when it has become known that he was once esteemed the third poet of his day; if, however, we discard comparisons, and look merely at performances, it is undeniable that English literature has been greatly enriched by him. His fame rests principally upon his songs, and if not one of them is quite in the first-class, it is certain that he has written more deserving of a secondary rank than any other English poet. By restoring the old association between poetry and music he did much for both; and he is not to be judged solely by the impression of his words as read from the printed page :—

"Ach! wie traurig sieht in Lettern,
Schwarz auf weiss, das Lied mich an,
Das aus deinem Mund vergöttern,
Das ein Herz zerreissen kann!"

As a satirist Moore stands at the head of his class, and as a constructor and embellisher of metrical romances he is the cleverest of the poets. It is, in truth, a reproach to him to have been too clever, to have been too little of an inspired bard, and too much of a man of letters. He could have excelled in anything demanded by the taste of his day; the one distinctively poetical endowment which he really possessed was an inexhaustible fount of melody. In his employment of this he evinced more talent than genius; yet he never expressed a sentiment discordant with his own nature, and he recognised the existence of a realm of inspiration into which he was but rarely permitted to enter:—

> "Many a time, on summer eves,
> Just at that closing hour of light,
> When, like an Eastern Prince, who leaves
> For distant war his harem bowers,
> The Sun bids farewell to the flowers
> Whose heads are sunk, whose tears are flowing
> Mid all the glory of his going:
> Even I have felt beneath those beams
> When wandering through the fields alone,
> Thoughts, fancies, intellectual gleams,
> Which, far too bright to be my own,
> Seemed lent me by the Sunny Power
> That was abroad at that still hour."

These beautiful lines occur very unexpectedly near the beginning of "Rhymes on the Road." It is also noteworthy that in enumerating some passages of Wordsworth which have become household words, he selects the deeply impressive "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns."

If overvalued as a poet, Moore has been underrated as a man. Foibles he had in abundance, but compensated by captivating virtues. Chief among these was a manly independence almost attaining the heroic, and the more striking because Moore's character is not in general one

of heroic lineaments. Independence is expected from a haughty Wordsworth or a surly Schopenhauer; its absence would have been easily excused in a butterfly poet, the ornament of the drawing-room. To spend a lifetime in the intimacy of his social superiors without a single mortification required rare qualities, the more remarkable inasmuch as his destiny compelled him to be continually incurring obligations.

These he was as continually redeeming, and no transaction of this nature ever involved the slightest diminution of his self-respect. In truth he gave the society which caressed him much more than he received from it. His enjoyment of its gaieties has been made a reproach to him, but most unjustly. Society was his element, intercourse with the world his stock-in-trade; he and his family could not have subsisted without it. He has been accused of neglecting his charming wife, for whom in fact he made the greatest sacrifice possible to one of his tastes and habits by fixing his habitation in the country, knowing that residence in London would expose her to continual mortification. This entailed frequent absences from her —he could not neglect society without grave injury to his and her interests—but no impartial reader of his Diary can doubt that London gaieties would have been more enjoyed by him if his Bessy could have participated in them.

Intellectually, Moore's defect is a certain smallness. He has excellent sense and spirit, but when measured, even by himself, against any contemporary of much distinction, he invariably appears the shorter. He is a sound but by no means a penetrating or illuminating critic, and his observations on politics and manners reveal but moderate insight. He could nevertheless execute a difficult piece of work like the Life of Byron with consummate tact and skill, and until worn out by labour and sorrow he rarely failed in any undertaking. If he was less distinctively a poet than a man of letters, the same may be said of his contemporary, adversary,

and yet in many respects counterpart, Robert Southey. The poetry of both survives and will survive, yet their better title to fame is their brilliant versatility in many and various fields of literature.

R. GARNETT.

"THOMAS MOORE"

EXTRACTS FROM THE MEMOIRS.

OF my ancestors on the paternal side I know little or nothing, having never, so far as I can recollect, heard my father speak of his father and mother, of their station in life, or of anything at all connected with them. My uncle, Garret Moore, was the only member of my father's family with whom I was ever personally acquainted. When I came indeed to be somewhat known, there turned up into light a numerous shoal of Kerry cousins (my dear father having been a native of Kerry), who were eager to advance their claims to relationship with me; and I was from time to time haunted by applications from first and second cousins, each asking in their respective lines for my patronage and influence.

Of the family of my mother, who was born in the town of Wexford, and whose maiden name was Codd, I can speak more fully and satisfactorily; and my old gouty grandfather, Tom Codd, who lived in the Corn-market, Wexford, is connected with some of my earliest remembrances. Besides being engaged in the provision

trade, he must also, I think (from my recollections of the machinery), have had something to do with weaving. But though thus humble in his calling, he brought up a large family reputably, and was always, as I have heard, much respected by his fellow townsmen.

It was sometime in the year 1778, that Anastasia, the eldest daughter of this Thomas Codd, became the wife of my father, John Moore, and in the following year I came into the world. My mother could not have been much more than eighteen (if so old) at the time of her marriage, and my father was considerably her senior. Indeed, I have frequently heard her say to him in her laughing moods, "You know, Jack, you were an old bachelor when I married you."

At this period, as I always understood, my father kept a small wine store in Johnson's Court, Grafton Street, Dublin—the same court by the way, where I afterwards went to school. On his marriage, however, having received some little money with my mother, he set up business in Aungier Street, No. 12, at the corner of Little Longford Street; and in that house, on the 28th of May, 1779, I was born.

Immediately after this event my mother indulged in the strange fancy of having a medal (if such it could be called) struck off, with my name and the date of my birth engraved on it. The medal was, in fact, nothing more than a large crown piece, which she had caused to be smoothed so as to receive the inscription; and this record of my birth, which, from a weakness on the subject of her children's age, she had kept always carefully concealed, she herself delivered into my hands when I last saw her on February 16th, 1831, and when she evidently felt we were parting for the last time.

For so unusual a mode of commemorating a child's age I can only account by the state of the laws at that period, which, not allowing of the registration of the births of Catholic children, left to parents no other mode of recording them than by some such method as this fondest of mothers devised. [Moore adds in a note.—"I have not long since been told by my sister that there *does* exist such a registration of my birth in the book for such purposes belonging to Townsend Street Chapel, Dublin."]

The first instance I can recall of any attempt of mine at regular versicles was on a subject which oddly enables me to give the date with tolerable accuracy; the theme of my muse on this occasion having been a certain toy very fashionable about the year 1789 or 1790, called in French a "bandalore," and in English a "quiz." To such a ridiculous degree did the fancy for the toy pervade at that time all ranks and ages, that in the public gardens and in the streets numbers of persons, of both sexes, were playing it up and down as they walked along, or, as my own very young doggerel described it:—

"The ladies, too, when in the streets, or walking in the Green,
Went quizzing on, to show their shapes and graceful mien."

I have been enabled to mark more certainly the date of this toy's reign from a circumstance mentioned to me by Lord Plunkett concerning the Duke of Wellington, who, at the time I am speaking of, was one of the *aides-de-camp* of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and

in the year 1790, according to Lord Plunkett's account, must have been a member of the Irish House of Commons. "I remember," said Lord Plunkett, "being on a committee with him, and it is remarkable enough, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was also one of the members of it. The Duke (then Captain Wellesley, or Wesley?) was, I recollect, playing with one of the toys called quizzes the whole time of the sitting of the committee."

This trait of the Duke coincides perfectly with all that I have ever heard about this great man's apparent frivolity at that period of his life. Luttrell, indeed, who is about ten years older than the Duke, and who lived on terms of intimacy with all the Castle men of those days, has the courage to own, in the face of all the Duke's present glory, that often, in speculating on the future fortunes of the young men with whom he lived, he has said to himself, looking at Wellesley's vacant face, "Well, let who will get on in this world, *you* certainly will not." So little promise did there appear at that time of even the most ordinary success in life, in the man who has since accumulated around his name such great and lasting glory.

It was, I think, towards the end of the second year of my course (at Trinity College, Dublin) that a crack-brained wit, Theophilus Swift, commenced a furious pamphlet war against the fellows of our University, in consequence of some injustice inflicted, as he thought, by them on his son. The motto to his chief pasquinade was, "Worth makes the man, and want of it the *fellow*;" and the most galling part of the attack was his exposure of the shameless manner in which the fellows, most of

them, combined to evade that statute of the University which expressly forbade their marrying. This they effected by the not very seemly expedient of allowing their wives to retain their maiden surnames, and thus living with them as if they were mistresses. The wife of my tutor, Burrowes, for instance, went about with him in society by the name of Mrs. Grierson, she being a daughter of Grierson the king's printer. Magee's wife was called Mrs. Moulson, and so on. One of the points, indeed, enforced coarsely, but bitterly, by Swift was, that none of these ladies were, in the eye of the law, really married; and that, in case of *crim-con*, the husband would not be entitled to damages.

Swift's son (who had been christened Dean for the honour of the name) joined also in a literary onset with his father, and wrote a poem called the "Monks of Trinity," which had some smart lines. In one, where Magee was styled a "learned antithesis," he seems to have prefigured the sort of scrape in which this ambitious priest got involved, some years after, by the use of that same figure of rhetoric. In a famous charge of his, soon after he became archbishop, in speaking of the difficult position of the Irish Establishment, between the Catholics on one side, and the Dissenters on the other, he describes it as placed "between a church without a religion and a religion without a church."[1]

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[1] "A church without what we can properly call a religion, and a religion without what we can properly call a church." This, if I

There was a curious society or club established in Dublin, which had existed, I believe, for some time, but to which the growing political excitement of the day lent a new and humorous interest. A mere sketch of the plan and objects of the club (to which most of the gay fellows of the middle and *liberal* class of society belonged) will show what a fertile source it afforded, not only of fun and festivity, but of political allusion and satire.

The island of Dalkey, about seven or eight miles from Dublin, was the scene of the summer *réunions*, and here they had founded a *kingdom*, of which the monarchy was elective; and at the time I am speaking of Stephen Armitage, a very respectable pawnbroker of Dublin, and a most charming singer, was the reigning king of the island. Every summer the anniversary of his coronation was celebrated, and a gayer and more amusing scene (for I was once the happy witness of it) could not well be imagined. About noon on Sunday, the day of the celebration, the royal procession set out from Dublin by water; the barge of His Majesty, King Stephen, being most tastefully decorated, and the crowd of boats that attended him all vying with each other in gaiety of ornament and company. There were even cannon

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recollect right, is the correct version of this belligerent antithesis. [J.R.]

Magee was made Protestant Archbishop of Dublin in 1822. He has been described as "a perfect *petit maitre* in appearance, fond of parading his little person on horseback through the most fashionable streets;" but he was remarkable for his strenuous activity and gentle temper.

planted at one or two stations along the shore to fire salutes in honour of His Majesty as he passed.

The great majority, however, of the crowds that assembled made their way to the town of Dalkey by land; and the whole length of the road in that direction swarmed with vehicles, all full of gay and laughing people. Some regulations were made, if I recollect right, to keep the company on the island itself as select as possible, and the number of gay parties there scattered about, dining under tents, or in the open air, presented a feature of the most lively and exhilarating description.

The ceremonies performed in honour of the day by the dignitaries of the kingdom were, of course, a parody on the forms observed upon *real* state occasions; and the sermon and service, as enacted in an old ruined church by the archbishop (a very comical fellow, whose name I forget) and his clergy certainly carried the spirit of parody indecorously far. An old ludicrous song, to the tune of "Nancy Dawson," was given out in the manner of a psalm, and then sung in chorus by the congregation; as thus:—

> "And then he up the chimney went,
> The chimney went—the chimney went;
> And then he up the chimney went,
> And stole away the bacon."

There were occasionally peerages and knighthoods bestowed by His Majesty on such "good fellows" as were deserving of them. On this very day which I am describing, Incledon the singer, who was with a party on the island, was knighted under the title of Sir Charles Melody. . . . I had myself been tempted by the

good fun of the whole travesty to try my hand (for the first time, I believe) at a humorous composition in the style of Peter Pindar, and meant as a birthday ode to King Stephen. Of this early *jeu d'esprit* of mine, which I remember amused people a good deal, I can recall only a few fragments here and there. Thus, in allusion to the precautions which George the Third was said to be in the habit of taking at that time against assassination, I thus addressed his brother monarch Stephen :—

> "*Thou* rid'st not, prisoned in a metal coach,
> To shield from thy anointed head
> Bullets, of a kindred lead,
> Marbles, and stones, and such hard-hearted things."

In another passage, a rather trite joke is thus with tolerable neatness expressed :—

> "George has of wealth the dev'l and all,
> *Him* we may King of Diamonds call;
> But thou hasf such persuasive arts,
> We hail *thee*, 'Stephen, King of Hearts.'"

On the very morning after the celebration, at which I was present, there appeared in the newspaper which acted as His Majesty's gazette, a highly humorous proclamation, offering a reward of I know not how many hundred of crobanes, or Irish halfpence, to whatsoever person or persons might have found and would duly restore His Majesty's crown, which, in walking home from Dalkey the preceding night, and "measuring *both* sides of the road," according to custom, he had unfortunately let fall from his august head.

In the course of 1797 I was admitted a member of the Historical Society of the University, and here, as everywhere else, the political spirit so rife abroad continued to mix with all our debates and proceedings, notwithstanding the constant watchfulness of the college authorities. . . . . Of the popular side in the society, the chief champion and ornament was Robert Emmet; and though every care was taken to exclude from among the subjects of debate all questions likely to trench upon the politics of the day, it was always easy enough, by a side-wind of digression or allusion, to bring Ireland and the prospects then opening upon her within the scope of the orator's view. So exciting and powerful in this respect were the speeches of Emmet, and so little were the most distinguished speakers among our opponents able to cope with his eloquence, that the Board at length actually thought it right to send among us a man of advanced standing in the University, and belonging to a former race of good speakers in the society, in order that he might answer the speeches of Emmet, and endeavour to obviate what they considered the mischievous impression produced by them. The name of this mature champion of the higher powers was, if I remember right, Geraghty. . . .

Emmet was altogether a noble fellow, and as full of imagination and tenderness of heart as of manly daring. He used frequently to sit by me at the pianoforte, while I played over the airs from Bunting's Irish collection; and I remember one day when we were thus employed, his starting up as if from a reverie while I was playing the spirited air, "Let Erin remember the day," and exclaiming passionately, "Oh that I were at the head of twenty thousand men marching to that air." . . .

It was in the year 1798 or 1799 (I am not certain which) that I took my degree of Bachelor of Arts, and left the University. . . . I had at this time made considerable progress in my translation of the Odes of Anacreon; and having selected, if I recollect right, about twenty, submitted them to the perusal of Dr. Kearney. . . . The opinion he gave of their merits was highly flattering. . . . He strongly advised me to complete the translation of the whole of the Odes and publish it, saying that he had little doubt of its success. "The young people," he added, "will like it." . . .

All this time my poor father's business continued to be carried on; nor, to do my fine acquaintances justice, did any one of them ever seem to remember that I had emerged upon them from so humble a fireside. A serious drain was now, however, to be made upon our scanty resources; and my poor mother had long been hoarding up every penny she could scrape together towards the expenses of my journey to London, for the purpose of being entered at the Temple.

A part of the small sum which I took with me was in guineas, and I recollect was carefully sewed up by my mother in the waistband of my pantaloons. There was also another treasure, which she had, unknown to me, sewed up in some other part of my clothes, and that was a scapular (as it was called) or small bit of cloth, blessed by a priest, which a fond superstition inclined her to believe would keep the wearer of it from harm. And thus, with this charm about me, of which I was wholly unconscious, and my little packet of guineas, of which I felt deeply the responsibility, did I for the first time start from home for the great world of London.

The lodgings taken for me by my friends, the Mastermans, was a front room up two pairs of stairs, at No. 44, George Street, Portman Square,[1] for which I paid six shillings a week. That neighbourhood was the chief resort of those poor French emigrants, who were then swarming into London; and in the back room of my floor was an old curé, the head of whose bed was placed *tête-à-tête* with mine, so that (the partition being very thin) not a snore of his escaped me. I found great convenience, however, in the French eating-houses which then abounded in that vicinity, and of which their cheapness was their sole attraction.[2] A poor bishop emigrant occupied the floor below me, and, as he had many callers and no servant, his resource, in order to save trouble, was having a square board hung up in the hall, on one side of which was written in large characters, "The Bishop's at home," and on the other, "The Bishop's gone out," so that callers had but to look up to this placard to know their fate. . . . But I have no very clear recollection of the details of this my first visit to London, nor even of its duration. All that I *do* recollect—and that most vividly—is the real delight I felt on getting back to dear home again.

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[1] Now No. 85, and to all appearance unchanged. Moore came to London, to be entered at the Middle Temple, in April, 1799.

[2] On April 5th he writes to his mother, "They have my breakfast laid as snug as possible every morning, and I dine at the *traiteur's* like a prince for eightpence or ninepence. The other day I had soup, bouilli, rice-pudding, and porter for ninepence-halfpenny. If that be not cheap the deuce is in it."

THE "JOURNAL."

1818.

AUGUST 18TH. Went to Bath, on my way to Leamington Spa, for the purpose of consulting Mrs. Lefanu, the only surviving sister of Sheridan, on the subject of her brother's life.[1] Meant to call also on Dr. Parr, with whom I had a correspondence on the same subject.

20th. Breakfast in the coffee room. Found Mrs. Lefanu—the very image of Sheridan, having his features without his carbuncles, and all the light of his eyes, without the illumination of his nose. Her daughter, who has written novels, seems amiable, and looked up to by father and mother. While I was there, and talking of Sheridan, Dr. Parr[2] entered in full wig

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[1] Moore was at this time collecting materials for his Life of Sheridan.

[2] With even more truth than when De Quincey, half a century since, wrote his article on "Dr. Samuel Parr, or Whiggism in its relations to literature," it may be said "most people will suppose him to be that Parr, whose glorification arises from having started in the trade of living during the reign of Henry VII., and wound up the concern during that of Charles II." He was a critic and Whig partisan of the Georgian era, whose now neglected works filled eight volumes of small type. He posed, not altogether

and apron (which he wears as prebendary of St. Paul's, and not unwilling, of course, to look like a bishop). I had written to him to say Mrs. L. was in his neighbourhood, and he came thus promptly and kindly to visit the sister of his friend, a powerful old man, both in body and mind. Though it was then morning he drank two glasses and a half of wine, and over that, when he was going away, a tumbler of the spa. . . . Dined with the Lefanus, and went in the evening to the assembly—a galaxy of ugliness, except one, with whom I wished to dance; but the master of the ceremonies (a poor man who seemed there in the double capacity of invalid and M.C.), told me she was engaged. Came home early, supped in the public room, and met the Burnes from Dublin, and old Wroughton, the ex-actor, whom I joined over a tumbler of brandy and water. Some tolerable stories told; mistakes in Acts of Parliament—"The new gaol to be built from the materials of the old one, and the prisoners to remain in the latter till the former was ready"—a sentence of transportation for seven years, "half to go to the King and half to the informer;" it had been, of course, formerly a pecuniary

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successfully, as a second Dr. Johnson. De Quincey describes him as "the very image of a little French gossiping abbé," with a profound but utterly mistaken impression of the "basilisk" powers of his eye. In a Greek character of him by Sir William Jones, he is curiously described as "a smart hand at bell-ringing, and as a punster, and at quoit-playing, and at slaughtering bulls." Moore elsewhere refers to Parr's "thickness of utterance," on which Lord Russell remarks, that "he could not easily communicate his knowledge; for when he spoke nobody could make out what he said, and when he wrote nobody could read his handwriting."

punishment, and, upon its being altered, they overlooked the addition.

21st. Warwick Castle: much struck by its grandeur. . . . . From thence to Kenilworth—fine ruins, but ought to be seen before Warwick Castle. Dined with Dr. Parr: himself, his wife, and a friend he called "Jack," a clergyman of £1,000 a year, who lives in his neighbourhood, very much devoted to him, and ready at a call to come and write letters for him, etc., etc., his own hand being quite illegible. . . . He was very cordial and animated, hob-nobbed with me across the table continually; told me he had written whole sheets of Greek verses against Big Ben (the Regent), showed them to me; the name he designated him by, I saw, was φυσκων, inflated or puffy. Told me they were full of wit, which I took his word for as they seemed rather puzzling Greek.

Talked a good deal of Halhed, Sheridan's friend, and mentioned a curious interview which took place between them about the time of Hastings' business by his (Parr's) intervention, in consequence of an attack made by Major Scott upon Fox in the House, charging him with having set on foot a negociation with Mr. Hastings some years before. Fox, who knew nothing of the matter, had nothing to say in reply. Scott was present at the interview procured by Parr, and it appears that the negociation had been set on foot without the knowledge of Fox, and that Sheridan was the chief agent in it. An explanation was accordingly made next night in the House by Scott. Parr's account of the abuse he poured upon Scott at the interview, "Hot, scalding abuse, it was downright lava, sir!" . . . Left him early, and went to a play at Leamington, ordered by the

Duchess Dowager of Rutland. A nice girl played a male part in the farce, a Miss Ivers, dressed in the most exquisite extreme of dandyism, and looking as like a man as any of the brotherhood. On this day, when I went to my inn to dress, the landlord's sister gave me a letter, on opening which I saw it was poetry. "Here," said I, "some one has sent me a poem." "That, sir, is like sending coals to Newcastle," replied the young Bonifacia, who was an Irish girl, just imported.

22nd. . . . Dined with Dr. Parr, the Duke of Grafton, the lion of the day; young Seymour, a nephew of Lord Hertford's; the Burnes, the Lefanus, etc., etc. The doctor was glorious, often eloquent, always odd; said there was no such man as Homer, that there were various poems tacked together by a collector, who was called Ομηρος (from ὁμου *simul*, and ἀρω, *apto*), that this was the general opinion of the learned. He had told me before dinner that we Irish started with a blunder in the name we gave our St. Patrick, which meant the Devil, his real name being *Succat;* but the Pagan priests called him Patric, which meant an evil spirit; took down Vallancey's "Collectanea" to prove it to me. . . . Has a contemptuous opinion (which he is but too well justified in) of our Irish scholars; says we have had none since Archbishop Usher. . . . Mentioned the freedom with which he had criticised to Fox himself his letter to the electors of Westminster. "Your acquittal I confidently expect," a false use of the word; also his use of the word "defer" (which Fox, by-the-bye, has employed in the same manner in his "History"); and the cant phrase of "I am free to say." Had corrected me the day before for saying medi'cinal, which he accents medici'nal; he

would also say inexo'rable, irrevo'cable, etc., etc. . . . Returned to my inn at ten o'clock, supped in the public room—Wroughton and brandy and water again, and both very pleasant. A gentleman told a funny epigram of Jekyll's upon an old lady being brought forward as a witness to prove a tender made :

> "Garrow, forbear! that tough old jade
> Can never prove a tender maid."

23rd. Left Leamington to return home by way of Birmingham. . . . From Birmingham had a Quaker lady in the coach who had been poisoned by applying nightshade to her arm for tic-douloureux. A cloddish beau, who could not speak a word of decent English, joined us, with a little footman in gaudy livery, of whom he seemed to be more careful than if it had been his wife; he had him inside the coach, and brought him into the same room with us at supper—a footman evidently a new circumstance to him. This dandy found me out by the name on my trunk, and my having said I lived somewhere in Leicestershire—proved to be the son of the extraordinary man alluded to by Southey in his Espriella letters, who had a museum of ropes in which various malefactors had been hanged, all ticketted and hung round his room. If I recollect right Southey says *his own* ought to have completed the collection. He was notwithstanding this ferocious taste, a poor, weak, squeaking, unmanly mannered old creature; for I knew him a little. . . .

24th. Arrived at my cottage.[1] Always glad to

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[1] Moore settled at Sloperton Cottage, near Devizes, in 1817, at the suggestion of Lord Lansdowne, who greatly desired to have

return to it, and the dear girl who makes it so happy for me. Found heaps of letters, some of them from poets and authors, who are the pest of my life; one sending me a "Scrio-comic Drama of Invasion, in three acts, including the Vision and the Battle," and referring me for his poetic credentials to three admirals, and "the late Comptroller of the Navy!" Another begging to know whether I was acquainted with "any man or woman to whom money was for a time useless," who would venture £100 upon a literary speculation he had in hand. The third letter from an eternal Amelia Louisa, announcing to me that her long threatened MS. was on its way to Wiltshire for my perusal.

26th. Answered the author who wanted the "useless money;" told him I, at least, had none of that description—very sorry, etc., etc. Wrote also to the poetical grocer's apprentice in Dublin, from whom I had had a long letter the week before, complaining that I had left his MSS., when I came away, unfolded, and "open to the gaze of every one;" assured him that I was sorry for the accident, which was owing to the carelessness of the person to whom I had entrusted them, and concluded my letter thus, "wishing you all the success in that line of life from which it would be cruel to divert you by any false hopes of literary eminence. I am, etc., etc."

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him for a neighbour; Moore also finding his account in having access to the excellent library at Bowood, in the select and accomplished society he met there, and, as he writes to his wife, in "the substantial benefits which might be expected to accrue" from such high patronage. It was a small thatched cottage. "We get it furnished," he writes, "for £40 a year." Here Moore resided until his death.

29th. . . . Wrote to Lord Byron, and, mentioning my Bermuda calamity,[1] said, "This may have the effect of confining me to the Rules for life; but *n'importe*—unity of place is one of Aristotle's rules; and as a poet I can easily conform to it." . . . A good story in Mr. Crouch's "Memoirs" of Stephen Kemble, who, sleeping at an inn in a country town, was waked about daybreak by a strange figure, a dwarf, standing by his bed in extraordinary attire. Kemble raised himself up in the bed, and questioned the figure, which said—"I am a dwarf as you perceive; I am come to exhibit at the fair to-morrow, and I have mistaken the bed-chamber: I suppose you are a giant come for the same purpose."[2]

September 1st. My Sheridan task in the morning; interrupted by Bowles,[3] who never comes amiss; the mixture of talent and simplicity in him is delightful. His parsonage house at Brenhill is beautifully situated; but he has a good deal frittered away its beauty with grottos, hermitages, and Shenstonian inscriptions; when company is coming he cries, "Here, John, run with the crucifix and missal to the hermitage, and set the fountain going." His sheep bells are tuned in thirds and

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[1] The defalcations of his deputy at Bermuda.

[2] Presumably the dwarf inferred the gigantic height of Kemble from his bulk. He was only five feet nine inches, but so corpulent that he excited the laughter of the audience when playing Job Thornberry in "John Bull" by his inability to pick up his waistcoat (an indispensable piece of "business") after throwing it down in the scene with John Bur.

[3] The Rev. William Lisle Bowles, the poet and antiquarian. He was vicar of Brenhill 1805-29. Byron styles him "a pleasant gentlemanly man, a good fellow for a parson."

fifths; but he is an excellent fellow notwithstanding, and if the waters of his inspiration be not those of Helicon, they are at least very *sweet* waters, and to my taste pleasanter than some that are more strongly impregnated.

3rd. . . . Went in the evening with the Phipps's to a Melksham concert, joined by the Hugheses from Devizes, who brought an author with them, a Rev. Mr. Joyce, who, they told me, wrote the "Modern Parnassus" some years ago. He made not a bad pun in the course of the night. A seat on which Mr. Mole was sitting gave way, and he said, "Mole ruit suâ." Met there the son of a —— apothecary, who affects to be (and calls it) "a litelaly man." This gentleman turns all his r's into l's, and told me the first day he called upon me, "that he was a litelaly man himself, though he never lote a leal line of poetly in his life." . .

4th. A good typographical mistake in the "Freeman's Journal." It gives the new secretary's (Grant) speech on the Catholic question, in the year 1813, and there is a passage where he says of the bigoted adversaries of the Catholics, "They have taken up a position in the depth of the middle ages," instead of which he is made to say, "They have taken up a physician in the depths," etc. The "Freeman's Journal" is often very ingenious in this way. I remember its telling us that "Dr. Laurence, the celebrated civilian, was very dangerously *disposed*." Worked at Sheridan a little and went to dine at Bowood.[1] . . . I mentioned the mistake in the "Freeman's Journal," which brought out

[1] The residence of Lord Lansdowne, whose name frequently

some good instances of typographical errors. Professor Playfair's advertisement of a "Syllabus or *Heads* of Lectures" was all last year inserted as "Heaps of Lectures." Bowles mentioned a doctor somebody correcting his sermon through the press, but not knowing the method; in consequence of which a sentence stood thus, "Christ, italic, Son of, Roman, God." Talked of Mitford's "Harmony of Languages," praised by Lord L. His "History"—the bad taste of carrying back the virulence of modern politics into a history of the Grecian republic. It was remarked as a singular thing, that the two historians of Greece and Rome (Gibbon and Mitford) were both colonels in the Hampshire militia. Talked of Malone—a dull man—his white-washing the statue of Shakespeare at Leamington or Stratford (?) and General Fitzpatrick's (Lord L.'s uncle) epigram on the subject very good—

"And smears his statue as he mars his lays."

6th. . . . Dined at half-past two and went to church. The psalm-singing execrable, actual suffering to listen to it; and if penance and mortification be good for the soul, both preacher and singers inflict them upon me abundantly at church. What an admirable epigram is that—

"If on penitence bent, you wish to keep Lent,
Just go to the Foundling and hear Dr. Dent.
And I'll be damned *for* you, if you don't repent."

To-morrow off for town.

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recurring, as that of one in intimate association with Moore, is *repre*sented, for the most part, in the "Journal" by "Lord L."

7th. Took a chaise to Devizes, and went from there outside the coach to Marlborough. Saw a man in a foreign pelisse lying across the top of the coach reading a pamphlet, whom I suspected I knew; turned out to be Kit Hutchinson, brother of Lord H. and Donoughmore, just come from being made M.P. for Cork. . . . He congratulated me on my triumphant dinner at Dublin, and I returned him the same on his at Cork; where, by-the-bye, they hipped and hurraed me as "the Poet, Patriot, and Pride of Ireland." I am becoming a stock toast at these dinners. . . . Took a chaise from Marlborough to Burdett's—six miles. . . . We laughed about Douglas Kinnaird's patriotic dinner at the "Horns" at Kennington (5s. a head) in honour of the "Father of Reform," Major Cartwright. Davies proposed calling Cartwright "the Mother of Reform" instead; he *is* a most mischievous old woman. His taking the "brevia Parliamentaria" of Prynne for "short Parliaments" admirable. Lord Lansdowne told me he was with Lord Holland when the letter containing this precious bit of erudition arrived. . . . Davies told me that Berkeley Craven called the permission the Jews gave him to come over from Paris and try his chance at Newmarket for a month, "the Jews' Pass-over."

A good story of B. Craven and Lord Alvanley,[1] when an accident happened to their carriage; the former

[1] Son of the Chief Justice. Moore says of him elsewhere that he "just hits off that difficult line between the gentleman and jolly fellow, and mixes their shades together very pleasantly." Rogers (Table Talk) has the following anecdote of him:—"Lord Alvanley, on returning home after his duel with Maurice

getting out to thrash the footman, saw he was an old fellow, and said, "Your *age* protects you," while Alvanley who had advanced towards the postillion with the same intention, seeing he was an athletic young fellow, turned from him, saying in his waggish way, "Your *youth* protects you." . . .

Burdett a most amiable man, something particularly attaching in his manner, his gentleness, and almost bashfulness, forming such a contrast to the violence of his public career. He is, however, but a boy in wisdom, and, though he speaks plausibly, he is neither very sensible, nor deeply informed upon any subject. I speak but from superficial knowledge of him. Hobhouse and other men, who know him better, think much more highly of him.

8th. Walked out, after breakfasting and writing to Bess[1] (my daily task when away from her), with H. D. and Burdett, through Lord Aylesbury's forest. Magnificent! Could ramble through forest scenery for ever; there is less of *the world* there than anywhere else, except on the ocean if one were *alone* on it. Talked much of Ireland, with which Burdett is delighted. . . . He is evidently prejudiced against Grattan, and did not show quite a right feeling on the late outrageous attack upon that noble old man in Dublin. He wants (what so many want) candour. Curran

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O'Connell, gave a guinea to the hackney coachman, who had driven him out and brought him back. The man, surprised at the largeness of the sum, said, 'My lord, I only took you to —— Alvanley interrupted him, 'My friend, the guinea is for *bringing me back*, not taking me out.'"

[1] Mrs. Moore.

evidently the favourite of the whole party, and no doubt was far above Grattan in wit and genius, but still further *below* him in real wisdom and goodness. I told stories of Curran which made them laugh a good deal; his adventure at Bath with Reniagle and his man John; his speech to the Englishman who was laughing at him on the top of the coach. "May God Almighty never humanise your countenance, you odious baboon;" and many others. Talked of the intercourse of men of letters with the great, the story of a man who had been ceremoniously yielding precedence to another at some nobleman's house, but, upon hearing he was only a poet, saying, "Oh, then, I know my place," and instantly stepping before him: authors, "*fiers dans leurs écrits et rampans dans les antichambres.*" . . . Translation by a schoolboy of "they ascended by ladders—ascendebants per adolescentiores" (the comparative of lad, *i.e.*, ladder). . . .

9th. . . . Arrived in London at half-past six in the evening, and dined at the "George" in Coventry Street, and found Power had taken lodgings for me in Duke Street, 33, . . . and that my brother-in-law, Scully, was in town.

10th. Found Scully at the Hummums; he had met Irish Johnstone in the coach from Liverpool, who had been extremely kind to him. Called with him on Johnstone, who told me that Sheridan one night came to Drury Lane tipsy, when the "School for Scandal" was acting. Went into the Green Room when it was over, and asked what play it was. Wroughton gravely told him. "And who was it," he said, "that acted the old fellow—Sir Peter what d'ye call'm?" "Matthews, sir." "Never let him play it again; he looks like an old

pastry-cook." "I am sorry, Mr. Sheridan" (says Wroughton), "to say that we seldom see you here, and you never come but to find fault." Wroughton was always sturdy with him. . . . Dined with Power, and went to Covent Garden in the evening. "School for Scandal" and "Tom Thumb." The first appearance of Farren, from Dublin; an excellent actor, and enthusiastically received.[1]

11th. Mr. Hamilton, the printer, who was once proprietor of the "Critical Review," called upon me with a letter of introduction from Wilkie. Came to propose to me to be editor of a new Monthly Review. Explained his plan, and said, with a true trading spirit, that he *intended* the politics of the work should be Whiggish, *because* those appeared to be becoming the *fashionable* politics of the day. I declined, of course; told him that as long as the little fancy and originality I possess remained, I should not take to reviewing; but when I become invalided I shall look upon the editorship of a review as a good sort of Greenwich Hospital to retire to.

Two other munitions served upon me from the Court of Admiralty for the defalcation of my deputy. . . . Dined at the "George" with Scully, and went alone to the Haymarket Theatre: "Honeymoon" and the "Green Man;" . . . a pretty girl, Miss E. Blanchard, who moves her head like a mandarin, when 'tis near stopping. Why are there not more pretty girls on the stage? Beauty is at least the next best thing to first-rate acting; and I agree with that French actress who, when told that the "premier principe" of

[1] Farren's stage career extended to 1855; he died in 1861.

her art was attention to costume, answered, "*le premier principe d'une femme c'est de paroître jolie.*"

12th. . . . Called upon Shee the painter, in order to show Scully the pleasant spectacle of an Irishman and a Catholic prospering among the grandees of England, without the surrender of one honest Irish or manly principle.

19th. . . . Dined at Bowood; the company, two Miss Edgeworths and Dumont. Mr. Grenville,[1] to my regret, was gone. I wanted to uncork (to use an old joke) whatever remains of *Old Sherry* he might have in him. Lady Lansdowne said he had mentioned the subject to her—that he *has* letters of Sheridan, but that he will *not* give them. I shall try what effect the knowledge of my having so many letters of his *own* may produce upon him. He is said to be so very fidgety about his epistolary fame; and, if so, the intelligence may at least give him a sleepless night or two, which he deserves for such sulky uncommunicativeness. . . .

Some amusing things mentioned at dinner. Madame de Staël very angry with Wm. Smith for his act in favour of the Unitarians; thought it was an act for the abolition of the Trinity. "*C'est vous donc*" (said she, on being introduced to Smith), "*qui ne voulez point des mystères.*" Talked of Penn's book about the end of the world, and Swift's ridicule of Bickerstaff's prophecy, which I must

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[1] Thomas Grenville, the statesman and book collector. He used to boast that he bid at a sale against a whole bench of bishops for a scarce edition of the Bible.

see. Swift says the only persons glad at the end of the world were a man going to be hanged, and another going to be cut for the stone.

I mentioned a good scene I was witness to at Perry's table, when the Duke of Sussex dined with him; when, to his horror, he found he had unconsciously asked a brother editor to meet his R.H.[1] This was Doherty, the well-known, unfortunate, ways-and-means Irishman, whom Perry had asked without knowing much about him, and without intending he should meet the Duke of Sussex, who had only fixed to dine with Perry the day before. The conversation turned upon newspapers, and the Duke said, in his high squeak tone of voice, "There is a Mr. Dockerty, I find, going to publish a paper."

I looked towards Doherty, and saw his face redden.

"Yes, sir," said he, "I am the person. I had the honour of sending your R.H. my prospectus."

I then looked towards Perry, and saw *his* face blacken; the intelligence was as new to him as to me. I knew what was passing in his mind, but so did *not* my honest friend Tegart, the apothecary, who, thinking that the cloud on Perry's brow arose from the fear of a *rival* journalist, exclaimed with good-natured promptitude, to put him out of his pain, "Oh, Mr. Doherty's is a *weekly* newspaper!"

It was altogether excellent. Perry is as good-natured and honourable a man as I know *anywhere*, and does honour to the cause he has so consistently and ably advocated. . . .

In the evening Miss Edgeworth delightful; not from

[1] Perry was editor of "The Morning Chronicle."

display, but from repose and unaffectedness; the least pretending person of the company. She asked me if I had seen a poem in the "Edinburgh Annual Register," called "Solyman" (I think). The hero's fate depends upon getting a happy man to give him his shirt from his back; his experiments in different countries she represented as very livelily described. At last, in Ireland, he meets with a happy man; and, in his impatience, proceeds to tear the shirt from his back, but finds he has not got one.

Lord L. mentioned Made. de Coigny's witticism about the Society of Returned Emigrants, who called themselves, "*Le Château;*" *les Esprits n'y reviennent pas.*

Barnave's exclamation in the Convention, "*Le sang qu'on a versé etoit-il donc si pur?*" Dumont said he was by when Barnave made this "unpardonable" speech, and that he lifted up his arms most solemnly in saying it, while long *pleureuses* (for he was in mourning) hung from his sleeves. Somebody said it was the same Barnave who exclaimed, "*Perissient les Colonies, plûtot que les Principes!*" Something like Wyndham's exclamation of "Perish Commerce, live the Constitution!"

Miss Edgeworth praised the eulogy upon Madame de Staël in the notes on the 4th canto of "Childe Harold," as a beautiful specimen of Lord Byron's prose writing. I told her it was Hobhouse's. Lord L. read it aloud, and they all seemed to like it. There is a metaphor about a *vista* in it. I mentioned what Curran once said to me: "My dear boy, when I can't talk sense, I talk metaphor."

Buonaparte sent word to Madame de Coigny not to be so free with her jokes about him; it is probable, therefore, that it was to *her* he made that gallant

speech at his levée, "*Eh bien, madame, comment va la voix?*"

25th. In the garden all day; delicious weather. At my Sheridan task from ten till three; so hard to narrate familiar events eloquently. I often wish Sheridan, Miss Linley, and Major Matthew at the devil. This would have been a day for poetry—not tame, dull, business-like prose; and yet thus I have lost all this most poetical summer. . . .

26th. . . . Went to dinner at Money's; none but he, Linley, and myself. . . . At the Chamberlain's office all the copies of plays sent to the licenser since the time this office was first instituted are preserved. What a hell of the *damned* it must be!

Sheridan persuaded the Linleys to part with their share in Drury Lane for annuities which were never paid; he thus got the disposal of everything, the sale of private boxes, etc., all into his own hands. Linley told me some other stories of S.'s trickery in money matters, but seemed willing to acquit him of any premeditated design in these various tricks and contrivances. . . . Told me that one day at S.'s house, before poor Tom went abroad, the servant in passing threw a plate-warmer with a crash, which startled Tom's nerves a good deal. Sheridan, after scolding most furiously at the servant, who stood pale and frightened, at last exclaimed,

"And how many plates have you broke?"

"Oh, not one, sir," answered the fellow, delighted to vindicate himself.

"And you, damned fool" (said S.), "have you made all that noise for nothing?"

October 1st. . . . Walked with Crowe[1] on his way through the fields. Talked to him of his work on the "Structure of English Verse," which he has been so long about. He told me that his chief principle was that there should be *quantity* as well as *accent* in English verse. "Thus," he said, "'The merry bells of happy Trinity' is right as to the number of syllables and accent, but observe how you improve the quantity by substituting 'holy' for 'happy.' Milton," he said, "always broke his line in the place where the sentence most cohered or hung together; separating the noun from the adjective, disjointing the genitive case, etc.

"I could tell," he said, "by the frequency of the recurrence of a particular word at the beginning of the lines whether blank verses run smoothly into each other or not: what is that word?"

I said "of," and it was the word he meant. . . .

Received from town the volumes of the "Portfolio" which I had left to be bound; an American publication, in one part of which I find myself abused for my "dwarfish stature, weak eyes, and awkward dancing." The last charge, I *flatter myself*, not true. I appeal to all my partners. But I forgive the Yankees for abusing my dancing! I brought worse charges against them, and perhaps with quite as little truth.

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[1] William Crowe, poet and divine, whose "Lewesdon Hill" was so highly praised by Rogers, was as remarkable for his rustic address and eccentric speech as for his oratorical powers, which he exercised until very late in life, walking, from motives of economy, from his rectory in Wiltshire to Oxford, on the occasions of his visit to his College there, of which he was the public orator. He died in 1829.

October 3rd. . . . Dreadfully rainy day. . . . We talked away all the morning at Bowood as incessant as the rain. Joy a good fellow, but a coxcomb rather, and as eternal a quoter as Dr. Pangloss. Some good stories. Sheridan, the first time he met Tom, after the marriage of the latter, seriously angry with him; told him he had made his will, and had cut him off with a shilling. Tom said he was indeed very sorry, and immediately added, "You don't happen to have the shilling about you now, sir, do you?" Old S. burst out laughing, and they became friends again.

The day that Dog Dent was to bring forward the motion (that gave him that name) about a tax upon dogs, S. came early to the House, and saw no one but Dent sitting in a contemplative posture in one corner. S. stole round to him unobserved, and putting his head under the seat to Dent's legs, mimicked the barking of a dog, at which Dent started up alarmed, as if his conscience really dreaded some attack from the race he was plotting against.

Sheridan angry with his servant for lighting a fire in a little room off his hall, because it tempted the duns to stay, by making them so comfortable. . . .

Talked of Crowe: his father was carpenter at Winchester, and had the son admitted upon the foundation. He married a fruit-woman's daughter at Oxford; had children by her, yet still continued to hold his fellowship; has now a living of more than a thousand a year. We read to-night passages out of his "Lewesdon Hill;" some of them of the highest order. Parr, when asked by Lady Madalina Palmer, how he liked Crowe, said, "Madame, I love him; he is the very brandy and water of genius, mixed with the stinking water of *absurdity.*"

General Meadows, when a young man, said to a brother officer, when they were riding together into the thick of the enemy's fire, "If our tailors were to see us now, how the fellows would funk!"

In talking of Miss Gayton, the pretty little dancer, marrying Murray, a clergyman, Joy applied two lines well, saying they might now in their different capacities,

> "Teach men for heaven or money's sake,
> What steps they were through life to take."

7th. . . . Talked of poor Monk Lewis; his death was occasioned by taking emetics for sea-sickness, in spite of the advice of those about him. He died lying on the deck. When he was told all hope was over, he sent his man down below for pen, ink, and paper; asked him to lend him his hat; and upon that, as he lay, wrote a codicil to his will. Few men, once so talked of, have ever produced so little sensation by their death. He was ruining his negroes in Jamaica, they say, by indulgence, for which they suffered severely as soon as his back was turned; but he enjoined it to his heirs, as one of the conditions of holding his estate, that the negroes were to have three additional holidays in the year; and has left a sort of programme of the way these holidays are to be celebrated,—the hour when the overseer is to sound his bell to summon them together, the toasts, etc.: the first toast to be "The Lady Frederica, Duchess of York;" so like poor Lewis.

Had a good deal of conversation with Lord Holland in the evening about Sheridan. Told me that one remarkable characteristic of S., and which accounted for many of his inconsistencies, was the high, ideal

system he had formed of a sort of impracticable perfection in honour, virtue, etc., anything short of which he seemed to think not worth aiming it; and thus consoled himself for the extreme laxity of his practice by the impossibility of satisfying and coming up to the sublime theory he had formed. Hence the most romantic professions of honour and independence were coupled with conduct of the most swindling kind; hence, too, prudery and morality were always on his lips, while his actions were one series of debauchery and libertinism. . . .

In speaking of Sheridan's eloquence, Lord H. said that the overstrained notions he had of perfection were very favourable to his style of oratory in giving it a certain elevation of tone and dignity of thought. . . . At Holland House, where he was often lately, Lady H. told me he used to take a bottle of wine and a book up to bed with him always; the former alone intended for use. In the morning he breakfasted in bed, and had a little rum or brandy with his tea or coffee; made his appearance between one and two, and pretending important business, used to set out for town, but regularly stopped at the "Adam and Eve" public-house for a dram. There was, indeed, a long bill run up by him at the "Adam and Eve," which Lord H. had to pay. I wonder are all these stories true; the last is certainly but too probable.

21st. . . . Walked to meet Rogers,[1] who said he

[1] Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet.

would call upon me. Talked chiefly of Sheridan. Told me several anecdotes, some of which I have written down in my note-book as fit for use; the rest practical jokes, not easily tellable. His strewing the hall or passage with plates and dishes, and knives and forks stuck between them, and then tempting Tickell (with whom he was always at some frolic or other) to pursue him into the thick of them. Tickell fell among them and was almost cut to pieces, and next day, in vowing vengeance to Lord Townshend against S. for this trick, he added, with the true spirit of an amateur in practical jokes, "but it was amazingly well done."

Another time, when the women (Mrs. Crewe, Mrs. Tickell, etc.) had received the gentlemen after dinner in disguises, which puzzled them to make out *which* was *which*, the gentlemen one day sent to the ladies to come downstairs to *them* in the dining-room. The ladies, upon entering, saw them all dressed as Turks, holding bumpers in their hands, and after looking amongst them, and saying, "This is Mr. Crewe;" "No, this is he," etc., etc., they heard a laugh at the door, and there saw all the gentlemen in *propriis personis*, for 'twas the maids they had dressed up in Turkish habits.

S. was always at these tricks in country houses. He has been known to send a man and horse eight miles for a piece of crape, and people were always kept in expectation of some forthcoming frolic. His dialogue once with General Tarleton:—

"Well, Tarleton, are you on the high horse still?"

"Oh, higher than ever; if I was on a horse before I am on an elephant now."

"No, no, my dear fellow, you were on an ass before, and you are on a mule now."

Thought this exquisite, but I own I cannot see the very great wit of it.[1]

22nd. . . . Talked of the Scotch novels. When Wilkie the painter was taking his portraits of Scott's family, the eldest daughter said to him, "We don't know what to think of those novels. We have access to all papa's papers. He has no particular study, writes everything in the midst of us all, and yet we never have seen a single scrap of the MS. of any of those novels; but still we have one reason for thinking them his, and that is that they are the only works published in Scotland of which copies are not presented to papa." The reason *against* is stronger than the reason *for*. Scott gave his honour to the Prince Regent they were not his; and Rogers *heard* him do the same

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[1] The joke here seems unexplained. Sheridan always maintained that the Duke of Wellington would succeed in Portugal; General Tarleton the reverse. It was a matter of constant dispute between them. Tarleton, who had been wrong, grew obstinate; so, on the retreat of the French, Sheridan, by way of taunt, said, "Well, Tarleton," etc. I remember that, having been at the lines of Torres Vedras, Sheridan was much pleased with my sanguine account of the Duke's position. [J.R.] On the occasion of Moore's again alluding to this joke, which John Wilson agreed with him was poor, Lord John Russell has the following note: "Anyone might think the wit poor (although I do not agree with them); but the joke is clear enough. 'I was on a horse, and now I am on an elephant,' *i.e.*, 'I was high above others, and now I am much higher.' 'You were on an ass and now you are on a mule,' said Sheridan, *i.e.*, 'You *were* stupid and now you are obstinate.' For quick repartee in conversation there are few things better." [J.R.]

to Sheridan, who asked, with some degree of *brusquerie*, whether he was the author of them.

All this confirms me in my first idea that they are *not* Scott's. Another argument between us, on the justifiableness of a man asserting so solemnly that a book was *not his* when it really *was*. I maintained that no man had a right to put himself into a situation which required lies to support him in it. R. [Rogers] quoted Paley about the expediency of occasionally lying, and mentioned extreme cases of murder, etc., which had nothing to do with the point in question, and which certainly did not convince me that Scott could be at all justified in such a solemn falsehood. At last R. acknowledged that saying "on his honour" was going too far, as if the simple assertion was not equally sacred. . . .

Talked of Combe; said to be the writer of Macleod's "Loo Choo," as he certainly was of Lord Lyttleton's "Letters," and many other books of other people. "Doctor Syntax" is his. Combe kicked Lord Lyttleton downstairs at some watering-place for having ridiculed Lady Archer by calling her a drunken peacock, on account of the sort of rainbow-feathers and dress she wore. Lord L. also had rolled a piece of blanc-mange into a ball, and covering it with variegated comfits, said,

"This is the sort of egg a drunken peacock would lay." . . .

23rd. . . . Addison, according to the tradition of Holland House, used, when composing, to walk up and down the long gallery there with a bottle of wine at each end of it, which he finished during the operation. There is a little white house, too, near the turnpike, to

which he used to retire when the Countess was particularly troublesome.[1]

27th. Dined at Bowood. . . . Talked of the great question about the abatement of an impeachment by dissolution of Parliament, upon which the lawyers and statesmen divided, and the latter had the best of it in every respect. Erskine too much of a lawyer not to join his craft on this occasion. When Burke was told of Erskine's opinion, "What," said he, "a *nisi-prius* lawyer give an opinion on an impeachment! As well might a rabbit, that breeds fifty times in a year, pretend to understand the gestation of an elephant." How admirable this is. . . .

At dinner sat next to Lord Auckland. Talked of Bowles and extempore preachers; the broken metaphors to which they are subject. Mentioned that I remembered, when a boy, hearing Kirwan[2] talk of the "glorious *lamp* of day on its *march*," and Conolly, a great Roman Catholic preacher, say, "On the wings of Charity the torch of Faith was borne, and the gospel preached from pole to pole." Lord A. mentioned a figure of speech of Sir R. Wilson at Southwark, "As

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[1] Addison occupied Holland House from his marriage to the Countess of Warwick, in 1716, to his death three years later.

[2] Dean Kirwan, whose delivery of his eminently unreadable sermons so crowded his church in Dublin, that clothes were torn off men's backs and ladies were carried out fainting, while one of the collections is said to have realised £1,200; and people who went forearmed against his seductions with a limited supply of cash, would put their watches and ear-rings in the plate, to be redeemed next day in the vestry.

well might you hurl back the thunderbolt to its electric cradle." This led to ——'s oratory; mentioned I had heard him on the trial of Guthrie, and the ludicrous effect which his mixture of flowers with the matter-of-fact statement produced; something this way:—

"It was then, gentlemen of the jury, when this serpent of seduction, stealing into the bower of that earthly paradise, the lodgings of Mr. Guthrie, in Gloucester Street, when, embittering with his venom that heaven of happiness, where all above was sunshine, all below was flowers, he received a card to dine with the Connaught Bar at the Porto-Bello Hotel," etc. When I told Curran of the superabundant floridness of this speech, he said,

"My dear Tom, it will never do for a man to turn painter merely upon the strength of having a pot of colours by him, unless he knows how to lay them on."

Lord L. told a good story of his French servant, when Mansell, the Master of Trinity, came to call upon him, announcing him as, "*Maître des Cérémonies de la Trinité.*"

November 2nd. Received a letter from Mr. Croker[1] (the Irish gentleman whom I have mentioned in the advertisement to the seventh number of my "Melodies," as having made us very valuable communications), dated yesterday evening, "Castle Inn," Devizes, telling me he had stopped on his way to London for the purpose of

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[1] John Wilson Croker. He was Home Secretary from 1822 to 1827, but is best known as a contributor for over forty years, with an interval only, 1822-27, to the "Quarterly Review."

seeing me. Walked into Devizes; found him a much younger man than I expected, not quite one-and-twenty; an enthusiast in the music and antiquities of Ireland. Ordered a chaise and brought him home to dinner with me. Told me of a good piece of waggery they have in the village where he lives, about three miles from Cork. The mayor of Cork, a very pompous knight, made many ostentatious displays during his office, and whatever he did, a club of these young folks, who called themselves "the corporation," imitated. When *he* gave a dinner they did the same, and sent out cards that were a sort of parody on his. When he went down the river in pomp to visit some public works, they had a sort of procession up the river to perform some sort of ceremony on Potato Quay. He had a medal struck to commemorate the half-century of the king's reign, and they had gingerbread ones struck on the same occasion; and when *he* sent one of these medals to the Regent, they sent one of their gingerbreads to him covered with gold-leaf. I wonder the poor mayor did not die of it.

10th. . . . Some tolerable conundrums mentioned by the ladies:—Why is the Prince of Homburg like a successful gamester?—Because he has gained a great Bet. Why doesn't U go out to dinner with the rest of the alphabet?—Because it always comes after T. What are the only two letters of the alphabet that have eyes? —A and B, because A.B.C. (see) D.

I mentioned one or two of Beresford's (author of the "Miseries of Human Life") most ludicrously far-fetched:—Why is a man who bets on the letter O, that

it will beat P in a race to the end of the alphabet, like a man asking for one sort of tobacco and getting some other?—Because it is wrong to back O (tobacco). Why must a man, who commits murder in Leicester Square, necessarily be acquitted?—Because he can prove an alley by (*alibi*).

26th. . . . Went to Holland House. . . . In the evening much talk about Sheridan. The trial between him and Delpini, about a joke which he put into "Robinson Crusoe," stolen from a pantomime of Delpini's, of which he had "had the reading." The joke consisted in pulling off a man's boot, and pulling his leg off with it. I must inquire about this. It seems too comical to be true. Was it as "literary property" this joke was claimed? . . .

Sheridan's answer to Lord Lauderdale excellent. On the latter saying he would repeat some good thing S. had mentioned to him, "Pray don't, my dear Lauderdale; a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter."[1]

We spoke of what he said to Tarleton about the ass and the mule; it was with respect to the war in Spain. They all pronounced it excellent, and I suppose it is so. . . . Sheridan's ignorance of French. Lord H. mentioned how amusing it was, on the discussion of Lord Auckland's "Memorial to the States-General," to hear Sheridan and Dundas, neither of whom understood a syllable of French, disputing upon the meaning of

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[1] Moore writes elsewhere:—"Adair told to-day of Sheridan saying, 'By the silence that prevails, I conclude Lauderdale has been cutting a joke.'"

the word "*malheureux*," while Mr. Fox, etc., sat by silent.

"I have always thought," said Dundas, "that *maleroo* means 'unfortunate gentleman.'"

Lord H.[1] imitated Lord Thurlow. His phrase in a speech (resembling that of Johnson's "shallows are always clear"), "perspicuous, my lords, but not less shallow for being perspicuous." Thurlow, all seemed to agree, was a real humbug. Mr. Fox's saying, "I suppose no one ever was so wise as Thurlow *looks*—that is impossible." . . .

"Sheridan," Tierney said, "worked very hard when he had to prepare himself for any great occasion. His habit was, on these emergencies, to rise at four in the morning (*can this* be true ?), to light up a prodigious quantity of candles around him, and eat toasted muffins while he worked." . . .

28th. . . . Tierney mentioned two *bon-mots* of Mr. Pitt: one was his adding to Sir W. Curtis's toast ("A speedy peace and soon"), "soon, if possible;" and the other, his answer to some militia or yeomanry commander, who reminded him that they had stipulated never to quit the country. "Never," said Pitt, "*except in case of actual invasion.*"

I also mentioned Sir W. Curtis's conundrum, "Why is a towel like a serpent ?—Because it's a *wiper*."

Talked of the Whig feeling that prevailed among the officers of the navy; their idea that the navy is the parliamentary force, while the army belongs to the

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[1] Lord Holland, who will be found frequently indicated by the *initial* letter.

King. The navy offended by having the crown put over the anchor some years ago. This, I think, not true. The Prince, at one time, thought of giving red waistcoats and breeches to the navy. At another time he is reported to have said, upon some consultation for a change of their costume, "D—n them; dress them up as you will, you cannot make them look like gentlemen."

December 1st. . . . Lord Holland told an excellent story, which he had heard from Lattin, of a trick practised to attract people to a coffee-house in Paris, by announcing that they should see there an animal between a rabbit and a carp; and when you went in, the man told you, with a grave face, that "M. Lacépède, the great naturalist, had just sent for this curious animal, in order to make some experiment; "*mais voici*," added he, "*ses respectable parens*" (showing a rabbit and a carp) "*que vous trouverez très intéressans*," etc., etc.

2nd. Conversation at breakfast about late hours. The porter of the late Lord Jersey came to some one and complained he could not stay with the Jerseys, because my lady was the very latest woman in London:

"Well, but what then? All women of fashion are late. You can sleep afterwards."

"Ah, no, sir, that is not all, for my lord is the earliest gentleman in London, and between the two I get no sleep at all."

I mentioned the circumstance of a man from the country visiting his friend in town, and both sleeping

in the same bed, without ever meeting for a fortnight. . . .

6th. Breakfasted at Rogers's. Told me of Crabbe's negociations with Murray for his new volume of "Tales," consisting of near 12,000 lines. Murray offered him for this and the copyright of the first volume £3,000. Crabbe was at breakfast with us, and seemed to think this was a good bargain, and so, I confess, did I; but Rogers thought the sum should be given for the new volume alone, and that the Longmans ought to be tried.

Much talk in town about "Brummel's Memoirs." Murray told me, a day or two ago, that the report was he had offered £5,000 for the "Memoirs," but that the Regent had sent Brummel £6,000 to suppress them! Upon Murray's saying he really had some idea of going to Calais to treat with Brummel, I asked him (Scrope Davies was by) what he would give me for a volume in the style of the "Fudges," on his correspondence and interviews with Brummel?

"A thousand guineas," he said, "this instant."

But I rather think I should be tempted to quiz Master Murray, in such a work, a little more than he would like. . . .

30th. . . . I told an anecdote mentioned to me by Lord Moira of a foreign teacher of either music or drawing at Lady Perth's in Scotland. As he was walking round the terrace with Lord M., the latter said,

"*Voilá le Chateau de Macbeth.*"

"*Maccabée, milor*," said the artist.

"*Je crois que c'est Macbeth*," modestly answered Lord M.

"*Pardon, milor, nous le prononçons Maccabée sur le continent; Judas Maccabéus, Empereur Romain.*"

Talked of the egotism of foreign writers. The Abbé de Pradt begins one of his books, "*Un seul homme a sauvé l'Europe; c'est moi.*" The best of it is he read this in a company where the Duke of Wellington was, and, on the Abbé making a pause at the word "*l'Europe*," all eyes were turned to the Duke; but then came out, to their no small astonishment, "*C'est moi!*"

1819.

JANUARY 4TH. Finished the "Heart of Midlothian" to Bessy in the evening; a most extravagant and incredible story, but full of striking situations and picturesque sketches; the winding up disagreeable and unsatisfactory.

8th. . . . A good thing of Madame de Staël's about the Duke of Wellington; that "there never was so great a man made out of such small materials."

Mr. Joy mentioned that Woodfall (I suppose of the "Chronicle") told him that he was in the House the first night that Sheridan spoke; and that, after the speech, S. came up to the gallery to him, and asked with much anxiety what he thought of his success. Woodfall answered, "I think this is not your line, Sheridan; you had better stick to those pursuits you are so much more fitted for." Upon which S., after leaning his forehead

upon his hand for a few seconds, exclaimed, "It is *in* me and, by God, it shall come out."

28th. Went to breakfast with Rogers, who is in the very agonies of parturition; showed me the works ready printed and in boards,[1] but he is still making alterations; told me that Lord Byron's "Don Juan" is pronounced by Hobhouse and others as unfit for publication. . . . Crabbe's delight at having three thousand pounds in his pocket.[2] R. wanted to take care of the bills for him, but no, he must take them down to show them to his son John. "Would not copies do?" "No, must show son John the actual notes." . . .

Went to Murray. . . . Talked of "Don Juan"; but too true that it is not fit for publication; he seems, by living so long out of London, to have forgotten that standard of decorum in society to which every one must refer his words at least, who hopes to be either read or listened to by the world. It is all about himself and Lady B., and raking up the whole transaction in a way the world would never bear.

30th. . . . Met Hobhouse . . . asked him had I any chance of a glimpse at "Don Juan"? and there found that Byron had desired it might be referred to my decision, the three persons whom he had bid

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[1] The "Italy." He had it printed "to see how it looked in type," as Moore says elsewhere.

[2] Longman's offer had been less liberal than Murray's, and as the event proved more sagacious (see p. 83).

Hobhouse to consult as to the propriety of publishing it being Hookham Frere, Stewart Rose, and myself. Frere, as the only one of the three in town, had read it and pronounced decidedly against its publication . . . Frere came in while I was at Lady D.'s [Donegal]; was proceeding to talk to him about our joint umpireship in Byron's poem, when he stopped me by a look, and we retired into the next room to speak over the subject. He said he did not wish the opinion he had pronounced to be known to any one except B. himself, lest B. should suppose he was taking merit to himself among the *righteous* for having been the means of preventing the publication of the poem. Spoke of the disgust it would excite if published, the attacks in it upon Lady B.; and said, it is strange, too, he should think there is any connection between patriotism and profligacy.

31st. Went to breakfast with Hobhouse, in order to read Lord Byron's poem; a strange production, full of talent and originality, as everything he writes must be; some highly beautiful passages, and some highly humorous ones; but, as a whole, not publishable. Don Juan's mother is Lady Byron, and not only her learning, but various other points about her, ridiculed. He talks of her favourite dress being dimity (which is the case), dimity rhyming very comically with sublimity; and the conclusion of one stanza is, "I hate a dumpy woman," meaning Lady Byron. This would disgust the public beyond endurance. There is also a systematised profligacy running through it, which would not be borne. Hobhouse has undertaken the difficult task of telling him our joint opinion. The two following lines are well rhymed:—

"But, oh ye lords of ladies intellectual
Come, tell us truly, have they not hen-peck'd you all."

February 21st. Breakfasted in bed for the purpose of hastening the remainder of my "Cribb" work. It is singular the difference that bed makes, not only in the faculty, but in the fancy of what I write. Whether it be the horizontal position (which Richeraud, the French physiologist, says is most favourable to thought), or more probably the removal of all those external objects that divert the attention, it is certain that the effect is always the same; and if I did not find that it relaxed me exceedingly, I should pass half my days in bed for the purposes of composition.[1]

March 19th. . . . Went at night to the Harmonic; very full rooms—at least 300 persons . . .—one of the presidents proved to be an acquaintance of mine. ——'s name (before he changed it for that of his first wife, an heiress) was Lill, and Colonel Barry wrote the following epitaph on *his tongue*:—

"Here lies the tongue of Godfrey Lill,
Which always lied, and here *lies still*."

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[1] A prominent instance of Moore's view was Sir Edwin Landseer, who used to lie "in bed until noon, and think out the pictures on which he worked, with great rapidity, later in the day." Pope was frequently inspired in wakeful hours at night and worried his attendants by rousing them to bring him writing materials.

29th and 30th. Murray writes me that Hobhouse has received another letter from Lord Byron, peremptorily insisting on the publication of "Don Juan." But they have again remonstrated; the murder, however, "will out" some time or other.

April 3rd. . . . Talked of prisons, penitentiaries, etc. The penitentiary at Devizes was at first so famous for its good soups, that the prisoners used to be anxious to get back again to enjoy them; but the soups have been abolished. . . . . Mrs. Bowles mentioned a curious circumstance that lately happened at Knowell (I think), her native place, where a woman, having dreamt that her husband was killed by lightning, could not dismiss the thought from her mind, and during a thunderstorm that occurred soon after, when there came a dreadful flash of lightning, she exclaimed, "That flash has killed my husband:" and it was the case. He was then working in a field about two miles off, and a messenger shortly arrived to say that that very flash had struck him dead.

One of the company mentioned that the first symptoms of poor Rufus Lloyd's madness was his ringing the alarm bell in the middle of the night at Belvoir Castle, and when the servants all came running up to know what was the matter, he said, "You forgot to leave me my toast and water." How many people there are in this life who, like poor Rufus, ring the alarm bell about toast and water!

May 5th. Called upon Ridgway, the publisher, to

ask him about Sheridan ; told me that when he expostulated pretty strongly with S. on his keeping him so long dancing after him for the copy of "School for Scandal," S. said, "The fact is, Mr. R., I have been nineteen years endeavouring to satisfy my own taste in this play, and have not yet succeeded." "After this," said R. to me, "I teased him for it no longer."

Dined at Joy's chambers in the Temple. Company: Bowles, Corry, Locke, and a General Brackenbury. Joy's dandy dinner of mutton chops, brought in one by one, "like angels' visits, few and far between," highly amusing, except that we were all in a state of starvation.

"Joy," said Bowles, in a sort of reverie, "I want—I want—"

"What do you want, my dear Bowles?"

"D—n it, I want something to eat."

22nd. Dined at Longman's; a literary dinner; Mackintosh, Bowles, Colonel Wilkes, Sir James Smith (President of the Linnæan Society), Dr. Holland, etc., etc. A very agreeable day. Some very good Latin poems of Jekyll's. Upon hearing that Logier taught thorough-bass in three lessons, he said it contradicted the old saying, "*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.*" What Lord Ellenborough said to ——, the barrister, upon his asking, in the midst of a most boring harangue, "Is it the pleasure of the court that I should proceed with my statement?" "Pleasure, Mr. ——, has been out of the question for a long time, but you may proceed."

June 29th. . . . Called at Murray's. Has given

Lord Byron £2,000 for "Mazeppa"; "Don Juan" to be the make-weight. What a trick he has played on the public about "Mazeppa," leading them to suppose it was the long-expected "Don Juan." . . . He showed me the amount of the first edition of "Crabbe's Tales," just published, by which it appears that when the whole (3,000) are sold off, he will still be £1,900 minus.

30th. . . . Dined at Lord Dunmore's. Company: Lord A. Hamilton, Nicholson and his sister, Sir H. Englefield, Hallam, etc. We talked of literary impostures; that of Ireland, of Muretus upon Scaliger, etc. Sir Harry very indignant against all such tricks; particularly against George Stevens's deceit upon the Society of Antiquaries (of which Sir H. is a distinguished member, though he says he was not one of those taken in). Said Stevens "deserved to be whipped at the cart's tail for it." The rest of us seemed to think it was very good fun, and very venial. It was a stone which Stevens had prepared by leaving it some time in a corner to give it the appearance of age, and then corroding a Saxon inscription into it by means of *aqua fortis*, to the following effect:—

"HERE THE KING HARDICANUTE HAVING DRUNK OFF THE CUP, STARED ABOUT HIM AND DIED."

As Hardicanute is said to have died in this manner at Lambeth, he had this stone exhibited in the windows of a curiosity seller in that neighbourhood, where it was, of course, soon found out by the antiquaries, and received as genuine by that learned body, till one of them discovered that the inscription was corroded and not engraved, which detected the trick.

July 9th. Went to breakfast with Rogers,[1] and found Luttrell and him going upon the water to follow the Fishmongers' barge and enjoy the music. Went with them upon Rogers's ensuring my return at six to Douglas's christening dinner. Luttrell, as usual, very agreeable. We were talking of the beauty of the bridges, and how some persons had opposed the building of Waterloo Bridge, saying it would spoil the river. "Gad, sir," says Luttrell, "if a few very sensible persons had been attended to, we should still have been champing acorns." Nobody puts a sound philosophical thought in a more pithy, sarcastic form than he does.

I was mentioning the poems lately published by "Barry Cornwall," which had been sent to me by the author; and that, on my calling at the publishers to leave my card for him, I was told his real name was Proctor, but that, being a gentleman of fortune, he did not like to have his name made free with in the Reviews.

"I suppose," says Luttrell, "he is of opinion *qui non habet in crumenâ luat in corpore?*"

In talking of devices, I mentioned the man who, on receiving from a mistress he was tired of the old device of a leaf with "*Je ne change qu'en mourant,*" and sent back a seal with a shirt on it, and the following motto: "*J'en change tous les jours,*" Luttrell mentioned the open scissors, with "we part only to meet again." . .

10th. Took for granted, from not having heard since Tuesday from Toller that all was safe,[2] but the truth came upon me like a thunder-clap this morning; the

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[1] At 22, St. James's Place, where he lived till his death.

[2] Regarding Moore's Bermuda liabilities.

cause was heard and decided against me, and in two months from last Wednesday an attachment is to be put in force against my person. Toller had written to tell me, but from his mis-directing his note to Duke Street, Westminster, I have been left in the bliss of ignorance for these three days past. Went and consulted with the Longmans, who are all anxiety and kindness. . . . Beecher offered me an asylum in his place near Cork, if I thought I could conceal myself there; and this I should like better than a flight to France, if I thought I could be safe there.

13th. Called at the Longmans, who have come forward in the handsomest manner, and offered to advance me any sum in the way of business, to which by compromise I may be able to reduce the sum of the claims upon me (which at present seems to be near £6,000), saying that they have the most perfect confidence in me in every way. This is very gratifying, and this is the plan I mean to adopt as the most independent and most comfortable to my feelings.[1]

25th. Dined at Bowood. . . . Lord Holland mentioned that George Dyer, in despair of getting any one to listen to him reading his own poetry, at

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[1] There is a subsequent allusion to Leigh Hunt's proposal to open a subscription, and to Rogers's suggestion that Moore should "spare himself," and accept the offers of his friends, saying, "There is my £500 ready for you." Lord Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, Lord Tavistock and others were equally ready.

last, when Dr. Graham came into the neighbourhood with his plan of burying people up to the neck in the earth, and leaving them there some hours (as a mode of cure for some disease), took advantage of the situation of these patients, and went and read to them all the while they were thus stuck in the earth.

September 4th. Set off with Lord John in his carriage at seven,[1] the journey very agreeable. Lord John mild and sensible; took off Talma very well. Mentioned Buonaparte having instructed Talma in the part of Nero; correcting him for being in such a bustle in giving his orders, and telling him they ought to be given calmly, as coming from a person used to sovereignty.[2]

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[1] From London *en route* for Paris. "Lord John" here and throughout the Journal stands for Lord John Russell, Moore's intimate friend to the end of his life. Notable as having introduced the Reform Bill of 1831 in the House of Commons, and the head of the ministry under which the Corn Laws were repealed. His diminutive stature led the carioaturists of the day to represent him almost uniformly as a boy. The famous definition of a proverb—"One man's wit, all men's wisdom"—belongs to him.

[2] Moore elsewhere alludes to Talma's acting as partaking of "ruffianism." Napoleon was himself Talma's pupil in elocution, when a general of artillery, and living at the *Hotel des Droits de l'Homme* in Paris, and ever after cultivated a warm friendship for him. He deferred to his judgment on one occasion in a very marked manner. When the poet Lamercier was subjected to physical distress by the delay in the payment of an indemnity for the removal of the hotel of his father in the Place des Pyramides, and the matter was discussed by Napoleon, then

Told me of an epigram of Lord Holland's, on one of the two candidates for Bedfordshire saying in his address that the memory of the struggle would exist to the end of time.

"When to this earth the work of destruction shall tend,
And the seasons be ceasing to roll;
How surprised will old Time be to see at his end
The state of the Bedfordshire poll."

We mentioned several *jeux d'esprit* of this kind. "Why did you kick me downstairs?" Dr. Johnson's "Come, my lad, and drink some beer;" and I quoted the following on Cæsar Colclough's taking boat at Luggelaw to follow the hounds:—

"*Cæsarem vehis et fortunas.*"

"When meaner souls the tempest struck with awe,
Undaunted Colclough crossed at Luggelaw;
And said to boatmen, shivering in their rags,
'You carry Cæsar and his—saddle-bags!'"

6th. . . . A good *mot* (of Madame de Coigny's, I believe) about some women who had red hair and all its attendant ill consequences, and of whom some one had said that she was very virtuous. "*Oui, elle est comme Samson, elle a toutes ses forces dans ses cheveux.*"

Emperor, and Count Daru in the presence of Talma, who was waiting to read to him a play in which he was about to appear, the actor vigorously applauded the poet's claim. After a momentary exhibition of autocratic resentment at the liberty taken, the Emperor said, "You hear the decision of the arbitrator Talma; let it be as he says," and Lamercier got £18,000.

Madame de Coigny has a very bad voice. She said once, "*Je n'ai qu'une voix contre-moi—c'est la mienne.*"

November 22nd. . . . Had much talk with Lady Burghersh about Maria Louisa, whom she knows very well, and often passes some time with at her principality. Loved Napoleon at first, but his *rebutant* manner to her disgusted her at last. Treated her like a child. Her Regency a mere sham; did not know what the papers were she had to sign. Never had either message or line from Napoleon after his first abdication, nor until his return from Elba, when he wrote a short note, and without beginning "Madame" or "Chère" or anything, he said he expected her and the child at Paris immediately. Never hears from him at St. Helena. Keeps his picture secretly, and seems to be proud of the child's likeness to him. She is very romantic.

December 15th. Went out in pursuit of lodgings; found a little *fairy* suite of apartments; an *entresol* in the Rue Chantereine, and took them at 250 francs a month.

1820.

JANUARY 16TH. Called upon Madame de Souza. . . . Went upstairs afterwards to the Flahauts. Some conversation about Maria Louisa. Flahaut was the person sent by Napoleon during the Cent Jours to prevail upon her to join him; but, he says, he saw at once she was determined not to come. I heard read an original

letter of Napoleon's to the Empress Josephine, after the surrender of Mack, written in a great hurry, but full of most pithy matter. Begins carelessly about the state of his health, and then suddenly comes to this awful sentence: "*J'ai détruit l'armée Autrichienne.*" The postscript is: "*Mille choses aimable à Hortense.*" It is directed: "*L'Empereur à l'Impératrice.*"

31st. Left the Rue Chantereine, after six weeks of the most uncomfortable residence I have ever endured, and transported my household goods to the Champs Elysées.[1] A delicious day to begin with. Fleeced most dreadfully by the old harridan landlady in the Rue Chantereine. The delight of my whole establishment at getting into a cottage and garden not to be expressed.

April 22nd. Bessy and I took dear Anastasia[2] in the evening to the theatre of M. Comte, where we saw an extraordinary man eat whole walnuts, and a crawfish, a bird, and an eel, all alive. A *gens d'armes*, who seemed to know all about him, said that he suffered no inconvenience from any of these things except the walnuts, which he could not digest. He swallowed also a pack of cards, his comrade accompanying it with the joke of, "*Vous mangez à la carte.*"

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[1] Moore's cottage, as he subsequently mentions, was in the Allée des Veuves.

[2] His daughter.

July 26th. . . . Walked in the evening. Kenny[1] was of the party. Told me rather a good story of Macklin.[2] When Reynolds and Holman were both in the first dawn of their reputation, the latter wrote to Reynolds from some of the provinces, to say that he had heard Macklin had seen him one night in "Werter" (a play of Reynolds's), and had expressed himself highly delighted with the performance. "If you should meet him," continued Holman, "pray tell him how much flattered I feel, etc., etc., and how proud I should be to continue to merit, etc., etc." Reynolds accordingly took the first opportunity to address Macklin when he met him; but he had not gone far with "his friend Holman's" rapturous acknowledgments, when Macklin, interrupting him, said, "Stop, stop, sir, before you go any further, have the goodness to tell me *who* are *you*, and who is the fellow you are talking of."

September 9th. . . . Kenny told me that John Lamb (the brother of Charles) once knocked down Hazlitt, who was impertinent to him, and on those who were present interfering, and begging of Hazlitt to shake hands, and forgive him, H. said, "Well, I don't care if

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[1] James Kenny the dramatist, whose best-known play is the farce, "Raising the Wind."

[2] Charles Macklin (whose father's name was McLaughlin), the first actor to play Shylock as a serious part, and the subject of the couplet attributed to Pope.

"This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew."

I do. I am a metaphysician, and do not mind a blow; nothing but an *idea* hurts me."

October 25th. . . . Dined with Canning. . . . Wordsworth rather dull. I see he is a man to *hold forth;* one who does not understand the *give and take* of conversation.

27th. Wordsworth came at half-past eight, and stopped to breakfast. Talked a good deal. Spoke of Byron's plagiarisms from him; the whole third canto of "Childe Harold" formed on his style and sentiments. The feeling of natural objects which is there expressed, not caught by B. from Nature itself, but from him (Wordsworth), and spoiled in the transmission. "Tintern Abbey," the source of it all; from which same poem too the celebrated passage about Solitude, in the first canto of "Childe Harold," is (he said) taken, with this difference, that what is naturally expressed by him, has been worked by Byron into a laboured and antithetical sort of declamation.[1] . . .

Bessy and I called on Lady Davy at half-past two. . . . Told me that Sir Humphrey has mentioned in a letter she has just received from him, that he has at present some important discovery in his head; bids her not

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[1] There is some resemblance between "Tintern Abbey" and "Childe Harold;" but, as Voltaire said of Homer and Virgil, "When they tell me Homer made Virgil," I answer, "Then it is his best work." So of Wordsworth it may be said, "If he wrote the third canto of 'Childe Harold,' it is his best work." [J.R.]

breathe a word of it to any Frenchman; and says, "The game I aim at is of the highest sort." Another discovery such as that of the lamp, is too much to expect from one man.

We talked of Wordsworth's exceedingly high opinion of himself; and she mentioned that one day, in a large party, Wordsworth, without anything having been previously said that could lead to the subject, called out suddenly from the top of the table to the bottom, in his most epic tone, "Davy," and on Davy's putting forth his head in awful expectation of what was coming, said, "Do you know the reason why I published the 'White Doe' in quarto?" "No, what was it?" "To show the world my own opinion of it."

November 30th. Dined at Lord Granard's. . . . It was mentioned at dinner, as a specimen of French punning, that the following was among the Potierana lately published: "*Il a l'esprit-seize*," *i.e. trieze et trois* (*très étroit*). Mercer told me of a punster who had so much the character of never opening his mouth without a pun, that one day, upon his merely asking someone at dinner for a little spinach, the person stared, looked puzzled, and said, "*Je vous démande pardon Monsieur, mais pour cette fois, je ne comprends pas.*" The quickness of the French at punning arises, I think, very much from their being such bad spellers. Not having the fear of orthography before their eyes, they have at least one restraint less upon their fancy in this sort of exercise.[1]

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[1] Perhaps there is no neater pun in French than that of Thalberg (an inveterate punster), as a reason for presenting an umbrella:—"*En cas d'eau* (*en cadeau*)."

December 9th. Dined at Lord Charlemont's. . . . In talking of Lady Holland's management of the conversation at her tables, Lord John mentioned her great dislike to the subject of bullion, and her saying once to Lord Lauderdale after an illness he had, upon his introducing this topic at Holland House, "My dear Lauderdale, as long as you were ill, I suffered you to talk bullion, but now I really cannot suffer it any longer." A light subject for an invalid, put upon a regimen of bouillon and bullion.

13th. . . . Dined at Lord Granard's. Company: Lord John, Lord Alvanley, Lord Valletort, Kangaroo Cooke, the Rancliffes. . . . Cooke told of Admiral Cotton once (at Lisbon, I think) saying during dinner, "Make signal for the *Kangaroo* to get under weigh;" and Cooke, who had just been expressing his desire to leave Lisbon, thought the speech alluded to his nickname, and considered it an extraordinary liberty for one who knew so little of him as Admiral Cotton to take. He found out afterwards, however, that his namesake was a sloop of war.

16th. . . . Dined (Bessy and I) at Lord Charlemont's. . . . The day very agreeable. Lord John told us a good trick of Sheridan's upon Richardson. Sheridan had been driving out three or four hours in a hackney coach, when, seeing Richardson pass, he hailed him and made him get in. He instantly contrived to introduce a topic upon which Richardson (who was the very soul of disputatiousness), always

differed with him, and at last, affecting to be mortified at R.'s arguments, said, "You really are too bad. I cannot bear to listen to such things. I will not stay in the same coach with you," and accordingly got down and left him. Richardson hallooing triumphantly after him, "Ah, you're beat, you're beat!" Nor was it until the heat of his victory had cooled that he found he was left in the lurch to pay for Sheridan's three hours' coaching.

20th. . . . Lord John mentioned an old physician (I believe) of the old Marquis of Lansdowne, called Ingerhouz, who, when he was told that old Frederick of Prussia was dead, asked anxiously, "Are you very sure dat he is dead?"

"Quite sure."

"On what authority?"

"Saw it in the papers."

"You are very, very sure?"

"Perfectly so."

"Vell, now he is really dead, I vill say he was de greatest tyrant dat ever existed."

1821.

JANUARY 22ND. . . . Charles Sheridan told me that his father being a good deal plagued by an old maiden relation of his always going out to walk with him, said one day that the weather was bad and rainy; to which the old lady answered, that, on the contrary it had cleared up. "Yes," says Sheridan, "it has cleared up enough for *one*, but not enough for *two*." He mentioned,

too, that Tom Stepney supposed algebra to be a learned language, and referred to his father to know whether it was not so, who said, "Certainly, Latin, Greek, and Algebra." "By what people was it spoken?" "By the Algebrians to be sure," said Sheridan.

March 5th. . . . Willoughby mentioned that Talleyrand once, upon somebody who squinted, asking him, "*Comment vont les affaires?*" answered, "*Comme vous voyez.*"

26th. Bessy busy in preparations for the dance this evening. . . . Went into town too late to return to dinner, and dined at Véry's alone. Found on my return our little rooms laid out with great management, and decorated with quantities of flowers, which Mrs. Story had sent. . . . Began with music . . . our dance afterwards to the pianoforte very gay, and not the less so for the floor giving way in sundry places. A circle of chalk was drawn round one hole; Dr. Yonge was placed sentry over another, and whenever there was a new crash, the general laugh at the heavy foot that produced it caused more merriment than the solidest floor in Paris could have given birth to. Sandwiches, negus, and champagne crowned the night, and we did not separate until near four in the morning. Irving's humour began to break out as the floor broke in, and he was much more himself than ever I had seen him.[1]

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[1] Washington Irving, whose acquaintance Moore had just made in Paris.

28th. . . . Galignani told me the other day, that every person calling himself a bookseller in Paris is obliged to get four persons to testify solemnly for him that he understands Latin, Greek, etc.

31st. . . . Dined with Chevenix. Some agreeable conversation after dinner; talked of the rage for constitutions now; the singularity that it is no longer the English constitution which is proposed as a model, but the Spanish or French; said that I supposed it was because they knew the English constitution took time to form it, and those they wanted must be like *côtelettes à la minute.* The notion of being able to have a perfect constitution at once, *per saltum*, as it were, reminded one of a circumstance mentioned by Sir Gore Ouseley, that once, on his telling the King of Persia, to his great astonishment, that the revenue of the post-office alone in England amounted to more than that of his whole dominions, the King, after a few moments' thought, exclaimed, "Then I'll have a post-office!" forgetting the few preliminaries of commerce, etc., etc., and, indeed, the first necessary *sine quâ non* of his people being able to write letters.

April 1st. . . . Alvanley mentioned a book called "*L'Histoire du Système*," giving an account of Law's money plan, and full, he said, of curious anecdotes about that whole transaction. There was a hump-backed man who made a great deal of money by lending his hump as a writing-desk in the street, the houses and shops being all occupied by people making their calculations. . . .

Sir A. C——[1] once telling long rodomontade stories about America at Lord Barrymore's table, B. (winking at the rest of the company) asked him, "Did you ever meet any of the Chick-chows, Sir Arthur?"

"Oh, several; a very cruel race."

"The Cherry-chows?"

"Oh, very much among them; they were particularly kind to our men."

"And, pray, did you know anything of the Totte-roddy-bow-wows?"

This was too much for poor Sir A., who then, for the first time, perceived that Barrymore had been quizzing him. . . .

Lady —— said that Louis XVIII. called Talleyrand "*une vielle lampe qui pue en s'éteignant.*"

16th. . . . Had to dine with us, Harry Bushe, Douglas,[2] and Irving. Bushe told of an Irish country squire, who used, with hardly any means, to give entertainments to the militia, etc., in his neighbourhood; and when a friend expostulated with him on the extravagance of giving claret to these fellows when whisky-punch would do just as well, he answered, "You are very right, my dear friend; but I have the claret on tick, and where the devil would I get tick for the *lemons?*"

Douglas mentioned the son of some rich grazier in

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[1] Probably Sir Alexander Campbell, who filled the office of Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, and in 1837 was nominated to command in chief in Canada, if Sir John Colborne left the country.

[2] Son of Lord Glenbervie.

Ireland; the son went on a tour to Italy, with express injunctions from the father to write to him whatever was worthy of notice. Accordingly, on his arrival in Italy, he wrote a letter beginning as follows:—"Dear father, the Alps is a very high mountain, and bullocks bear no price." . . .

A French writer mentions, as a proof of Shakespeare's attention to particulars, his allusion to the climate of Scotland in the words, "Hail, hail, all hail!" "*Grêle, grêle, toute grêle!*"

May 9th. . . . It is said of Madame de Talleyrand that one day, her husband having told her that Denon[1] was coming to dinner, bid her read a little of his book upon Egypt, just published, in order that she might be able to say something civil to him upon it, adding that he would leave the volume for her on his study table. He forgot this, however, and Madame, upon going into his study, found a volume of "Robinson Crusoe" on the table instead, which having read very attentively, she was not long in opening upon Denon at dinner about the desert island, his manner of living, etc., to the astonishment of poor Denon, who could not make head or tail of what she meant. At last, upon her saying, "*Eh puis, ce cher Vendredi!*" he

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[1] Dominique Denon, the archæologist, one of the train of artists and scientific men who accompanied Buonaparte to Egypt. There is a story that he owed the favourable impression he made upon Napoleon to his courtesy in obtaining for him some lemonade at a ball at Talleyrand's, when the future emperor was a mere lieutenant.

perceived she took him for no less a person than Robinson Crusoe.

28th. . . . Fielding told us, that when St. Cyr,[1] in the beginning of the Revolution, happened to go to some bureau (for a passport, I believe), and gave his name, Monsieur de Saint Cyr, the clerk answered,

"*Il n'y a pas de De.*"

"*Eh bien! Monsieur Saint Cyr.*"

"*Il n'y a pas de Saint.*"

"*Diable! Monsieur Cyr donc.*"

"*Il n'y a pas de Sire, nous avons décapité le tyran.*"

June 4th. . . . Kenny said that Antony Pasquin (who was a very dirty fellow) "died of a cold caught by washing his face."

13th. . . . Met Luttrell[2] on the boulevard and walked with him. In remarking a rather pretty woman who passed, he said, "The French women are often in the suburbs of beauty, but never enter the town." . .

Lord Holland told before dinner (*à propos* of some-

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[1] Gouvion St. Cyr, Marshal and Marquis, who won high honour under Napoleon.

[2] Henry Luttrell, wit and poet of society; a natural son of Lord Carhampton. Rogers said of him, "No one could slide in a brilliant thing with greater readiness;" and Byron, that he was "the most epigrammatic conversationalist he ever met;" while Greville found him "somewhat too epigrammatic, but very witty."

thing) of a man who professed to have studied "Euclid" all through, and upon someone saying to him, "Well, solve me that problem," answered, "Oh, I never looked at the cuts."

14th. Went to breakfast with Lord John. . . . Mentioned Scott having shown a letter from him acknowledging a copy "from the author" of "Kenilworth." I expressed my doubts as to the possibility of one man finding time for the research (to say nothing of the writing), necessary for accuracy in the costumes, etc., etc., of such works; but he says they are only superficially or apparently correct; that, if looked closely into by one conversant in antiquities and the history of the respective periods, they abound in errors; that Charles Wynne detected some gross ones in "Ivanhoe," besides others very trivial, which the orthodox Charles was as much horrified at as at the more serious ones. For instance, "only think what an unpardonable mistake Scott has fallen into about the Earl of Leicester (this must have been in "Kenilworth"), he has made him a Knight of St. Andrew, when he was in reality a Knight of St. Michael!" or *vice versâ*, for I forget which way it was.

18th. . . . Kenny and his wife supped with us. He told some very amusing stories about Lanza, the composer, and Reynolds, who was to write an opera for him.

"Have you done some oder littel tings, Mr. Reynolds?"

"Oh yes, several."

"Vat is one, *par exemple?*"

"Oh, it was I who wrote 'Out of Place' last winter."

"God d——, I hope dis will be better than dat."

The scene, too, at the rehearsal of the music, where, to Lanza's despair, they were cutting it by pages-full in the orchestra, and when little Simons, imitating Lanza's voice out of a corner said, "You may cut dere"—"Who de devil say dat? No, no!—cut! cut! nothing but cut! You will cut my troat next."

July 6th. . . . Luttrell told of an Irishman, who, having jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, upon receiving sixpence as a reward for the service, looked first at the sixpence then at him, and at last exclaimed, "By Jasus, I'm over paid for the job."

10th. . . . Lord John mentioned to me some verses written upon "Lalla Rookh"; he did not say (nor, I believe, know) by whom, but not amiss:—

"Lalla Rookh
Is a book
By Thomas Moore,
Who has written four,
Each warmer
Than the former;
So the most recent
Is the least decent."

14th. . . . Lord Holland says that the Cheltenham waters are manufactured every morning for the drinkers and are *not* natural. Some pleasant conversation with Lord H. in the evening. He said that

Apreece (the Cadwallader of Foote) had a trick of sucking his wrist now and then with a sort of *supping* noise, in which Foote exactly imitated him. Upon this farce coming out, Apreece went to Garrick for the purpose of consulting him as to the propriety of challenging Foote for the insult; but all Garrick said was, "My dear sir, don't think of doing any such thing, why, he would shoot you through the guts before you had supped two oysters off your wrist."

18th. . . . Talking with Luttrell of religion before dinner, he mentioned somebody having said, upon being asked what religion he was,

"Me! I am of the religion of all sensible men."

"And what is that?"

"Oh, sensible men never tell."

26th. . . . Dined at Lattin's. Abundance of noise and Irish stories from Lattin; some of them very good. A man asked another to come and dine off boiled beef and potatoes with him. "That I will," says the other, "and it's rather odd it should be exactly the same dinner I had at home for myself—*barring the beef*." . . .

Denon told an anecdote of a man, who, having been asked repeatedly to dinner by a person whom he knew to be a shabby Amphitryon, went at last, and found the dinner so meagre and bad, that he did not get a bit to eat. When the dishes were removing, the host said,

"Well, now the ice is broken, I suppose you will ask me to dine with you some day?"

"Most willingly."

"Name your day then."

"*Aujourd'hui par exemple*," answered the dinnerless guest.

Lord Holland told of a man remarkable for absence, who, dining once at the same sort of shabby repast, fancied himself in his own house, and began to apologise for the wretchedness of the dinner.

Luttrell told of a good phrase of an attorney's in speaking of a reconciliation that had taken place between two persons whom he wished to set by the ears. "I am sorry to tell you, sir, that a compromise has *broken out* between the parties."

August 12th. . . . In talking to Rogers about my living in Paris, I said, "One would not enjoy even Paradise, if one was obliged to live in it." "No," says he, "I daresay when Adam and Eve were turned out, they were very happy."

14th. . . . Humboldt mentioned at dinner a theory of Volney's (I think) with respect to the influence of climate upon language; that, in a cold foggy atmosphere, people are afraid to open their mouths, and hence the indistinctness and want of fulness in the sounds of their language; whereas, in a soft balsamic air, which the mouth willingly opens to exhale, the contrary effect takes place.

31st. . . . Found Lord Holland in high spirits and reciting verses in all languages, while he tore up

his bills and letters; among other things, the following of Cowper's:—

"Doctor Jortin
Had the good *fortin*
To write these verses
On tombs and hearses;
Which I, being jinglish,
Have done into English."

Lord H. showed me some verses he had written the day before; one, upon a clock, with the design of *L'amour fait passer le Tems* on it, beginning something this way:—

"Love, says the poet, makes Time pass,
But I am inclined to doubt him;
Dismiss the roving boy; alas!
Time pushes on without him."

The other a string of similes on his son Charles, of which I remember the following (N.B.—Charles is a great person for recollecting dates):—

"That he's like a palm tree it well may be said,
Having always a cluster of dates in his head."

[On September 22nd Moore left Paris for London (Lord John Russell bearing him company) for the transaction of some necessary business with his publishers, assuming the name of Dyke, and disguising himself by means of a pair of moustaches.]

September 27th. . . . Lord John repeated some verses by Home, the author of "Douglas":—

"Proud and erect the Caledonian stood,
Old was his mutton, and his claret good;
'Let him drink port,' the English statesman cried;
He drank the potion, and his spirit died."

The joke of the King (George IV.) giving a drawing-room (attributed to Rogers), that he was in himself a sequence—King, Queen, and Knave. . . .

28th. . . . Longman called upon me. . . . Remarked that though I had with delicacy declined the contributions of friends, yet that I could not surely feel the same objection to letting one friend settle the business for me. At length, after much hesitation, acknowledged that one thousand pounds had been for some time placed at his disposal, for the purpose of arranging matters when the debt could be reduced to that sum; and that he had been under the strictest injunctions of secrecy with regard to this deposit, which nothing but the intention I had expressed of settling the business in another way, could have induced him to infringe; and, that finally, the person who had given this proof of warm and true friendship was (as I guessed in an instant) Lord Lansdowne. How one such action brightens the whole human race in our eyes.

October 9th. At Holyhead at seven; sailed in the steam packet at eight, arrived at Howth at half-past one; called by my fellow-passengers Mr. Dyke; found that the searching officer at the Custom House was my old friend Willy Leach; dined and slept at his house, instead of the hotel, where I intended to pass the night, and get rid of my fatigued looks before I saw my father and mother.

A good story of the fellow in the Marshalsea having heard his companion brushing his teeth the last thing at night, and then, upon waking, at the same work in the morning: "Ogh, a weary night you must have had of it, Mr. Fitzgerald."

22nd. Arrived in London at seven . . . got to Rogers's before ten. . . . Was preparing, as usual, to sneak out in a hackney coach, when Rees[1] arrived with the important and joyful intelligence that the agent had accepted the £1,000, and that I am now a free man again. Walked boldly out into the sunshine, and showed myself in St. James's Street and Bond Street.

[In November Moore was again in Paris, intending to work there through the winter. A further claim on account of the Bermuda business, in April, however, delayed his return to England, and it was not until November, 1822, that he finally left Paris, arriving at Sloperton early in December. His lodging at this time in Paris was in the Rue d'Anjou, 17. Benjamin Constant living *au premier* in the same house.]

1822.

FEBRUARY 19TH. . . . It was mentioned of Talleyrand one day, when Davoust excused himself for being too late, because he had met with a "Pekin," who

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[1] Owen Rees, a partner of Longman's.

delayed him, Talleyrand begged to know what he meant by that word.

"*Nous appellons Pekin*" (says Davoust) "*tout ce qui n'est pas militaire.*"

"*Oh, oui, c'est comme chez nous*" (replied Talleyrand), "*nous appellons militaire tout ce qui n'est pas civil.*"

March 26th. . . . Two of Fox's[1] stories good. The Prince de Poix, stopped by a sentry, announced his name. "*Prince de Poix*" (answered the sentry) "*quand vous seriez de Roi des Haricots, vous ne passeriez pas ici.*" The wife of a colonel at a review in Dublin, stopped by a sentry in the same manner, and telling him she was "The Colonel's lady"—"No matter for that, ma'am, if you were his wife you couldn't pass."

August 5th. . . . Somebody said that in Buonaparte's time, when there was a violent opposition to a play called "Christophe Colomb" (merely because it was written in violation of the rules of the critics), Napoleon sent down to the theatre not only some troops of *gens-d'armerie*, but a piece of artillery, and carried off the tragedy smoothly. What a powerful support at an author's back.

September 12th. . . Two or three legal anecdotes. Judge Fletcher once interrupted Tom Gold in an argument he was entering into about the jury's deciding on the facts, etc., when Gold, vexed at being stopped in his career,

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[1] Henry Fox, son and heir of Lord Holland.

said, "My Lord, Lord Mansfield was remarkable for the patience with which he heard the counsel that addressed him." "He never heard you, Mr. Gold," was Fletcher's reply, given with a weight of brogue that added to the sarcasm. The same judge, who, it seems, is a very surly person, once said to an advocate, "Sir, I'll not sit here to be baited like a bear tied to a stake." "No, *not* tied, my Lord," interrupted the counsel. . . .

A good story of Lattin's: during the time of the emigrants in England, an old French lady came to him in some country town, begging, for God's sake he would interfere, as the mob was about to tar and feather a French nobleman. On Lattin proceeding, with much surprise, to inquire into the matter, he found they were only going to *pitch* a *marquee.*

October 8th. . . . Byrne's story of the priest saying to a fellow who always shirked his dues at Easter and Christmas, and who gave as an excuse for his last failure that he had been very ill, and so near dying that Father Breman had anointed him. "Anointed you, did he? Faith, it showed he did not know you as well as I do, or he would have known you were slippery enough without it."

The King of France,[1] who asked one of his courtiers why he had gone to England, and on his answering, "*Pour apprendre à penser*," said quickly, "Les chevaux?" (*panser*).

Curran's old story of the piper cutting off the legs of

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[1] Louis XV. [J.R.]

a hanged man for the sake of his stockings, then leaving the legs behind him in a cow-house where he was allowed to sleep, and the woman supposing, on finding them there (he having gone off early) that the cow had eaten up all but the legs, the driving the cow to the fair, bidding a piper stand out of the way because this was a cow that eat pipers.

December 7th. Dined at Bowood. . . . Lord L. mentioned Pitt's dislike to Erskine, and his frequent attacks upon him. On one occasion when Erskine followed Mr. Fox in a long speech, Pitt said, "The learned gentleman has followed his Right Hon. Leader, running along the line of his argument, and, as usual, attenuating it as he went."[1]

17th. Dined with Murray.[2] . . . Some good anecdotes about French translations from the English. In some work where it was said, "The air was so clear

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[1] I have heard this metaphor from Lord Holland somewhat differently as, "The Hon. and Learned Gentleman who followed the Right Hon. Gentleman, attenuating the thread of his discourse." [J.R.]

[2] John Murray, the eminent publisher. He had removed from Albemarle Street to Whitehall, but afterwards returned thither, as Moore suggests, from motives of economy. The following lines, addressed to him by Byron, from Venice in 1818, are worth reproducing. A special reference to the "Art of Cookery," referred to in the fourth verse, will be found on page 110.

"Strahan, Tonson, Lintot of the times,
Patron and publisher of rhymes,
For thee the bard of Pindus chimes,
My Murray.

that we could distinctly see a *bell-wether* on the opposite hill," the translator made bell-wether *le beau temps.*

Price, on the Picturesque, says that a bald head is the only smooth thing possessing that quality, but that if we were to cover it with flour, it would lose its picturesqueness immediately: in translating which some Frenchman makes it, *une belle tête chauve couronnée de fleurs.*

28th. Dined at Bowood. . . . Jekyll said that when the great waterworks were established at Chelsea there was a project for having there also a great organ, from which families might be supplied with sacred music according as they wished, by turning the cock on or off; but one objection he said was that upon a thaw occurring after a

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"To thee with hope and terror dumb,
The unfledged MS. authors come;
Thou printest all—and sellest some,
My Murray.

"Upon thy table baize so green,
The last new Quarterly is seen,
But where is thy new magazine,
My Murray.

"Along thy sprucest bookshelves shine
The works thou deemest most divine,—
The 'Art of Cookery' and mine,
My Murray.

"Tours, Travels, Essays too, I wist,
And Sermons to thy mill bring grist,
And then thou hast the 'Army List,'
My Murray.

"And Heaven forbid I should conclude
Without the Board of Longitude,
Although this narrow paper would,
My Murray."

long frost, you might have "Judas Maccabeus" bursting out at Charing Cross, and there might be no getting him under. He said that it was an undoubted fact that Lord (?), the proprietor of Lansdowne House,[1] before the old Lord Lansdowne, had a project of placing seven-and-twenty fiddlers, hermetically sealed, in an apartment under ground, from which music might be communicated by tubes to any apartment where it was wanted. Lord L. bore witness to the truth of this (with the exception of its being an organ instead of Jekyll's hermetically sealed fiddlers), and said that the pipes which had been already laid for the plan were found during some repairs that took place at Lansdowne House.

1823.

JANUARY 6TH. [At Bowood.] After breakfast had a good deal of conversation with Jekyll. Quoted those lines written upon John Allen Parke, by a man who never wrote any verses before or since:

"John Allen Parke
Came naked stark
From Scotland;
But now has clothes,
And lives with beaus
In England."

Mentioned Lord Cranley having been caught up, curricle and all, by a crane in Thames Street, and the verses to him which he (Jekyll) wrote on the occasion. A joke about the "Pigmies warring with the Cranes."

[1] At the south-east corner of Berkeley Square.

Told of the actor saying by mistake,

> "How sharper than a serpent's *thanks* it is,
> To have a *toothless* child;"

and old Parker, who used always to say the "coisoned pup" instead of the "poisoned cup," and one night, when he spoke it right, the audience said, "No, no," and called for the other reading.

Mentioned some lines which he (Jekyll) had written upon the Emperor of China's hint to Lord Macartney, that he had better hasten his departure as the rainy season was coming on:—

> "The sage Chian-ki-ti,
> Has looked into the sky,
> And he says we shall soon have wet weather;
> So I think, my good fellows,
> As you've no umbrellas,
> You'd better get home, dry, together!"

Canning and some one else translated these lines into Latin verse, and the word they chose to express the want of umbrellas was very happy—*vos inumbrelles video.* They sent across the house to Jekyll one night to beg for the rest of the verses, and his answer was, "Tell them if they want papers they must move for them. We find it very hard to get them even so." . . .

Lord L. mentioned the conclusion of a letter from a Dutch commercial house as follows:—"Sugars are falling more and more every day, not so the respect and esteem with which we are," etc., etc.

7th. At breakfast Jekyll told of some one remarking on the inaccuracy of the inscription on Lord Kenyon's

tomb,[1] *Mors janua vita*, upon which Lord Lyttleton said, "Don't you know that *that* was by Kenyon's express desire, as he left it in his will, that they should not go to the expense of a diphthong?"

He mentioned Rogers's story of an old gentleman, when sleeping at the fire, being awakened by the clatter of the fire-irons all tumbling down, and saying, "What? going to bed without one kiss?" taking it for the children.

Talked of General Smith, a celebrated Nabob, who said, as an excuse for his bad shooting that he had "spoilt his hand by shooting pheasants with the great Mogul." Lord L. told of the same having written to put off some friends whom he had invited to his country seat, saying, "I find my d——d fellow of a steward has in the meantime sold the estate." This Gen. Smith was the original of Foote's "Sir Matthew Mite"[2] (his father having been a cheesemonger); and Jekyll told of someone having taken Foote to Smith's country house on their way to town; his sleeping there and being treated with every civility by Smith; and saying, before they were a hundred yards from the house, "I think I can't possibly miss him now, having had such a good sitting."

14th. Walked over to Bowood, where I have

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[1] Lloyd Kenyon, first Lord Kenyon, Master of the Rolls. He invested his savings in land in Wales, often buying indifferent titles: for, as he said, "If he bought property he would find law to keep it till twenty years' occupation brought him a title better than deeds." *Dic. Nat. Biog.*

[2] In "The Nabob."

promised to stay till Thursday. . . . Dinner very agreeable. Miss N. [Napier] mentioned, a French lady, of whom she inquired, by way of compliment, "in what manner she had contrived to speak English so well?" and the answer was, "I begun by *traducing*."

Lord L., in the evening, quoted a ridiculous passage from the preface to Mrs. Piozzi's "Retrospections," in which, anticipating the ultimate perfection of the human race, she says she does not despair of the time arriving "when Vice will take refuge in the arms of Impossibility."

Mentioned also an Ode of hers to Posterity, beginning "Posterity, Gregarious Dame," the only meaning of which must be a Lady *chez qui* numbers assemble—a lady *at home*.

I repeated what Jekyll told me the other day of Bearcroft, saying to Mrs. Piozzi, when irate after she had called him frequently Mr. Beercraft, "Beercraft is not my name, madam; it may be *your* trade, but it is not my name."

Dr. Currie once, upon being bored by a foolish Blue, to tell her the precise meaning of the word idea (which she had been reading about in some metaphysical works, but could not understand it), answered at last angrily, "Idea, madam, is the feminine of Idiot, and means a female fool."

15th. A very bleak snowy day. The whole party played shuttlecock in the conservatory. I played with the Miss Bennetts. Lord L. and Stanley kept it up 2,050 times. Walked a little with Lord L. before dinner. Mentioned the old Lord Liverpool (when Mr. Jenkinson) saying, in answer to some one who had called him, "That evil genius that lurks behind the

throne," "Mr. Speaker, I am not an evil genius, but the member for Rye *in every respect whatsoever.*" (This last a familiar phrase of his.)

April 1st. . . . Sharpe mentioned a curious instance of Walter Scott's indifference to pictures; when he met him at the Louvre, not willing to spare two or three minutes for a walk to the bottom of the gallery, when it was the first and last opportunity he was likely to have of seeing the "Transfiguration," etc., etc. In speaking of music, and the difference there is between the poetical and the musical ears, Wordsworth said that he was totally devoid of the latter, and for a long time could not distinguish one tune from another.

4th. . . . Dined at Mr. Monkhouse's (a gentleman I had never seen before) on Wordsworth's invitation, who lives there whenever he comes to town. A singular party: Coleridge, Rogers, Wordsworth and wife, Charles Lamb (the hero at present of the "London Magazine"), and his sister (the poor woman who went mad with him in the diligence on the way to Paris), and a Mr. Robinson,[1] one of the *minora sidera* of this constellation of the Lakes, the host himself, a Mecænas of the

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[1] H. Crabb Robinson, by whom, as also by Charles Lamb, this memorable meeting of the five poets has been recorded. Lamb names the street in which it took place; but more precise indication is wanting. "Half the poetry of England constellated and clustered in Gloucester Place! It was a delightful evening. Coleridge was in his finest vein of talk; and let them talk as evilly as they will of the envy of poets, I am sure not one there was content to be nothing but a listener. . . . I am scribbling a muddy epistle with an aching head. We did not quaff Hippocrene last night, marry,

school, contributing nothing but good dinners and silence. Charles Lamb, a clever fellow certainly; but full of villainous and abortive puns, which he miscarries at every minute. Some excellent things, however, have come from him; and his friend Robinson mentioned to me not a bad one. On Robinson's receiving his first brief he called upon Lamb to tell him of it. "I suppose," said Lamb, "you addressed that line of Milton's to it, 'Thou *first* best *cause*, least understood.'"

Coleridge told some tolerable things. One of a poor author, who, on receiving from his publisher an account of the proceeds (as he expected it to be) of a work he had published, saw among the items, "Cellarage £3 10s. 6d.," and thought it was a charge for the trouble of *selling* the 700 copies, which he did not consider unreasonable; but, on inquiry, he found it was for the *cellar*-room occupied by his work, not a copy of which had stirred from thence.

6th. . . . Went out to Holland House. Sydney Smith very comical about the remedy Lady H. is going

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it was Hippocras rather." (Letter to Bernard Barton.) Robinson quotes Moore's account in his "Diary," and remarks that "Coleridge alone displayed any of his peculiar talent," and that "Moore seemed conscious of his inferiority;" but then Moore was not very complimentary to him. Robinson met Wordsworth on several occasions at Monkhouse's, whom he describes as a "London Merchant," and as living in 1818 at 28, Queen Anne Street, East. This is doubtless the same address as that inaccurately referred to in a letter from Wordsworth to Rogers in 1817 as "St. Anne Street." The house, since rebuilt, stood at the north side of the present Langham Street, at the east *corner* of Gosford Street.

to use for the bookworm, which is making great ravages in the library. She is about to have them washed with some mercurial preparation, and Smith says it is Davy's opinion that the air will become charged with the mercury, and that the whole family will be salivated. "I shall see Allen," says Smith, "some day, with his tongue hanging out, speechless, and shall take the opportunity of sticking a few principles into him."

10th. Dined at Rogers's. A distinguished party. . . . Smith particularly amusing. Have held out against him hitherto; but this day he conquered me; and I am now his victim in the laughing way, for life. His imagination of a duel between two doctors, with oil of croton on the tips of their fingers, trying to touch each other's lips, highly ludicrous. What Rogers says of Smith is very true, that whenever the conversation is getting dull, he throws in some touch which makes it rebound, and rise again as light as ever.

May 6th. Received from the Longmans two copies of the "Fables," which are to be published to-morrow. Found to my great mortification, that I had by mistake sent up the uncorrected slips instead of the corrected ones (they having sent me down two sets): in consequence of which the two last sheets are published exactly as the printer's devil left them, *comme il a plû aux diables*, with all those errors of my own, too, which I had corrected in the unsent proofs.

June 3rd. Breakfasted with Rogers; Constable of

Edinburgh, the great publisher, and Bowles of the party. . . . In talking of Walter Scott, and the author of "Waverley," he [Constable] continually forgot himself, and made them the same person. Has had the original MS. of the novels presented to him by the author, in forty-nine volumes, written with his own hand; very few corrections. Says the author to his knowledge has already received more than a hundred thousand pounds for his novels alone. Walter Scott apparently very idle: the only time he is known to begin to study is about three hours in the morning before breakfast: the rest of the day he is at the disposal of everybody, and rarely retires at night till others do.

Went with Constable and Bowles to Sir George Beaumont's. A curious picture by Paul Panini of the Picture Gallery of the Colonna Palace; fine bas-relief of the Virgin and two children by Michael Angelo. Raphael has borrowed this composition in one of his pictures. In talking of this, and saying that Raphael was not very scrupulous about plagiary, bringing, for instance, his "Paul preaching at Athens," which was borrowed from Masaccio, etc., etc., Sir George mentioned that some great craniologist (Spurzheim it was), on examining Raphael's skull, had found nothing remarkable, but the organ of theft very strongly developed.

6th. . . . Dined at Lord Lansdowne's.[1] . . .

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[1] Lansdowne House shared, for a long period, with Holland House the lustre of being a centre of English society.

Hume, lately at some meeting, in referring to allegations made by some one who preceded him, called him the "honourable allegator." Mackintosh[1] quoted in praise what Canning said some nights before, in referring to Windham, "whose *illustrations* often survived the subjects to which they were applied." If he had said *stories* instead of illustrations it would be more correct, though not so imposing: illustrations can no more survive their subjects than a shadow can the substance, or a reflection the image; and as Windham's chief merit was *applying* old stories well, to remember the story without reference to its application might be a tribute to Joe Miller, but certainly not to Windham. Instanced Sheridan's application of the story of the drummer to the subject of Ireland, when remarks were made upon the tendency of the Irish to complain. The drummer said to an unfortunate man, upon whom he was inflicting the cat-o'-nine tails (and who exclaimed occasionally, "a little higher," "a little lower"), "Why, do what I will, there is no such thing as pleasing you."

July 25th. . . . Curran,[2] in speaking of Baron Smith's temper, and the restraint he always found himself under in his company, said, "I always feel myself, when with Smith, in the situation of poor Friday when he went on his knees to Robinson Crusoe's gun, and prayed it not to go off suddenly and shoot him."

Story of an Irish fellow refusing to prosecute a man who had beaten him almost to death on St. Patrick's

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[1] Sir James Mackintosh.

[2] H. Curran, son of John Philpot Curran, who died in 1817.

night, and saying, that he let him off "in honour of the night": of his overhearing two fellows talking about Lord Cornwallis when he was going in state to the theatre of Dublin; and accounting for his not going early for fear of being pelted. "True enough," says one of them, "a two-year-old paving stone would come very nately to compose his other eye." (Lord C. having a defect in one of his eyes.). . . .

Examination of a witness.

"What's your name?" etc., etc. "Did you vote at the election?" "I did, sir."

"Are you a freeholder?" "I'm not, sir."

"Did you take the freeholder's oath?" "I did, sir."

"Who did you vote for?" "Mr. Bowes Daly, sir."

"Were you bribed?" "I was, sir."

"How much did you get?" "Five guineas, sir."

"What did you do with it?" "I spint it, sir."

"You may go down." "I will, sir."

Bowes Daly, upon being told this, said it was all true, except the fellow having got the money.

31st. . . . Arrived at Lismore Castle to dinner . . . My old acquaintance, Dean Scott, and Mrs. Scott came to dinner. . . . Mrs. S. told some Irish stories. One of a conversation she overheard between two fellows about Donelly, the Irish champion; how a Miss Kelly, a young lady of fine behaviour, had followed him to the Curragh, to his great battle, and laid her gold watch and her coach and six that he would win; and that when Donelly, at one time, was getting the worst of it, she exclaimed, "Oh, Donelly, would you have me go back on foot, and not know the hour?" on which he

rallied and won. How the Duke of Wellington said to Donelly, "I am told you are called the hero of Ireland." "Not the hero, my lord, but only the champion."

September 24th. . . . Lord L. mentioned a book called "A Journey to the Moon," which he had given a commission for at the Fonthill sale. The man's method of flying to the moon was by means of little phials filled with dew, which he hung about him, and which were exhaled up by the morning sun, and carried him with them. Lord L. said it had given the idea of Swift's "Gulliver"; but I mentioned Lucinus's "True History" as the original of all this class of fiction.

October 1st. . . . Talked of the sepulchres of the Hungerfords at Farley (Colonel Houlton's place). The bodies preserved in pickle. The shoulder of a Lady Margaret of the family uncovered, and found firm and white. An antiquarian introduced a quill into it, in order to extract some of the pickle and taste it, which he did; and his only remark was, that it was "very stimulant."

4th. . . . In talking of ghost stories, Lord L. told of a party who were occupied in the same sort of conversation; and there was one tall, pale-looking woman of the party, who listened and said nothing; but upon one of the company turning to her and asking whether *she* did not believe there was such a thing as a ghost, she answered, "*Si j'y crois? oui et même je le suis*,"

and instantly vanished. . . . Bowles very amusing, his manner of pronouncing Catalani's speech about Sheridan at Oxford, that he had *beaucoup de talent mais très peu de beauté*, convulsed us all with laughter. Mr. Grenville mentioned that the last Mrs. Sheridan used to say, "As to my husband's talents, I will not say anything about them, but I *will* say that he is the handsomest and honestest man in all England." Bowles told the ghost story from Giraldus Cambrensis. An archdeacon of extraordinary learning and talent, and who was a neighbour of Giraldus, and with whom he lived a good deal, when they were one day talking about the demons who disappeared at the birth of Christ, said, "It is very true, and I remember on that occasion I *hid myself in a well.*"

5th. . . . After breakfast, being alone with Mr. Grenville, broached the delicate subject of Sheridan. . . . This brought on a conversation about S., in which I found him very kind and communicative. S., after his marriage, lived at a cottage at Burnham (East or West I don't know which); and at a later period of his life, when he and Mrs. S. were not on the most peaceable terms, Mr. Grenville has heard him say half to himself, "Sad that former feelings should have so completely gone by. Would anything bring them back? Yes, perhaps the garden at Bath or the cottage at East Burnham might." Was very agreeable when a young man, full of good spirits and good humour; always disguising his necessities and boasting of the prosperity of his views. His jealousy of Mrs. S. more from vanity than affection. Fox took a strong fancy to her, which he did not at all disguise; and Mr. G. said it was amusing to see the struggle between Sheridan's

great admiration of, and deference to, Fox, and the sensitive alarm he felt at his attentions to her. . . .

Good story of the elector asking S. for a frank, and another doing the same immediately, and saying, "I don't see why I'm not to have a frank as well as John Thompson."

"What direction shall I put upon it?" said Sheridan.

"The same as John Thompson's to be sure." . . .

Mr. Grenville heard Erskine ask Fox, the day before his (E.'s) first speech in the House of Lords, what kind of coat he thought he had best wear on the occasion, and whether a black one would be best. Fox answered him with perfect gravity, and said, "As he was oftenest seen in black, that would perhaps be the best colour," but laughed heartily when he went away. . . .

At dinner it was mentioned that Lord Alvanley said Sir William Scott was like a conceited Muscovy duck, which is excellent: better than Canning's comparison, who said he was like a turtle in a martingale.

Mr. G. described Lord North's method of looking through his notes when he had lost the thread of his discourse, talking in his oratorical voice all the while, "It is not on this side of the paper, Mr. Speaker, neither is it on the other side."

In talking of Mirabeau, Lord L. said he had been told by M. Maury, that one time when Mirabeau was answering a speech of his, he put himself in a reasoning attitude, and said, "*Je m'en vais renfermer M. Maury, dans un cercle vicieux;*" upon which Maury started up and exclaimed, "*Comment! veux tu m'embrasser?*" which had the effect of utterly disconcerting Mirabeau.

12th. . . . Lord John mentioned that, when in

Spain an ecclesiastic he met told him of a poor Irishman who had lately been travelling there, to whom he had an opportunity of showing some kindness; but from the Irishman not knowing Spanish they were obliged to converse in Latin. On taking his leave the grateful Hibernian knelt down and said to the churchman, "*Da mihi beneficium tuum.*" "No, no," replied the other, "I have done as much as I can for you, but that is rather too much."

Talked of Gilpin's writings; his "Life of Cranmer." The unfitness of Cranmer for the scenes he was thrown into: his elegant habits; wearing gloves at supper whenever he did not mean to eat anything.

16th. The Knight of Kerry[1] told me of a curious dialogue, which Lord Wellesley[2] mentioned as having passed between Archbishop Magee and himself. Magee, in protesting against the Tithe Bill and other innovations on the Church of Ireland, said that the fate of the English Church was involved in that of the Irish one. "Pardon me," said Lord Wellesley, "the two churches differ materially; for instance, the English bishops wear wigs, and you don't wear any. I'll *wig* you if you don't take care." The Knight seemed to think he did right in employing this persiflage, as the best method of getting rid of Magee's remark.

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[1] Peter George Fitzgerald, nineteenth knight of Kerry, an admirable landlord, and great favourite with the peasantry. He took a keen interest in all matters bearing on the prosperity of Ireland.

[2] Elder brother of the Duke of Wellington, and at this period Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

17th. In talking of the way in which any criticism or ridicule spoils one's enjoyment ever after of one's most favourite passages, I mentioned a ludicrous association suggested to me about a passage in Hadyn's "Creation." . . . In that fine *morceau*, "God said, Let there be Light," there is between these words and the full major swell into which the modulation bursts upon "and there was light," a single note of the violin, which someone said was to express the "striking of a flint."

1824.

MARCH 14TH. . . Dined at Sir Humphrey Davy's.[1] . . . Story of Lord Coleraine taking off the hat of the person walking with him, instead of his own, when bowing to someone in a shower of rain.

Dec. 15th. Wrote to Lord Byron . . . begging if I am to be in the list of the *cut dead* he will tell me so, that I may make my funeral arrangements accordingly.

17th. . . . Luttrell said, in the course of conversation, "What a prodigality of invention there is in mankind! Only think, to invent such a language as Greek and then let it die."

23rd. . . . A number of stories told of Lord North of the night he anticipated the motion for his removal, by announcing the resignation of the Ministry: his having his carriage, when none of the rest had,

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[1] In Lower Grosvenor Street; the house has been rebuilt.

saying laughingly, "You see what it is to be in the secret:" invincible good humour.[1] . . .

Lord H. told of a gentleman missing his watch in the pit one night, and charging Barrington,[2] who was near him, with having stolen it. Barrington, in a fright, gave up a watch to him instantly; and the gentleman, on returning home, found his own watch on the table, not having taken it out with him; so that, in fact, he had robbed Barrington of some other person's watch.

May 11th. . . . . An Irish colonel once, upon

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[1] A characteristic anecdote is recorded of Lord North on the occasion of his dismissal from office as Secretary of State by George III. in 1783. The seals of office were sent for to his residence before he had risen in the morning. "If anyone wants to see me, they must see Lady North as well," he said; and accordingly the messenger ascended to the bedroom to fulfil his mission.

[2] George Barrington, pickpocket and author; who was sentenced to seven years' transportation on a charge of picking the pocket of Mr. Henry Hare Townsend, about the time when Dr. Shute Barrington was advanced to the rich bishoprick of Durham. A circumstance which called forth the following epigram:—

> "Two namesakes of late in a different way,
> With spirit and zeal did bestir 'em.
> The one was transported to Botany Bay,
> The other translated to Durham."

George Barrington became superintendent of convicts in New South Wales, about which country he wrote several works. The familiar lines—originally part of a prologue to a play performed by convicts at Sydney—are his—

> "True patriots we, for be it understood,
> We left our country for our country's good."

meeting a man, whom he thought he recognised, in the uniform of the 42nd Regiment, said, "How's this? You are an Irishman, aren't you?" "Faith I am, your Honour." "And in the uniform of a Scotch regiment?" "Yes, your Honour, I am what they call a lamb in wolf's clothing."

18th: . . . . A good deal of talk about Lord Kenyon. Jekyll said that Kenyon died of eating apple-pie crust at breakfast to save the expense of muffins; and that Lord Ellenborough, who succeeded to the Chief Justiceship, in consequence always bowed with great reverence to apple-pie; "which," said Jekyll, "we used to call apple pie-ty." The Princesses also told of how "the King" used to play pranks on Kenyon, sending the despatch box to him at a quarter-past seven, when he knew Kenyon was snug in bed; being accustomed to go to bed at that hour to save candle-light.

June 17th. Took Irving after dinner to show him to the Starkeys; but he was sleepy and did not open his mouth; the same at Elwyn's dinner. Not strong as a lion, but delightful as a domestic animal. Walked him over this morning to call on Lord Lansdowne . . . who walked part of the way back with us. . . . Read me some parts of his new work, "Tales of a Traveller." Rather tremble for its fate. Murray has given him £1,500 for it, might have had, I think, £2,000. Told him the story which I heard from Horace Smith about the woman with the black collar, and the head falling off; thought it would do for his ghost stories, but mentioned H. Smith having told me he meant to

make use of it himself; possibly has done so in the "New Monthly Magazine." . . .

18th. Irving full of the woman with the black collar; intends to try his hand at it.[1]

July 12th. [Byron's funeral.] Was with Rogers at half-past eight. Set off for George Street, Westminster, at half-past nine.[2] When I approached the house, and saw the crowd assembled, felt a nervous trembling come over me; thought I should be ill. Never was at a funeral before, but poor Curran's. The riotous curiosity of the mob, the bustle of the undertakers, etc., etc., all the other vulgar accompaniments of the ceremony mixing with my recollections of him who was gone, produced a combination of disgust and sadness that was deeply painful to me.

14th. Breakfasted with Rogers to meet Leicester Stanhope. Much talk about Byron, of whom Stanhope saw a good deal at Missolonghi. Byron entirely guided in his views by Mavrocordato; "a mere puppet in his hands;" Mavrocordato always teazing him for money, till Byron hated the very sight of him. The story of Byron's giving him four thousand pounds to raise the siege of Missolonghi not true. A little money goes an immense way in Greece. A hundred pounds might sometimes be the means of keeping a fleet or an army together. Mavrocordato appointed B. to command

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[1] See the "German Student's Adventure" in "Tales of a Traveller."

[2] Byron's body lay in state at Sir George Knatchbull's house in Great George Street.

the army of Western Greece. Stanhope thought this appointment of a stranger injurious to the dignity of the Greek nation, and told B. so, which annoyed him. . . . B. gave but little money. After his severe attack, when he was lying nervous and reduced in bed, insurrection took place among the Suliots, who would frequently rush into his bedroom to make their remonstrances. Byron would not have them shut out, but always listened to them with much good nature: very gallant this.

Asked Stanhope as to his courage, which I have sometimes heard the depreciating gossips of society throw a doubt upon; and not long ago, indeed, was told of Lord Bathurst's saying, when somebody expressed an apprehension of Lord Byron's safety in Greece, "Oh, never fear, he will not expose himself to much danger." Stanhope said, on the contrary, he was always for rushing into danger; would propose one day to go in a fire-ship; another time to storm Lepanto; would, however laugh at all this himself afterwards, and say he wished that—(someone, I don't know whom, that was expected to take a command)—would come and supersede him. . . . Said it was an extraordinary scene when the leeches had bit the temporal artery in his first attack; the two physicians squabbling over him, and he, weak as he was, joking at their expense.

17th. With Kenny a little after tea. Mrs. Shelley,[1]

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[1] Mary Woolstencraft Shelley had now been two years a widow.

very gentle and feminine. Spoke a good deal of Byron. . . . Spoke of the story of the girl in the Giaour. Founded (as B. has often told me) on the circumstance of a young girl, whom he knew himself in Greece, and whom he supposed to be a Greek, but who proved to be a Turk; and who underwent, on his account, the punishment mentioned in the poem; he met her body carried along in the sack.[1] . . .

Kenny to-day mentioned Charles Lamb's being once bored by a lady praising to him "such a charming man!" etc., etc., ending with "I know him, bless him!" On which Lamb said, "Well, I don't, but d—n him at a hazard."

August 3rd. . . . Some ludicrous verses quoted at dinner; among others the following by Rogers on Theophilus:—

When I'm drinking my tea
I think of my *The;*
When I'm drinking my coffee
I think of my Offee.
So, whether I'm drinking my tea or my coffee,
I'm always a thinking of thee, my Theoffy.

In talking of people who prepared their conversation, Lord Lansdowne mentioned a Frenchman who once dined at his father's, and who, taking him aside when they stood up from dinner, said, "There are one or two things which I had prepared to say to-day, but as there

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[1] See also page 202.

was not time or opportunity to bring them in, I will, if you will allow me, tell them now to you."

5th. . . . Dumont mentioned Piron's reply to Voltaire, on his boasting that he did not hiss his tragedy, "*Quand on baille, on ne siffle pas.*"

Rogers quoted Lord Chatham's saying, on some motion which he made and in which nobody seconded, "My Lords, I stand alone: My Lords, I stand like our first parents, naked, but not ashamed." . . .

It was at Osterley, the parish (?) where Child lived, and where Sheridan had a house, that he wrote the sermon for O'Beirne to preach; poor O'Beirne throwing his voice most pointedly into Child's pew. Child had been harsh in punishing some poor person for making free with a few vegetables; and the text (R. says, though this differs from O'Beirne's account to me) was, "it is easier for a camel," etc., etc.

11th. . . . Courtney said of Pitt's speeches that "they were like Lycurgus's money, that did not pass out of Sparta:" this very pretty, but not true, as Pitt's speeches *did* tell through the country.

13th. At breakfast, Madame Durazzo, in talking of poor Miss Bathurst (who was drowned at Rome), mentioned that Talleyrand on reading an account of it (in which it was said that her uncle plunged in after her, and that M. Laval was in great grief), said, "*M. de Laval aussi s'est plongé, mais dans le plus proponde douleur.*" . . .

Lord John told me that Crabbe (who was here the beginning of the week, and whom I had but a glimpse of) said that I was "a great poet when I *liked*." . . . Lord John lunched with us. Showed him some parts of my Sheridan work which he seemed to like. Told me he had heard from Dudley North (one of the managers of Hastings' trial) that when the managers used to retire to take any doubtful point into consideration, Burke used to say, "Now let us defer to the superior wisdom of Mr. Fox." . . .

Mentioned what Brougham said lately, in allusion to the adoption by the Ministers of all the Whig measures, "The fact is, *we* are in power, *they* are in place."

19th. . . . Crabbe told me of his visit to Walter Scott while the King was in Edinburgh, the King drinking a glass of wine with Scott to the health of the ladies of Edinburgh, on being presented by him with some offering from them; Scott's begging of the King to allow him to have the glass as a memorial; and his letting it fall and break in pieces just as he reached his own door with it.[1] Crabbe said this seemed to be a prognostic of the disfavour which he fell into with the King, who did not appear to like his pushing himself forward so officiously. . . .

20th. After breakfast walked through the grounds [at Longleat] with Lord John and Madame Durazzo. . . . Lord John mentioned what Voltaire said in his answer to an address presented to him by the college of some little town which called itself *fille de l'Université de*

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[1] Scott's house in Edinburgh was 39, North Castle Street.

Paris. "I have no doubt of it," said Voltaire, "and certainly a *fille très sage, qui n'a fait jamais parler d'elle.*"

Lord John reminded me of the circumstance mentioned by Lord Byron in his "Memoirs," of his receiving a letter from some young girl dying of consumption, who said, "she could not go out of the world, without thanking him for all the pleasure his works had given her," etc., etc.

Talking of mistakes made by private actors: "I wouldn't give that for you" (snapping his fingers), being all spoken, stage directions and all, in the same manner. The old Lord Lansdowne in some private plays, always said, "I'll spoil your intrigue" (aside); pronouncing intrigue, too, as three syllables. I mentioned the actor who could never be got to say, "stand by and let the coffin pass," but, instead of it, always said, "stand by, and let the parson cough."

27th. Luttrel, Nugent, Mrs. Scott, and Luttrel's son came to dinner. . . . Luttrel had put his joke about *aleing* into verse—

> Come, come, for trifles never stick,
> Most servants have a failing:
> Yours, it is true, are sometimes sick,
> But mine are always *aleing.*

Our dinner very ill drest, which was rather provoking, as Luttrel is particular about the *cuisine*; it had no effect, however, either on his wit or good humour, for he was highly agreeable. . . . Remarked many unaccountable things in Ireland; plenty of plovers, but

no plovers' eggs; chaises in abundance, but no return ones, etc., etc. . . .

28th. Wrote before I got out of bed a parody on Horace's "*Sic te Diva potens Cypri*," addressed to the *lantern* that I lent Luttrel last night:—

So may the Cyprian queen above,
The mother of that link-boy Love;
So may each star in Heaven's dome,—
Those *patent Smethursts* of astronomy,—
That light poor rural diners home,
After a dose of bad gastronomy;
So may each winter wind that blows
O'er down or upland, steep or level,
And most particularly those,
That blow round corners like the devil;
Repeat thee, oh! thou lantern bright,
By which for want of chaise and Houhwynmm,
I trust my Luttrel home to-night,[1]
With half a poet's larder in him.[2]
That bard had brows of brass, I own,[3]
Who first presumed, the hardened sinner,
To ask fine gentlemen from town
To come and eat a d—d bad dinner;
Who feared not leveret, black as soot[4]
Like roasted Afric, at the head set,
(And making tow'rds the duck at foot,
The veteran duck, a sort of dead set);
Whose nose would stand such ancient fish
As that we at Devizes purvey—
Than which I know no likelier dish[5]
To turn one's stomach topsy-turvy.

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[1] Navis, quæ tibi creditum.
Debes Virgilium.

[2] Et serves animæ dimidium meæ.

[3] Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus est.

[4] Nec timuit præcipitem Africum.

[5] Quo non arbiter Adriæ
Major, tollere seu ponere vult freta.

Oh! dying of an indigestion,
To him was *quite* out of the question[1]
Who could behold unmoved, unbother'd,
Shrimps in sour anchovy smother'd.[2]
Who, venturous wight, no terror had
Of tart old pies, or puddings sad;
Who could for eatables partake,
Whate'er the cook had mess'd up blindly;
And e'en like famished Luttrell, take
To infamous Scotch collops[3] kindly.

Sent this off to L.

29th. A note early from Lord Lansdowne, to say that Captain Basil Hall, who is at Bowood, wishes much to see me; and that if I cannot come over to-day to either luncheon or dinner, he will call upon me to-morrow. Answered that I would come to dinner to-day. Walked over at five. Went to Luttrell's room, and found he had written the following answer to my parody, with which he seemed pleased, particularly with the *serves animæ dimidium*, and *Quo non arbiter Adriæ*:—

"A fine feast is a farce and a fable,
As often, dear Moore, we have found it;
Prithee, what is the Farce on a table
To the Fair who sit sparkling around it?

"I see not what you'd be to blame for,
Though your cook were no dab at her duty;
In your cottage was all that we came for,
Wit, poetry, friendship, and beauty!

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[1] Quem mortis timuit gradum.

[2] Qui fixis oculis monstra natantia.

[3] Infames scopulos (or, as it ought evidently to be read, *collopos*.) N.B.—Luttrell eat only a dish of this kind at dinner.—T.M.

"And then to increase our delight
To a fulness all boundaries scorning;
We were cheered with your lantern at night,
And regaled with your rhymes the next morning."
H.L.

Hall mentioned a good phrase of some American, to whom Sir A. Ball had been very civil at Malta, "most grateful for all the kindness shown to himself and his wife; and hoped some time or another to have an opportunity of *retaliating* upon Lady Ball."

Luttrell mentioned some Irish member (Crosbie, I believe), who, in speaking of some one in the House, said, "Sir, if I have any partiality for the Hon. Gentleman, it is *against* him."

September 8th. . . . Went with Lord L. to the Bath Book Club dinner at Chippenham. About fourteen or sixteen people. Made to follow Lord L. out of the room, and sat next him. Mentioned Sir Boyle Roche saying energetically in the House, "Mr. Speaker, I'll answer boldly in the affirmative, No." . . .

In talking of neatness of execution being the *sine quâ non* in epigrams, Lord L. mentioned one as rather happy in its structure. I forget the exact words, but it was something,

(The hearer) "Perplexed
'Twixt the two to determine:
'Watch and pray,' says the text,
'Go to sleep,' says the sermon."

15th. Bowles called . . . mentioned an acquaintance of his, of the name of Lambert, who took a fancy

to go to Egypt. When he came back some one said to him, "Well, Lambert, what account of the Pyramids?" "Pyramids! what are they? I never heard of them." Was called ever after, Pyramid Lambert.

October 13th. Corry[1] gave us an amusing account of my dear mother's anxiety about me, and his making her laugh through her tears. Walked him over to Bowood; sorry the Lansdownes are not at home to receive him. In looking at the cascade, he mentioned what Plunkett said, when some one, praising his waterfall, exclaimed, "Why, it's quite a cataract!" "Oh, that's all my eye," said Plunkett.

14th. . . . [Corry] told me that when Grattan was once asked his opinion about Sackville Hamilton (a well-known man of office in Ireland), he answered, "Oh, red tape and sealing wax."

18th. . . . Wrote to Rogers with respect to the injunction he laid on me not to apply to Byron's family on the subject of materials for his life till he gave me leave; said I thought if they had any sense or feeling, they would rather have a hand upon whose delicacy they could rely, to gather decently together the fragments of Byron's memory, than have them scattered about for every scribbler to make his own little separate heap or tumulus of. Mentioned the misrepresentations in Medwin's book of my past acquaintance with Byron,

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[1] James Corry, known to Moore from childhood: the friend of Grattan, Burke, and Plunkett.

but said, "I am glad they were no worse, as I expected mischief, and I am sure there will be some in other quarters. To bring up a dead man thus to run amuck among the living is a formidable thing. In old superstitions thieves used to employ a dead man's hand in committing robberies, and they called it *la main de gloire.* I rather think the Captain of Dragoons (Medwin) is making use of a 'hand of glory' for not much better purposes."

23rd. Dined at Bowood. . . . Clutterbuck's story of the old lady (his aunt) excellent. Being very nervous, she told Sir W. Farquhar she thought Bath would do her good.

"It's very odd," says Sir W., "but that's the very thing I was going to recommend to you. I will write the particulars of your case to a very clever man there, in whose hands you will be well taken care of."

The lady, furnished with the letter, sets off, and on arriving at Newbury, feeling as usual very nervous, she said to her confidant, "Long as Sir Walter has attended me, he has never explained to me what ails me. I have a great mind to open his letter and see what he has stated of my case to the Bath physician."

In vain her friend represented to her the breach of confidence this would be. She opened the letter, and read, "Dear Davis, keep the old lady three weeks, and send her back again."

31st. . . . In the evening, on my alluding to the story (told originally, I believe, of George II.) of

George III. having once said upon being saved from falling, "Never touch a King," Lord Pembroke remarked, "No, no, he did not say that. I was with him at the time. Being very clumsy in his movements, in stepping over something he fell right on his nose, and Goldsworthy ran to help him up; upon which he said, rather testily, 'Don't you think I can get up by myself?' that was all."

November 23rd. [At Bowood.] . . . On my mentioning what Sheridan said to Charles, when he was a boy, "Never do to-day what you can possibly put off till to-morrow," found it was not Sheridan, but the old Lord Holland, who said it to Charles Fox, adding another maxim, "Nor ever do yourself what you can get any one else to do for you."

Lord Lansdowne mentioned at breakfast that Voltaire, in some historical work (?), had described the French as, immediately on taking possession of Munich after a severe siege, collecting all the pretty girls of the town and dancing all night. The author of the "Universal History," upon finding this anecdote, wrote to Voltaire to request he would inform them of his authority for it. Upon which Voltaire wrote back to say that he really forgot where he had met with it, but that it might be depended on, as *Les Français dansent toujours.*

Talked of Jeremy Bentham; calls his walk after dinner his "paulo-post prandial vibration."

December 20th. . . . Dined at Denman's, the party a most *Reginal* one: himself, Brougham, and

Williams, with Charles Butler to *dilute*. Very agreeable; talked of the Regency question. . . . Brougham seemed to lay great stress upon the marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the forfeiture of the crown thereby; the nullity of the marriage having nothing to do with the forfeiture. Mentioned a parallel case in law, where a man in consigning an estate might do what would forfeit his own claims to it, though it was null in the law, and could not confer any title to it on another. On Charles Butler saying he wondered this was not thought of during the Queen's trial, Brougham said it *was* thought of; the only witness, however, to the marriage (I forget his name) was dead.

29th. . . . In talking of my own compositions, mentioned the tendency I had sometimes to run into consecutive fifths, and adding, some time after, that Bishop was the person who now revised my music, Lord Auckland said, "Other Bishops take care of the tithes, but he looks after the fifths."

A good story of a man, brimful of ill-temper, coming out of a room where he had lost all his money at play, and seeing a person (a perfect stranger to him) tying his shoe at the top of the stairs, "D——n you" (says he), "you're always tying that shoe," and kicked him downstairs.

1825.

JANUARY 3RD. Walked over to Bowood. . . . . Some good stories of old Lady Townsend after dinner. "Lord Anson round the world but never in it." A good deal of conversation about Burke in the evening.

Mentioned his address to the British Colonists in North America, "Armed as you are, we embrace you as our friends, and as our brothers, by the best and nearest ties of relation." The tone of the other parts, however, is moderate enough. Burke was of opinion that Hume, if he had been alive, would have taken the side of the French Revolution. Dugald Stewart thinks the same. The grand part of Burke's life was between 1772 and the end of the American war; afterwards presumed on his fame, and let his imagination run away with him. Lord Charlemont said that Burke was a Whig upon Tory principles. Fox said it was lucky that Burke and Wyndham took the side against the French Revolution, as they would have got hanged on the other.

12th. . . . Mackintosh . . . mentioned an advertisement that appeared in 1792. "Wanted for a King of France, an easy good-tempered man, who can bear confinement, and has no followers."

Wilberforce was made a citizen by the French convention, and Courteney, who was in Paris at the time, said, "If you make Mr. W. a citizen, they will take you for an assemblage of negroes, for it is well known he never favoured the liberty of any white man in all his life."

Dr. Thomson said of Godwin (who, in the full pride of his theory of perfectibility, said he "could educate tigers"), "I should like to see him in a cage with two of his pupils."

18th. The Duc de Levi, in something he has written

about England, is mightily pleased with a discovery he makes than *luncheon* is derived from *lounger*. Seeing the Bond Street loungers going into the cake shops so regularly, he traced the connection between them and the meal thus: *loungers, lunchers, luncheon.* This Duc de Levi, a ridiculous personage; had a picture once drawn of the Virgin Mary, and himself taking off his hat to her, the Virgin saying, as appears by a scroll out of her mouth, "*Couvrez-vous, mon cousin.*"

21st. Lord Lansdowne at breakfast mentioned of Dutens, who wrote the "Mémoires d'un Voyageur que se repose," and was a great antiquarian, that on his describing once his good luck in having found (what he fancied to be) a tooth of Scipio's, in Italy, someone asked him what he had done with it, upon which he answered briskly, "What have I done with it? *le voici*," pointing to his mouth, where he had made it supplemental to a lost one of his own.

May 18th. Walked about the grounds [of Dr. Bain's house at Blandford] with Dr. Bain and his daughters. . . . Believes that Sheridan's dispositions were all good, and that his embarrassments alone were the cause of whatever was wrong in his conduct. Story of Sheridan's butler saying (when Bain was called in and found him in a high fever) that he had drunk nothing extraordinary the day before, "only two bottles of port." Sheridan's arm remarkably thin, though powerfully strong; contrary to the usual notion (Bain said) that an arm must be brawny and muscular to be strong.

A most capacious chest; altogether a man of great strength; and but for his intemperance would have had a very long life. Talking to Bain, who had said that Pitt was a very extraordinary man, he answered, "He *is* an extraordinary man, and the more we press him the more he shines."

23rd. . . . Sent off to "The Morning Chronicle" my squib against Lord Anglesey and the Bishops, beginning, "A Bishop and a bold Dragoon."[1]

June 2nd. . . . Proceeded to Holland House. Sat next my Lady, who was very gracious, filled my glass amply with champagne, and descanted on the merits and prices of Rudesheim, Johannisberg, and Hockheim. Said to me during dinner, "This will be a dull book of yours, this 'Sheridan,' I fear." "On the contrary," I replied, "it will be a very lively, amusing book! not from my part in it, but," etc., etc. In the evening Lady Lansdowne came, looking so handsome and so good that it was quite comforting to see her. Told her of Bessy's arrival. "Then she'll come to me," she said, "on Saturday evening." "Bessy," I answered, "has brought no evening things, for the express purpose of not going anywhere." After a short pause, she turned round in her lively way, and said, "I'll tell you what: bring Mrs. Moore to see me to-morrow morning, and she shall have the choice of my wardrobe. I assure you it is a very convenient one, fits both fat and lean. I once dressed out four girls for a ball, and there

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[1] This squib appeared in "The Morning Chronicle" of May 26th, 1825.

were four gowns of mine dancing about the rooms all night."

Lord John drove me home in his cabriolet. In talking of what Lady Holland said to me about my book, mentioned a sally of the same kind she made the other day upon Lord Porchester, who has a poem coming out, "I am sorry to hear you are going to publish a poem. Can't you suppress it?"

8th. [In town.] . . . Had Mr. Smythe (the professor) with me while I breakfasted. Told me a great deal about his connection with Sheridan . . . quoted as sublime S.'s phrase, "Let them go and hide their heads in their coronets;" also the happy phrases applied to some of his own party at the time of the threatened invasion: "Giving the left hand to the country." Smythe, one day, while looking over his table, while waiting to catch him coming out of his bedroom, saw several unopened letters, one with a coronet, and said to Wesley, "We are all treated alike." Upon which Wesley told him that he had once found amongst the unopened heap a letter of his own to Sheridan which he knew contained ten pounds, sent by him to release S. from some inn where he was "money bound," and that he opened it and took out the money. Wesley said also that the butler had assured him he found once the window frames stopped with papers to prevent them from rattling, and, on taking them out, saw they were bank-notes, which S. had used for this purpose some stormy night, and never missed them.

16th. Breakfasted at Rogers's . . . Story of Forth, who informed Mr. Pitt during the French war, that there were two persons on their way from the north of Europe to assassinate him. Measures were accordingly taken by the ministers to track their progress; they were seized, I believe, at Brussels, and in prison there for some years. It afterwards turned out that these men, instead of being assassins, were creditors of Forth, who were coming over to arrest him for a large sum, and he took this method of getting rid of them.

21st. . . . A few mornings after I met Creevy at Brougham's, I called upon the former by appointment, and heard a good deal from him about Sheridan. . .

Sheridan one day told Creevy that having gone to Cox's (?) where he used to receive his money for the Receivership, and requested they would lend him ten pounds on account, the clerk said, "Haven't you received our letter, sir?" Sheridan answered in the negative, the truth being (Creevy said) that letters were very often not taken in at his house for want of assets to pay the postage. The clerk told him, to his no small surprise and joy, that there were £1,200 in their hands placed to his account and arising from some *fine*, I think, connected with his office. S. instantly, on the strength of this, took a house at Barnes Terrace, set up a carriage, and spent the £1,200 in a very few months.

August 12th. . . . A curious circumstance mentioned, that it was a Scotchman drew up the charter of the Bank of England, and introduced the rule that no

Scotchman should be a director; knowing that if one was admitted all the rest would be Scotchmen too.

15th. Dined at Holland House. Story of Lord W., saying in one of his speeches, "I ask myself so and so," and repeating the words, "I ask myself." "Yes," said Lord Ellenborough, "and a d——d foolish answer you'll get." Frere's beautiful saying "Next to an old friend, the best thing is an old enemy."

26th. Lord E. [Essex] . . . told the anecdote of the Prince [George IV.] pitching the Abbé St. Phar (half brother to the Duke of Orleans) into the water at Newmarket. The Abbé had some method of making the fish lie still by tickling (or some such manœuvre), and proceeded to exhibit his skill, having first made the Prince and all the rest give their honours that they would not push him into the water. He then bent down to the river or pond, when the P., not being able to resist the temptation, pitched him head over heels into the middle of it. The Abbé was so enraged, that when he got out he ran after the Prince, and but that the company favoured the escape of the latter, would have treated him rather roughly. . . .

When Fox questioned the Prince about the loan from the Duke of Orleans, and the bonds which the Prince had given for the purpose, the Prince denied most solemnly having ever given any bonds; upon which Fox produced them to him out of his pocket, thus convicting him of a lie to his very face. . . .

When Lord Essex returned once from France, the

Prince said to him, "I am told, but cannot believe it, that when at Paris you wear strings to your shoes."

"It is very true, sir, and so do the Duke of Orleans, etc., and so will your Royal Highness before six months are over."

"No, no, I'll be damned if I ever do such an effeminate thing."

Story of the Prince. Attempted once to shoot himself on account of Mrs. Fitzherbert; only fired at the top of the bed, and then punctured himself with a sword in his breast.

31st. . . . Dinner with Lord S. [Strangford] at seven . . . mentioned that on someone saying to Peel about Lawrence's picture of Croker, "you can see the very quiver of his lips;" "Yes," said Peel, "and the arrow coming out of it." Croker, himself, was telling this to one of his countrymen, who answered, "He meant *Arrah* coming out of it."

September 3rd. Strangford called and sat for some time . . . showed me the extracts he talked of the other night from a MS. book of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, which the old Lady Jersey had in her possession, and lent him many years ago at Cheltenham. Some very remarkable things in it, which I wrote down when he left me as well as I could recollect them.

"I can as little live upon past kindness as the air can be warmed by the sunshine of yesterday."

"A woman, whose mouth is like an old comb, with a few broken teeth, and a great deal of hair and dust about it."

"Kisses are like grains of gold or silver, found upon the ground, of no value themselves, but precious as showing that a mine is near."

"That man has not only a long face but a tedious one."

"One can no more judge of the true value of a man by the impression he makes on the public, than we can tell whether the seal was of gold or brass by which the stamp was made."

"Men's fame is like their hair, which grows after they are dead, and with just as little use to them."

"A sort of anti-blackamoor, every part of her white but her teeth."

"A woman, whose face was created without the preamble, 'Let there be light.'"

"How few, like Danaë, have God and gold together."

Went to Holland House. Company, Rogers, Abercrombie, etc. The dinner very amusing from a contest maintained with great spirit and oddity by Lady Holland against Lord H. and Allen[1] (the latter most comically personal and savage), on the subject of Gen. Washington, whom she, with her usual horror of the Liberal side of things, depreciates and dislikes. The talent and good humour with which she fought us all highly amusing.

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[1] Dr. John Allen, a political and historical writer; a permanent resident, as Librarian, at Holland House, where the room he occupied is still called by his name. He was of great assistance to Lord Holland in preparing his speeches. He customarily accompanied the family when visiting, and took the foot of the table at Holland House, attending to the carving. Macaulay styles him a man of vast information and great conversational powers. He died in 1843.

In talking of the Game Laws, Rogers said, "If a partridge, on arriving in this country, were to ask, 'What are the Game Laws?' and somebody would tell him they are laws *for the protection* of game, 'What an excellent country to live in,' the partridge would say, 'where there are so many laws for our protection.'"

4th. . . . Lord H. told at breakfast of the old Lady Albemarle (I think) saying to some one, "You have heard that I have abused you, but it is not true, for I would not take the trouble of talking about you; but if I had said anything of you it would have been that you look like a blackguard on week-days, and on Sundays like an apothecary."

Lord H. full of an epigram he had just written on Southey, which we all twisted and turned into various shapes, he as happy as a boy during the operation. It was thus at last:—

"Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus.

"Our Laureat Bob defrauds the King,
He takes his cash and does not sing:
Yet on he goes, I know not why,
Singing for us who do not buy."

8th. . . . Miss Gore mentioned a Frenchman saying to a party who were speaking English, "*Pour l'amour de Dieu, parlez Chrétien,*" meaning French.

18th. Called at Mrs. Purvis's; found she was in town, and left word I would dine with her. No one there but the Speaker, who told some amusing anecdotes about himself when a boy. Talked of fagging: the horror he has had ever since of the boy to whom he was

a fag; once bought a horse which he liked very much till he knew that it had belonged to this man, and then took a dislike to it. Mrs. P. mentioned that, in the same way, there has been a deadly feud between Lord Blessington and his fagger all through life; lawsuits, etc., etc.

The Speaker told also of the Duke of York's stupidity in reporting Bobus's[1] joke about Vansittart and Hume, "penny wise and pound foolish." "It was so good, you know," said the Duke, "calling Hume 'pound foolish' and Van 'penny wise.'"

Mentioned Canning's having met Lord Stowell one day on the road with a *turtle* beside him in the carriage which he was taking down to his country house. Canning, a day or two after, said to him, "Wasn't that your *son* that was with you the other day?" I told in return a story of Jekyll's. Sir Ralph Payne begged of Jekyll to take him to see Philip Thicknesse's library, etc., which J., after cautioning him against saying anything to offend Thicknesse's *touchiness*, consented to do. Sir Ralph behaved very well, till, just as they were leaving the house, he saw on the library door the original sketch of

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[1] Robert Smith (brother of Sydney Smith), whose "ill-weaved" and much advertised ambition shrunk to nothingness when his memory and self-possession failed him on rising to deliver his maiden speech in the House of Commons, as told by De Quincey in his paper on Dr. Samuel Parr; from which also we learn that *Bobus* was a variation of his signature to certain metrical essays at Cambridge. "*Bobus Smith*," the Bobus being obtained by the addition of the ordinary Latin termination *us* to the familiar abbreviation Bob, instead of the full name Robert. Bobus's reputation as a wit was second only to that of his famous brother.

the print that is prefixed to Thicknesse's Travels, in which Thicknesse is represented in an odd sort of travelling carriage, and his monkey with him. Sir Ralph having asked what it was, Thicknesse said it was a representation of the way in which he had travelled on the Continent.

"Poor Master Thicknesse," exclaimed Sir R., "he must have been greatly fatigued with the journey." . . .

19th. Dined with Rogers at the Athenæum; the first time he ever dined at a club. Went together in the evening to the English opera, but could get no seats. From thence to the Coburg, where we saw a strange thing! "The Last Days of Napoleon," where Bertrand and his wife were quietly listened to, abusing the perfidy and cruelty of the English towards Napoleon, who was represented in the most amiable light.

23rd. . . . Dined at the Speaker's, which sounds a greater honour than it *is*. . . . I mentioned having heard Lord Sidmouth say that the only time his gravity was ever tried in the chair, was once when Brook Watson getting up (on some subject connected with Nootka Sound) said, "Mr. Speaker, it is impossible at this moment to look at the north-east, without at the same time casting a glance at the south-west." The Speaker stood this pretty well; but hearing some one behind the chair say, "By God, no one in the House but Wilkes could do that," he no longer could keep his countenance, but burst out into a most undignified laugh. . . . Felt my story to be rather awkward before I was half through with it, as the Speaker squints a little.

October 10th. . . . Lord Lansdowne much amused by the custom for Lives I am likely to have. I said I had better publish nine together in one volume, and call it "The Cat."

26th. Among the company at Fulford was Mrs. John Kemble. She mentioned an anecdote of Piozzi, who, on calling once on some old lady of quality, was told by the servant "she was indifferent." "Is she indeed," answered Piozzi, huffishly, "then pray tell her I can be as indifferent as she," and walked away.

29th. [At Abbotsford.] . . . After presenting me to Lady Scott and his daughter Anne (the Lockharts having unluckily gone to Edinburgh), he [Sir Walter] and I started for a walk. . . . Pointing to the opposite bank of the river, said it was believed still by some of the common people that fairies danced in that spot; and as a proof of it, mentioned a fellow having declared before him in his judicial capacity, that having gone to pen his sheep about sunrise in a field two or three miles further down the river, he had seen little men and women under a hedge, beautifully dressed in green and gold; the Duke of Buccleuch in full dress was nothing to them."

"Did you by the virtue of your oath, believe them to be fairies?"

"I dinna ken; they looked very like the gude people."

The fact was, however, that these fairies were puppets belonging to an itinerant showman, which some weavers,

in a drunken freak, had taken a fancy to and robbed him of, but fearing the consequence when sober, had thrown them under a hedge, where the fellow saw them.

Talked a good deal about Byron; thinks his last cantos of "Don Juan" the most powerful things he ever wrote. Talking of the report of Lady Byron being about to marry Cunningham, said he would not believe it. "No, no, she must never let another man bear the name of husband to her."

In talking of my sacrifice of the "Memoirs,"[1] said he was well aware of the honourable feelings that dictated it, but doubted whether he would himself have consented to it. On my representing, however, the strong circumstances of not only the sister of Lord Byron (whom he so much loved) requiring it, but his two most intimate friends, Kinnaird and Hobhouse, also insisting earnestly upon the total destruction of the MS., and the latter assuring me that Lord Byron had expressed to him regret for having put such a work out of his own power, and had said that he was only restrained by delicacy towards me from recalling it; when I mentioned these circumstances (and particularly the last), he seemed to feel I could not have done otherwise than I had

[1] Byron's own "Memoirs," of which Moore had been the depositary before Byron's death, and on the credit of which he had received £2,000 from Murray. The MS. was burned at the wish of Sir John Hobhouse and Mrs. Leigh, Lord Byron's sister, and Moore repaid the £2,000 with interest. Lord John Russell, who states that he had "read the greater part, and if not the whole" of the Memoirs, pronounced three or four pages too gross and indelicate for publication, and the rest, as containing "with few exceptions, little traces of Lord Byron's genius, and no interesting details of his life."

done. Thought the family, however, bound to furnish me every assistance towards a life of Lord Byron. . . .

Very interesting *tête-à-tête* with him after dinner. Said that the person who first set him upon trying his talent at poetry was Mat. Lewis. He had passed the earlier years of his life with a set of clever, rattling, drinking fellows, whose thoughts and talents lay wholly out of the region of poetry; he, therefore, had never been led to find out his turn for it, though always fond of the old ballads.

In the course of conversation he, at last (to my no small surprise and pleasure), mentioned the novels without the least reserve as his own. "I then hit upon these novels," he said, "which have been a mine of wealth to me." Had begun "Waverley" long before, and then thrown it by till, having occasion for some money (to help his brother, I think), he bethought himself of it, but could not find the MS.; nor was it till he came to Abbotsford that he at last stumbled upon it. By this he made £3,000. The conjectures and mystification at first amused him very much; wonders himself that the secret was so well kept, as about twenty persons knew it from the first.

The story of Jeanie Deans, founded upon an anonymous letter which he received; has never known from whom. The circumstance of the girl having refused the testimony in court, and then taking the journey to obtain her sister's pardon, is a fact. Received some hints also from Lady Louisa Stuart (grand-daughter, I believe, to Lord Bute); these the only aids afforded to him. His only critic was the printer,[1] who was in the secret, and

[1] James Ballantyne.

who now and then started objections, which he generally attended to. Had always been in the habit (while wandering alone or shooting) of forming stories and following a train of adventures in his mind, and these fancies it was that formed the groundwork of most of his novels. "I find I fail in them now, however," he said, "I cannot make them as good as at first." He is now near fifty-seven; has no knowledge or feeling of music; knows nothing of Greek; indebted to Pope for even his knowledge of Homer. . . .

Story of the beggar, "Give that man some halfpence and send him away." "I never go away under sixpence." . . .

Told me Lockhart was about to undertake the "Quarterly," has agreed for five years; salary £1,200 a year, and if he writes a certain number of articles it will be £1,500 a year to him. Spoke of Wordsworth's absurd vanity about his own poetry; the more remarkable as Wordsworth seems otherwise a manly fellow.

Story told him by Wordsworth, of Sir George Beaumont saying one day to Crabbe, at Murray's, on Crabbe putting an extinguisher on a tallow candle which had been imperfectly put out, and the smoke of which was (as Sir George Beaumont said) curling up in graceful wreaths, "What, you a poet, and do that?" This Wordsworth told Scott was a set-off against the latter's praises of Crabbe, and as containing his own feelings on the subject as well as Sir George Beaumont's. What wretched twaddle!

Described Wordsworth's manly endurance of his poverty. Scott has dined with him at that time in his kitchen; but though a kitchen, all was neatness in it.

Talked of Holt, the Wicklow brigand, who held out

so long in the mountains, and who distinguished himself on many occasions by great generosity; once or twice gave up men who had been guilty of acts of cruelty; is still alive, keeping (I believe) a public-house, and in good repute for quietness. Sir Walter Scott had wished to have some talk with him, but feared it might do the man harm, by giving him high notions of himself, etc., etc. "I could have put," says he, "a thousand pounds in his pocket, by getting him to tell simply the adventures in which he had been engaged, and then dressing them up for him." . . .

30th. . . . Scott mentioned that the Duke of Wellington had once wept, in speaking to him about Waterloo, saying that "the next most dreadful thing to a battle lost was a battle won." Company to dinner: Sir Adam Ferguson[1] (an old schoolfellow and friend of Scott), his lady, and Col. Ferguson. Drew out Sir Adam (as he had promised me he would) to tell some of his military stories, which were very amusing. Talked of amateurs in battles; the Duke of Richmond at Waterloo, etc., etc.; the little regard that is had of them. A story of one who had volunteered with a friend of his to the bombardment of Copenhagen, and after a severe cannonade, when a sergeant of the marines came to report the loss, he said (after mentioning Jack This and Tom That who had been killed), "Oh, please, your honour, I forgot to say that the volunteer gentleman has had his head shot off."

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[1] He was keeper of the Regalia of Scotland; a post he obtained partly by Scott's influence. Lockhart says he "combined the highest and most easy temper with the best and kindest disposition."

Scott mentioned as a curious circumstance that, at the same moment, the Duke of Wellington should have been living in one of Buonaparte's palaces, and Buonaparte in the Duke's old lodging at St. Helena; had heard the Duke say laughingly to some one who asked what command he had for St. Helena, "Only tell Bony that I hope he finds my old lodging at Longwood as comfortable as I find his in the Champs Elysées." . . .

Talking of ghosts, Sir Adam said that Scott and he had seen one, at least, while they were drinking together; a very hideous fellow appeared suddenly between them whom neither knew anything about, but whom both saw. Scott did not deny it, but said they were both "fou," and not very capable of judging whether it was a ghost or not. Scott said that the only two men who ever had told him that they had actually seen a ghost, afterwards put an end to themselves. One was Lord Castlereagh, who had himself mentioned to Scott his seeing the "radiant boy." It was one night when he was in barracks, and the face brightened gradually out of the fireplace, and approached him. Lord Castlereagh stepped forward to it, and it receded again, and faded into the same place. It is generally stated to have been an apparition attached to the family, and coming occasionally to presage honours and prosperity to him before whom it appeared, but Lord Castlereagh gave no such account to Scott. It was the Duke of Wellington made Lord Castlereagh tell the story to Sir Walter, and Lord Castlereagh told it without hesitation, and as if believing in it implicitly.

Told of the Provost of Edinburgh showing the curiosities of that city to the Turkish ambassador; impatience of the latter and stammering hesitation of the former:

"Many pillar, wood pillar, stone pillar, eh?"

"Ba-ba-ba-ba," stammered the Provost.

"Ah, you not know; ver well. Many books here; write book, print book, eh?"

"Ba-ba-ba-ba."

"Ah you not know; ver well."

A few days after, on seeing the Provost pass his lodgings, threw up the window, and cried,

"Ah, how you do? 'Ba-ba-ba.' Oh, you not know, ver well."

And he shut down the window.

November 1st. Sat with Scott in his study . . . . I said that what astonished foreigners was the extent of his knowledge. "Ah, that sort of knowledge" (he answered) "is very superficial." I remarked that the manual labour of copying out his works seemed enough to have occupied all the time he had taken in producing them. "I write," he answered, "very quick; that comes of being brought up under an attorney." Writes chiefly in the morning from seven till breakfast time.

In talking of his ignorance of music, Scott said he had been employed in a case where a purchaser of a fiddle had been imposed upon as to its value. He found it necessary to prepare himself by reading all about fiddles in the encyclopædias, etc., and having got the names of Straduerius, Amati, etc., glibly on his tongue, got swimmingly through his cause. Not long after this, dining at the Duke of Hamilton's, he found himself left alone after dinner with the Duke, who had but two subjects he could talk of, hunting and music. Having exhausted hunting, Scott thought he would bring forward his lately

acquired learning in fiddles; upon which the Duke grew quite animated, and immediately whispered some order to the butler, in consequence of which there soon entered the room about half-a-dozen tall servants all in red, each bearing a fiddle-case; and Scott found his knowledge brought to no less a test than that of telling by the tones of each fiddle, as the Duke played it, by what artist it was made. "By guessing and management," he said, "I got on pretty well till we were, to my great relief, summoned to coffee."

Mentioned an anecdote which he had heard from Lady Swinton of her seeing, when a child, a strange young lady in the room whom she took for a spirit, from her vanishing the moment she turned her head. It was a person whom her mother kept concealed, from some cause, within the panel: this evidently suggested the circumstance in one of his works.

11th. Dined at home with the Murrays[1] . . . Murray full of talent and fun. His story of the fellow acting with Kemble in "Coriolanus," and in the speech where he accuses Coriolanus,

> "For that he has
> (As much as in him lies) from time to time
> Envied against the people, seeking means
> To pluck away their power."

The fellow, forgetting his part here, looked piercingly at Kemble, and added, "And that he is always seen

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[1] W. Murray, manager of the Edinburgh theatre.

going along the streets making every one uncomfortable." At the end of the play the unfortunate actor went to apologise for his awkwardness, but Kemble merely looked bitterly at him, and said, "Beast!" . . .

12th. Went to the Courts after breakfast, found Jeffrey and walked about with him to see everything, being myself the greatest show of the place, and followed by crowds from court to court. Had the pleasure of seeing Scott sitting at his table, under a row of as dull-looking judges as need be.[1] Jeffrey asked him to dine to meet me, and though I had already refused Jeffrey (in order to dine with the Murrays) I could not resist this temptation; begged of Jeffrey to dine pretty early, in order that I might see the theatre.[2] Met Scott afterwards, and told him of this arrangement. "Very well," he said, "I'll order my carriage to come at eight o'clock, and I'll just step down to the playhouse with you myself." . . . Sir Walter a different man to what he was at Abbotsford; a good deal more inert, and when he did come to the play, not near so engaging or amusing. When the carriage came, he and I and Thomson went to the theatre, and I could see that Scott anticipated the sort of reception I met with. We went into the front boxes, and the moment we appeared, the whole pit rose, turned toward us, and applauded vehemently. Scott said, "It is you, it is you, you must rise and make your acknowledgments." I hesitated for some time, but on hearing them shout out "Moore, Moore," I rose and bowed my best for two or three

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[1] Scott was Clerk of Session, at a salary of £1,500 a year.

[2] Jeffrey, then Editor of "The Edinburgh Review," was living at 24, Moray Place.

minutes. This scene was repeated after the next two acts, and the "Irish Melodies" were played each time by the orchestra. Soon after my first reception, Jeffrey and two of the ladies arrived and sat in the front row before us, Scott and I being in the second row. He seemed highly pleased with the way I was received, and said several times, "This is quite right. I am glad my countrymen have returned the compliment for me."[1]

December 26th. Set off in a coach from Duke Street, Dublin, for Kilkenny; six inside; some rather intelligent men. One of them said, in talking of Conolly, the rich merchant, "He is a safe man to ride behind on the back of a seven-shilling stamp."

Mentioned Sir Boyle Roche's dream; his head being cut off and placed upon a table. "'*Quis separabit,*' says the head; '*Nabohlish,*' says I, in the same language."

1826.

JANUARY 2ND. [At Dublin.] Dined at Milikins.[2] . . . Blake's story of Baron Thompson, his telling of his once going to bed at an inn, determined on a good night's sleep; the porter coming in the morning to call him for the Birmingham coach. "Stay, friend," said I, waking out of my sleep, a phrase I am in the habit of

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[1] Scott says in his Diary, "we went to the theatre together, and the house being luckily a good one received Moore with rapture. I could have hugged them for it; for it paid back the debt of the kind reception I met with in Ireland."

[2] A hotel in Dublin.

using. "Stay!" said he, "the Birmingham coach stays for no man; you must get up." The porter then going away, and returning with the chamber-maid. "That's he!" says she, "that's the gent that said it was so hard to make him get up. We must pull him out." Upon which (said Baron Thompson) I exclaimed, "I am Baron Thompson, come for the assizes to-morrow," and the devils fled.

This followed by a story of Baron Smith's about Gould;[1] the lawyers teasing him one night on circuit, when, after grumbling at everything, he went to bed; sending him up tea, then negus, etc., and, lastly, an old woman with a tub full of water for his feet, who fell down the two steps into his room, and decanted the whole of the water into his room.

9th. Company at Milikins: Crampton, Cuthbert Eules, and Curran. Difficulty of avoiding mistakes in advertisements and notes. Example of the former: "To be sold a gig, the property of a gentleman without a head." Of the latter, a note to Crampton with a hospital patient, "I beg to recommend to your care John ——, the coachman of Lord Howth, who is my friend and dropsical."

25th. . . . Story of Lord Ellenborough's saying, when Lord —— yawned during his own speech, "Come, come, the fellow does show some symptoms of taste, but

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[1] Sergeant Gould.

this is encroaching on our province." Lord Ellenborough being once met going out of the House of Lords while Lord —— was speaking. "What, are you going?" said a person to him. "Why, yes," answered Lord E., "I am accountable to God Almighty for the use of my time."

Talked of Sir David Baird, his roughness, etc. His mother said, when she heard of his being taken prisoner at Seringapatam, and of the prisoners being chained together, two and two, "God help the man that's chained to my Davie."[1]

28th. . . . In talking of the incentive poverty has always been to talent, Lord L. said that in the law there is no instance of a man who began in easy circumstances ever rising to great eminence. Lord Camden, he said, was once very near giving up the bar in despair, but a friend of his who was employed with him as senior counsel in some forthcoming cause, entreated him to wait till this cause was decided, and then falling sick (intentionally it is supposed) on the day of the trial, gave his young friend such an opportunity of distinguishing

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[1] Moore has apparently mixed up Seringapatam, where Baird was the *taker*, not the *taken*, with the conflict with Hyder Ali in the commencement of Baird's career. Here there is no place for the "chains" however; inasmuch as, after being left for dead on the field, he escaped to the camp of the French, by whom he was delivered over to their Indian allies, and languished for nearly four years in prison, with a bullet in his thigh (not extracted until after his release); his irons being worn by a devoted fellow-captive in addition to his own.

himself as opened at once that career for which he was evidently destined.

February 15th. Story of the Frenchman worrying Alvanley with praises of Wilberforce. "But," says Alvanley, "Wilberforce was the greatest *roué* existing in his younger days." "*Quelle espérance pour vous milor*," replied the Frenchman.

April 22nd. . . . In talking of phrenology [Col. Napier][1] said that the Duke of Wellington has not the organ of courage, but has that of fortitude and resolution very strongly. The Duke owned himself that this corresponded to his character. I mentioned having heard that the only time the Duke was hit, which was by a spent ball, the blow affected him very much, and made him very sick. Napier said he himself was by at the time, but the blow was a very severe one, and that sickness is a very frequent effect of such a wound.

May 13th. . . . Some anecdotes of Grattan. On the night when it was probable the Catholic question would be carried, said, "What shall we do? We'll get very drunk." Ellis described him on one night when he spoke, as dragging in with him a large bag, which contained, in the first place, heaps of petitions on the subject, then quantities of oranges, and a bottle full of water, which he drank during his speech. Wilberforce

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[1] Sir William Francis Napier.

was at one time in the habit of eating and drinking in his place in the House.

14th. . . . Dined at Chantrey's. . . . Talked of phrenology. Spurzheim's mistake at Chantrey's in pronouncing Troughton[1] from his skull to be a poet, and Sir Walter Scott a mathematician. Chantrey at first inclined to believe in the science, but from seeing, from his experience, that there were clever heads of all sizes and shapes, lost his faith in it. An intimation of phrenology in Shakespeare's "foreheads villainously low."

17th. . . . Some anecdotes at dinner to-day of the Duke of Wellington; battle of Toulouse the most remarkable of any. The movement by which he won it determined on in consequence of his trying by chance a glass that was recommended to him, and, in looking at Soult, seeing some motions of his hand which showed in what direction he was about to act.

27th. Breakfasted at Rogers's: Sydney Smith, Lord Cawdor, G. Fortescue, and Warburton. Smith full of comicality and fancy; kept us in roars of laughter. In talking of the stories about dram-drinkers catching fire, pursued the idea in every possible shape. The inconvenience of a man coming too near the candle when speaking, "Sir, your observation has caught fire." Then imagined a parson breaking into a blaze in the pulpit;

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[1] The well-known maker of philosophical instruments; himself a mathematician of high order. [J.R.]

the engines called to put him out; no water to be had; the man at the waterworks being a Unitarian or an Atheist. Said of someone, "He has no command over his understanding; it is always getting between his legs and tripping him up."

Left Rogers with Smith to assist him in choosing a grand pianoforte; found him (as I have often done before) change at once from the gay, uproarious wag, into as solemn, grave, and austere a person as any bench of judges or bishops could supply; this I rather think his natural character. Called with him at Newton's to see my picture; said, in his gravest manner, to Newton, "Couldn't you contrive to throw into his face somewhat of a stronger expression of hostility to the Church Establishment?"

July 13th to 16th. Sent a squib to "The Times," about "Mr. Dodsworth;" the man found under an avalanche.[1] . . .

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[1] The body was discovered after burial beneath an avalanche for over 160 years. Two of the verses will serve to indicate its character.

"Oh, thaw Mr. Dodsworth, and send him safe home—
Let him learn nothing useful or new on the way;
With his window kept snug from the light let him come,
And our Tories will hail him with 'Hear' and 'Hurra.'

"What a godsend for them a good obsolete man,
Who has never of Locke or Voltaire been a reader;
Oh, thaw Mr. Dodsworth as fast as you can,
And the L—nsd—les and H—rtp—rds shall choose him for leader."

19th. . . . Some talk about epitaphs. The following quoted by Lord Arundell rather good: upon a man who was very fond of oysters, and died of a surfeit of them; something as follows:—

"Tom——
Lies in these cloisters;
If at the last trump
He should not jump,
Cry 'Oysters!'"

Story of the barrister making a speech on the wrong side, and when reminded of it by his alarmed client, going on coolly with, "Such, my Lord, are the arguments that, no doubt, may be used on the other side, but I shall proceed to show," etc., etc.

Jekyll at Merchant Tailors' Hall being asked by one of the body to translate the motto, "*Concordiâ res parvae crescunt*," said it meant, "Nine tailors make a man."

A conceited man of the name of D'Oyley having said that he wished to be called De Oyley, somebody at dinner addressed him thus, "Mr. De Oyley, will you have some De-umpling?"

Story of an Englishman giving a *carte* of a restaurateur (which he happened to have in his pocket) instead of his passport, and the *gend'arme* maliciously reading it and looking at him, "*Tête de veau; pied de cochon; ca suffit, Monsieur, c'est vous.*"

A French bookseller told Benson, speaking of two books that he had in his hand, "This is bound in mutton, sir, and this in veal." . . .

20th. . . . Went to Donhead to a cottage of Bowles's in which he lived while curate at Knoyle; the grounds all planted by himself. 'Twas to this

place he addressed the lines, "Oh, no, I would not leave thee my secret home."[1] Under a tree in the grounds is an urn with the pretty Latin inscription which he has given in the second volume of his works, written on Mrs. Bowles's sister, to whom he was to have been married. This neighbourhood, between Wardour and Knoyle, very fertile in recollections of eminent men: Lord Clarendon, Fielding, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Sir C. Wren.

23rd. . . . Bowles quoted an epigram on Dr. ——, who had a very large nose, and squinted:—

> "The reason why, Doctor —— squints, I suppose,
> Is because his two eyes are afraid of his nose."

August 10th to 14th. . . . Met Bowles in the wood, and talked some time with him. Mentioned the story of Dr. Bull, the celebrated contrapuntist, paying a visit to a foreign composer whom he did not find at home, but saw a piece of music arranged by him for forty parts; Bull sat down and wrote forty more to it; which, when the composer on his return saw, he exclaimed, "This must be either the Devil or Dr. Bull."[2]

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[1] The Sonnet entitled "On a Garden Seat at Home." The word "secret" which I have retained as in the original text, is a palpable misprint for "sweet."

[2] John Bull, famous as a composer and instrumentalist in the first years of the 17th century. The story was taken from Wood's *Fasti*, and is told of a famous musician belonging to a cathedral,

23rd to 30th. . . . The following is the omitted stanza of the "Ode to a Hat":—[1]

"Gods! when I gaze upon that brim
So redolent of church all over;
What swarms of tithes in visions dim,
Some pig-tailed,—some like cherubim,
With duckling's wings around it hover;

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supposed to be St. Omer's, to whom Bull offered himself as a novice, "to learn something of his faculty, and see and admire his works;" and who "showed him a lesson or song of forty parts, and then made a vaunting challenge to any person in the world to add one part more to them." Whereupon Bull asked for writing materials, and freedom from interruption for two or three hours; "which, being done, not without great disdain by the musician," Bull added forty parts to the composition. On trying and retrying it, the musician "burst into a great ecstasy, and swore by the great God that he that added those forty parts must either be the devil or Dr. Bull. Whereupon Bull, making himself known, the musician fell down and adored him." A portrait of Bull, dated 1589, at the age of twenty-seven, has the following lines:—

"The Bull by force
In field doth Raigne;
But Bull by skill
Good will doth gayne."

[1] Printed in "The Times" a few days previously. For the most part, it has a personal application. I give the concluding verse, to which Moore appends the explanation that the term *delta* is adopted from the work of "A Reverend Historian of the Church:"—

"Blest Hat! (whoe'er thy lord may be)
Thus low I take mine off to thee;
The homage of a layman's castor,
To the spruce *delta* of his pastor.
Oh, may'st thou be, as thou proceed'st
Still smarter cocked, still brushed the brighter;
Till, bowing all the way, thou lead'st
Thy sleek possessor to a mitre."

Tenths of all dead and living things
What Nature into being brings,
From calves and corn to chitterlings."

September 11th. Walked over to Bowood. . . . Met Napier on my way back, and he walked with me. On my mentioning the courtesy of manner for which Indian savages are remarkable, said that *that* seemed to bear out the theory of Dr. Davis (I think) in his "Celtic Researches," namely, that the people we call barbarous and savage are the worn-out remains of civilized nations. This supposition, when we consider the countless empires that have existed in the world, not altogether improbable; but it is going too far to suppose that the polished manners of such effete nations would survive the rest of civilization.

15th. . . . Lord L. mentioned the circumstance of Vansittart[1] going to see the Millbank Penitentiary, on a day, as it happened, when the prisoners, who had been long discontented with their bread, meant to take vengeance on the governor by shying their loaves at him. Poor Van, having been recommended to sit down in the governor's chair, as the best place to see the prison from, was no sooner seated than a shower of these loaves from all quarters flew about his ears, and almost annihilated him.

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[1] The right Hon. H. N. Vansittart (Lord Bexley). He was Chancellor of the Exchequer 1812-23.

29th. Plaguing letters, etc.. from beggars and scribblers. A Mr. —— sends me no less than a comedy, a set of tales, and a poem (all in MS.) to look over! An anonymous gentleman wishes a recommendation to the Literary Fund; his only qualification a bad novel from the Minerva Press. A Major and Mrs. F. write to complain that the "Reviews" have accused their friend, Lieut. S., of borrowing his "Bay Leaves" from me, and seem to expect that I will vindicate the lieutenant from the charge. One of my unknown Kerry cousins sends me a petition, the first clause of which is, "That your petitioner has the honour of being your first cousin;" he then tells me that I gave him £10 four years since, in Dublin (which is a lie), and concludes by entreating me to "resume my generous habits."

October 2nd. . . . Lord L. said that the late Duke of Marlborough, having been forbid all sorts of excitement (or being himself afraid of it), the invitations of the Duchess were always accompanied with a *proviso* that the person invited should not make the Duke laugh; if any such effect was likely to be produced, the guest must stay away. The Duke at one time did not speak for three years; and the first thing that made him break this long silence was hearing that Mad. de Staël was coming to Blenheim, when he exclaimed, "Take me away!"

6th. . . . Lord L. told of someone who had mentioned at a large dinner, that he had seen that day, in the street, a most extraordinary sight; namely,

a very handsome carriage driving about with four monkeys in it. "*Pardon monsieur,*" said a little Prussian nobleman who was among the company, "*c'était moi et mes trois singes.*"

7th. In talking after dinner of sailing, etc., Fox was describing the sea as he had once seen it, all in flames round the ship in passing through the Gut of Gibraltar; "An inflammation in the bowels," said Luttrell. . . .

10th. Just as I was settling to business Luttrell arrived. . . . Talked of the dull audience I had the other night at Bowood; told him I was fool enough to fancy at first that Mrs. F. was crying, but that I found she was only putting up her hand to settle her spectacles. "Ay" (he said), "you thought it was *nocte pluit totâ*, instead of which it was *redeunt spectacula.*"

Repeated me some lines of his about Lord F. B.; one stanza was something as follows:—

"'Tis said you're famous at a breach,
Covering yourself with glory;
But when you come to make a speech,
That's quite another story."

14th. . . . Walked with Napier; talked of King William[1] being a coward; quoted Marshal Berwick's anecdote of the difficulty of finding William during the

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[1] William III.

action, when he, the Marshal, was taken prisoner, and they wanted to conduct him to William; and of their at last finding him in a retired valley in such a state (Berwick says) as no general ought to be.

20th. . . . Fox happening to have the "Memoirs of Berwick" with him, I referred to the passage about K. William, but found it not quite so strong as Napier had represented it; it was, however, a valley *très eloignée de l'action*, and from which William could neither see friends nor foes. . . .

21st. . . . A witticism of Foote's: "Why are you for ever humming that tune?" "Because it haunts me." "No wonder, for you are for ever murdering it." . . .

[The Longmans] read us some correspondence that had passed between them and him [John Murray] on the subject of Mrs. Rundell's "Cookery," from which we learned the curious fact that, after this book had for many years produced Murray seven or eight hundred a year, £2,000 was given by him for the copyright of it. "Gad! one wonders" (said Luttrell) "that there should be *any* bad dinners going." . . .

Called at Pickering's, in Chancery Lane, who showed us the original agreement between Milton and Symonds for the payment of five pounds for "Paradise Lost." The contrast of this sum with the £2,000 given for Mrs. Rundell's "Cookery," comprises a history in itself. Pickering, too, gave forty-five guineas for this agreement, three times as much as the whole sum given for the poem. It was part payment I think (?). . . .

Went to dine with Rogers at five; mentioned the

Duke of Portland having once sat for an hour and twenty minutes without speaking when Lord Townshend went to him on the subject of the £10,000 which he had subscribed for the Westminster Election.[1] "As every one else has come forward with their money, I venture to," etc., etc.; not a word from the Duke. "We do not wish for the whole sum at once, but if your grace," etc., etc.; still not a word; and at the end of the hour and twenty minutes, he was bowed out silently by the Duke without getting anything by his visit.

22nd. . . . Found a kind note on my return home from Sir Walter Scott, begging me if possible to come and partake of his daughter's (Mrs. Lockhart's)[2] family dinner to-day, and, at all events, to come to breakfast to-morrow morning; had just time to propose myself for the latter.

Dined at Rogers's: company, Newton, Luttrell and his son, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. L. mentioned some city heiress, who, whenever any man made proposals of marriage to her, immediately sent for a Bow Street officer.

Went to Scott's in the evening. Sir T. Lawrence having begged me to mention that *he* was within call, did so, and a note was immediately written to him by Lockhart, to ask him. Scott mentioned the contrast in

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[1] The contest of 1818, which resulted in the election of Sir Samuel Romilly and Sir Francis Burdett.

[2] Lockhart lived at 24, Sussex Place, Regent's Park. The house retains its former appearance, with the possible addition of a conservatory.

the behaviour of two criminals whom he had himself seen; the one a woman, who had poisoned her husband in some drink which she gave him when he was ill, the man not having the least suspicion, but leaning his head on her lap, while she still mixed more poison in the drink, as he became thirsty and asked for it. The other a man, who had made a bargain to sell a subject (a young child) to a surgeon; his bringing it at night in a bag; the surgeon's surprise at hearing it cry out; the man then saying, "Oh, you wanted it dead, did you?" and stepping behind a tree and killing it.

The woman (who was brought up to judgment with a child at her breast) stood with the utmost calmness to hear her sentence, while the man, on the contrary, yelled out and showed the most disgusting cowardice. Scott added that this suggested to him the scene in "Marmion."

Sat down to a hot supper, of which Scott partook, and drank bottled porter; both myself and Sir T. Lawrence following his example; then came the hot water and whisky, in which we all joined also. This seems to be Scott's habitual practice.

23rd. Breakfasted at Scott's: Rogers there, and another person whose name I did not make out. Talking of practical jokes, Rogers's story of somebody who, when tipsy, was first rolled in a currant jelly, and then covered with feathers; his exclaiming, when he looked at himself in a glass, "A bird, by Jove!"

Scott's story of the man whom they persuaded that the place he was walking in was full of adders; his fancying he felt an adder in his foot, and striking his foot violently with his stick in order to kill it; hearing a hiss from out the boot, and then (as Scott said) "pelting

away" at it again with his stick. "Ah, now he is silent, I think I have done for him;" then taking off his boot, and finding it was his watch which had slipped down there, and which he had been thus hammering away at, the hiss having been the sound of the spring breaking. Scott's acting of the story admirable.

24th. . . . Went to the play (to Mrs. Coutts' box) with Mrs. Lockhart, Miss Scott, and Captain Lockhart. Talking of her father's plans of retrenchment, Miss Scott said, "Papa is a bad hand at economising," and then added, laughing, "All his great plans of retrenchment have ended in selling my horse!" The play, "Peveril of the Peak," the third or fourth night. In trying to make out the plot, Miss Scott said, "One confuses the stories of these novels, there are so many of them; 'pon my word, papa must write no more;" a proof that the mask is about to be thrown off entirely.

25th. . . . . Dined at Miss White's. . . . While Head[1] was describing the use of the lasso in catching men as well as animals, Luttrell said the first syllable of it had caught many a man. In talking of the *Eumelian* (?) Club, of which Ashe[2] was the founder, somebody said that a son of that Ashe was at present chairman of it. "Still in its ashes live their wonted fires," said Luttrell. . . .

26th. . . . Called on Croker. . . . On my

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[1] Afterwards Sir Francis Head; for two years Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada. His "Rough Notes taken across the Pampas" appeared about this time.

[2] A writer of long-forgotten novels, and whose "Memoirs and Confessions" of an erratic and irresponsible career were published in 1815.

saying how much more agreeable it was, in the long run, to converse with men who gave you facts without fancy, than with those who gave you fancy without facts, he said he quite agreed with me, and asked me who did I think of all others was the man he would choose as the most agreeable companion on a long journey? The Duke of Wellington, because he had more important facts to tell than any man of his time, and told them sensibly and simply. . . .

I was mentioning that some one had said of Sharpe's very dark complexion that he looked as if the dye of his old trade (hat-making) had got engrained into his face. "Yes" (said Luttrell), "darkness that may be *felt*."

28th. . . . Story of an ambassador to the King of Naples who, fearing that he should forget the speech he was about to deliver, had it written out in his hat: but no sooner had he made his bow to the King, and directed his eyes to the hat, than his Majesty said, "*Couvrez-vous, M. l'Ambassadeur*" (which it appears is the etiquette or privilege of ambassadors), and the poor diplomatist was thus deprived of his speech.

A circumstance illustrative of this mentioned by Bassompière, of his walking in the gallery with Charles I. with his hat of course on, when the Duke of Buckingham in his familiar way joined them; upon which Bassompière, considering his royal audience terminated with this interruption, took off his hat. Bassompière mentions that the Duke was silly enough to think he took off his hat to him, and rallied him on his formality, a mistake under which Bassompière thought it was politic still to leave him.

November 9th. . . . Talked of English directions written by foreigners. Mrs. H. N. [Henry Napier] mentioned "*Hai par Corné, Piqué du lait*" for Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly.

10th. . . . Lord L. mentioned a circumstance of the private secretary of Vergennes,[1] on landing at Dover at night (just before the peace with America), finding himself, the instant he set foot on shore, whipped up suddenly in the arms of two men, who, putting a lantern to his face, exclaimed, "'Tis he!" and letting him down again, mounted horses that were near and set off. This was a funding speculation; they had had private intimation that he was expected, and were on the watch for him.

Told an anecdote of the Spanish Ambassador, at the time when the King's life was attempted by Margaret Nicholson, taking horse instantly and setting off for Windsor, where he posted himself in the window of the inn by which the messenger with the account must pass. As soon as the messenger arrived the Ambassador accompanied him, and having been a witness of the transaction was able to assure the Queen that his Majesty was personally safe; at the same time taking care to inform her that though his zeal had impelled him instantly to set off for Windsor to give her this information, his feelings of etiquette prevented him from intruding upon her Majesty until the regular messenger arrived. This mixture of zeal and etiquette was the very thing for the atmosphere of Windsor, and the Ambassador (De Campos, I believe) was ever after a great favourite with their Majesties.

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[1] The Comte de Vergennes, French Minister of Foreign Affairs *at that time.*

December 30th. Oakden mentioned having seen Lord Byron in a state of great excitement. On one occasion he made an effort to restrain himself and succeeded; on the other he gave full vent to his violence. The former was at Copet;[1] when, on coming in to dinner, he saw unexpectedly among the guests Mrs. Harvey (Beckford's sister), whom he had not seen since the period of his marriage, and who was the person chiefly consulted by Lady Byron, I believe, on the subject of his proposals to her. He stopped short upon seeing her, turned deadly pale, and then clenching his hands, as if with an effort of self-restraint, resumed his usual manner.

The other occasion was at Milan, when he and Hobhouse were ordered to quit the city in consequence of a scrape which Polidori[2] had brought them into the night before at the Opera, by desiring an officer who sat before them to take off his cap, and on his refusing to do so, attempting to take it off himself. The officer, upon this, desired Polidori to follow him into the street, and

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[1] The residence of Madame de Staël.

[2] Dr. Polidori, referred to in Mrs. Shelley's introduction to "Frankenstein," as, with Byron, Shelley, and herself, one of the intending "ghost-story" writers who were together in Switzerland the year before; "Poor Polidori had a terrible idea about a skull-headed lady who was so punished for peeping through a key-hole—what to see I forget—something very shocking and wrong, of course, but when she was reduced to a worse condition than the renowned Tom of Coventry, he did not know what to do with her, and was obliged to despatch her to the tomb of the Capulets—the only place for which she was fitted. The illustrious poets, also annoyed by the platitudes of prose speedily relinquished their uncongenial task." A fragment of Byron's work, however, was printed.

the other two followed ripe for a duel. The officer, however, assured him he had no such thing in contemplation; that he was the officer of the guard for the night; and that, as to taking off his cap, it was contrary to orders, and he might lose his commission by doing so. Another part of his duty was to carry off Polidori to the guard house, which he accordingly did, and required the attendance of Byron and Hobhouse in the morning. The consequence of all this was, that the three were obliged to leave Milan immediately, Polidori, having in addition to his punishment, "bad conduct" assigned as a reason for his dismissal. It was in a few minutes after receiving this notification that Oakden found Lord B. storming about the room, and Hobhouse after him, vainly endeavouring to tranquillize his temper. Must ask Hobhouse about this.

In talking of Erskine's *jeux d'esprit*, Lord L. mentioned four lines he once wrote upon an inn window on a great attorney named Terry; thereby losing, as he said, a number of briefs. Among the inscriptions on the window was one, written by the attorney himself, announcing that on such a day Mr. Terry had arrived from Tenterden, and it was under this that Erskine wrote—

> "What can it matter how or when
> Terry arrives from Tenterden:
> For when he's crossed the Stygian ferry
> Who'll ever ask—what's come of Terry?"

1827.

JANUARY 5TH. A good deal of conversation after breakfast. . . . . George Selwyn's criticisms on

Burke's "Reflections." "I could not get on with it; at the end of the first page I had to send for my apothecary to ask the meaning of some allusion to his profession, which I could not understand; at the end of the second I had to send to my carpenter to explain to me," etc., etc. Elwyn quoted what he had himself heard Burke say in a speech towards the end of the Hastings' trial, "You might as well attempt to make a perfumer out of a man who was bred on a dung-hill, as to think of making a statesman out of a bullock-contractor."

16th. Walked to Bowood. Met Lord L., walked back with him. Talked of the man who wrote a book some time since on the "Malaria of London," and who, it seems, keeps a person that is particularly liable to ague as a sort of *miasmata*, wherewith to measure the degree of badness in the air in different parts of London.

26th. Conversation after breakfast about meteoric stones; that some of them have come quite near the earth, and then been attracted up again. Davy believes this. The celebrated blades of Damascus professedly made of the meteoric iron.

February 23rd. Breakfasted with Rogers. . . . R. mentioned Lord Erskine saying of some man who died immensely rich, "A fine sum to begin the other world with." Fuseli one cold day, in standing at the fire at Rogers's, said, with his peculiar accent, "Hell fire, kept within proper bounds, is no bad thing." . . .

24th. . . . Called upon Luttrell: his story of Lord Norbury,[1] when the Catholic Petition was rejected in the Irish Parliament in '92 or '93. Burke's son and one or two others who were behind the Speaker's chair immediately on the decision being pronounced withdrew; upon which Toler rose and said, "He had but one remark to make. What had just happened reminded him of a cross reading he had lately met with. 'Yesterday a petition was presented which luckily missed fire, and the villains made off.'" . . .

Called upon Sir J. Malcolm[2] this morning; his story of an old Scotch officer making excuses for not singing, "D'ye think, if I kenned the words of any song in the world, I should be such a d—d fool as to be particular about the coddence?" . . .

25th. . . . Brougham told me that in a letter he had just received from America (from Casey of Liverpool), he was requested to communicate to me, as illustrative of the natural love of all animals for liberty, a circumstance which had just come within the writer's

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[1] John Toler, Lord Norbury, resigned the post of Chief Justice of Ireland this year, at the age of eighty-seven. A hint he had received a year previously to resign—owing to his having fallen asleep on the Bench during a murder trial—came to nothing in consequence of his having, in the excess of his indignation, challenged the emissary of the Lord Lieutenant to fight! His rambling and irrelevant comments upon cases brought before him roused the ire of counsel, and on one occasion, when his address was interrupted by a sound he only partially heard, but which was really the braying of an ass, and he enquired, "What noise was that?" Curran promptly replied, "Merely an echo of the court, my Lord."

[2] Sir John Malcolm, the Indian administrator and diplomatist.

knowledge. Some young birds in a cage were from time to time visited by the old ones, their parents, from the thicket, who, it was observed, had endeavoured by every possible effort to widen the bars of the cage, so as to let the young ones out. At last after various attempts, not being able to effect their object, they brought some poisonous berries, which they placed within the cage, and which the prisoners immediately eat of and died. A strange story to send all the way from America. . . .

26th. . . . . Luttrell this morning mentioned a good pun of Jekyll's. Being asked why he no longer spoke to a lawyer of the name of Peat, Jekyll said, "I chose to give up his acquaintance; I have common of Turbary, and have a right to *cut Peat.*"

Rogers told some anecdotes of the Duke of Wellington; of his saying to him (Rogers), speaking of Waterloo, "It was a battle of giants." His mentioning the effect that the intelligence of Buonaparte's escape from Elba had at Vienna. When told to all the personages there assembled in Congress, they burst out laughing. The Duke sent off a despatch to the Emperor of Austria with the news, and the person who was the bearer of it said afterwards, "What could there possibly have been in that despatch; for the moment the Emperor read it, he burst out a laughing." R. mentioned that after the affair of Cintra, the Duke of Wellington said to Sir J. Moore, "There is now only you and me left, and if you are appointed chief I will serve under you." . . .

Went to the Athenæum. Saw Chantrey and had a good deal of conversation with him. Asked me when I meant to sit for my bust: told him I thought he had

given up all thoughts of it. "Not at all," he said, "I am only waiting for some wrinkles to come in your face." "Here they are, then," I said, "in plenty."

Called on Croker yesterday, and sat some time with him. Mentioned that he had already received six volumes, printed, of Scott's "Napoleon." It must, therefore, as he said, been, most of it, done at the time Scott affected to go for the purpose of research to Paris. Gallois, indeed, says (as Lord John has told me) that Scott did not seem to wish for any new light on the subject, and, according to Croker's account, some anecdotes which he himself communicated to Scott seemed rather to annoy him than otherwise.

April 1st to 30th. . . . Sent to "The Times" verses on the "Umbrella Question."[1]

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[1] Though contrary to the regulations of the House of Lords, the officers were accustomed to admit strangers below the bar during the debates. On one occasion a Mr. Bell being in accordance with the custom temporarily deprived of his umbrella failed to recover possession of it, and sued the officer for its value. The Lords acquiesced in the Lord Chancellor's protest against Mr. Bell's proceeding as a "breach of privilege," and he was duly cited to appear at the bar of the House; where his apology for his imprudence was duly accepted. Of the "Speech on the Umbrella Question," which was the title of Moore's squib, appearing in "The Times" of April 1st, 1827, two verses will serve as a sample—

"I own, of our Protestant laws I am jealous,
And, long as God spares me will always maintain
That once, having taken men's rights or umbrellas,
We ne'er should consent to restore them again.

14th. Went to the Houltons. . . . Elwyn and Shirley at dinner. Spoke of Lisse (I think), some foreign poet or musician, who got great celebrity by a song called "Portrait Charmant"; and one day, Houlton being in a coffee-room with him, a little squat Dutch-looking woman came in, leaning on the arm of a man, on which Lisse jogged H.'s elbow, and whispered, "Portrait Charmant"; this woman being the person he had, many years before, written the song upon.

June 13th. . . . Corry told me a good deal about Plunkett,[1] of his amiableness and even playfulness when one comes to know him, notwithstanding that repulsive look and manner of his. Described a merry day with him and the Chief Justice (Bushe) at the "Pigeon House"; their endeavours to out-pun each other—"Well, that's as bad as his, isn't it?" "No, no; mine was the worst, I appeal to all round." Con. Lyne was one of the party, and on his undertaking to recite something, Plunkett said,

"Come, come, Lyne, stand up while you do it; stand

"What security have you, ye Bishops and Peers,
If thus you give back Mr. Bell's parapluie
That he mayn't with his stick, come and box all your ears,
And then—*where* would your Protestant privilege be."

[1] William Cunningham Plunkett, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, 1830-41. Crabb Robinson has the following story of him when at the Bar:—"The Lord Chancellor Redesdale was slow at taking a joke. In a bill case before him, he said, 'The learned Counsellor talks of flying kites. What does that mean? I recollect flying kites when I was in England.' 'Oh, my Lord,' said Plunkett, 'the difference is very great. The wind raises those kites your Lordship speaks of—ours raise the wind.'"

up, man, and nobody at least can say that you are *Conseated* (conceited)."

Mentioned Plunkett's joke on some one saying, "Well, you see, ——'s predictions have come true."

"Indeed!" said Plunkett. "I always knew he was a *bore*, but I didn't know he was an *augur*."

18th. . . . Dined (Corry and I) at Sterling's;[1] one of the proprietors of and writers for "The Times"; rather an artificial and affected man, but, as I understand from Corry, full of good feeling and kindness. . . . Some talk with Sterling about Barnes, who, he says, is the 'best good man with worst-natured tongue.' Never heard him speak of any one otherwise than depreciatingly, but the next moment, after abusing a man, he would go any length to serve him.

20th. . . . Dined at Lady Cooper's: company, Brougham, Creevey, William Lamb, etc., etc. Creevey very amusing, drawing out Broofam (as he calls him) on his late speech at Liverpool; reminding him of their former time there, when Brougham, he said, was pelted

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[1] Edward Sterling, father of the subject of Carlyle's model biography—"A stout, broad gentleman of sixty . . . over whom hung, moreover, a mysterious nimbus as the principal, or one of the principal writers in 'The Times,' which gave an interesting chiaroscuro to his character in society. . . . A remarkable man, and playing, especially in those years, 1830-40, a remarkable part in the world. . . . He, more than any other man, *was* 'The Times' newspaper, and thundered through it to the shaking of the spheres."—*Carlyle's Life of Sterling.*

"with precious stones" (a man having flung a ring into their carriage), and he with real ones. Mentioned Brougham's having exhausted every topic in his speeches, leaving him (Creevey) nothing to say; and on Creevey's remonstrating with him, B. said, "Oh, very well, I shall behave better to-morrow." Accordingly, on the morrow, he took particular pains not to leave a single topic connected with the subject untouched, and having fairly picked it to the bone, concluded by saying, "But I ought to apologise for having so long occupied your attention, and the more so as Mr. Creevey, who is to address you after me, has a great deal of new and interesting matter to submit to you."

July 3rd. Arrived at Harrow about half-past six; no one but Drury himself (who received me most hospitably) and his family at dinner. Dr. Butler joined us in the evening. A good deal of desultory talk about Byron;[1] his quarrel with Butler; could not bear his succeeding Dr. Drury; organised a rebellion against him on his arrival; wrote up in all parts of the school, "To your tents, O Israel!" dragged the desk of the master into the middle of the school and burnt it. Lived in Dr. Butler's house; pulled down the blinds of his study or drawing-room (?); when charged with it by Dr. B., and asked his reason, said, "They darkened the room." Afterwards, however, when Butler threatened him, cried and blubbered like a child. Always at the head of every mischief. His lameness, they both agreed, was from an accident, being let fall when at

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[1] Moore was then collecting materials for his life of Byron.

nurse; might have been removed if he had not been obstinate at school, and resisted all the precautions and remedies adopted; was very idle; learnt nothing. His mother a coarse, vulgar woman.

8th. . . . Dawson after dinner mentioned a dialogue he had heard in Paris between two Irish gentlemen:

"Are you going back to Westmeath?"

"No, indeed!"

"And why not?"

"Sure the roof's in."

The Rue de la Paix, from the number of English that are always parading it, called Bull-strode Street.

9th. . . . After luncheon Drury took me round to show me the school. Byron's name cut in various places around, but only one or two of them by his own hand. The present desk replaced that which Byron burnt in his rebellion. Showed me his favourite spot in the churchyard, where he used to sit, commanding an extensive view; was called "Byron's tomb" by the boys. It was near this he first wished Allegra to be buried; but afterwards he preferred having her laid under the sill of the church door. His reason for this preference appears to be his recollection of an inscription over the door, which he used to have before his eyes as he sat in the gallery during church time, and read over and over. The inscription, tame enough, is as follows:—

"When sorrow weeps o'er virtue's sacred bust,
Our tears become us and our grief is just;
Such were the tears she shed, who grateful pays
This last sad tribute of her love and praise."

Company at dinner, H. [Hodgson] and his wife and her sister. . . . H., when in love with his present wife, was in despair of being able to marry her, from the objection her mother had to giving her to a person so much in debt as he was. On his telling this to Lord Byron, "How much do you owe?" said B. "A thousand pounds," was the answer. "Make your mind easy then," said Byron, and immediately waited on the mother, and informed her that H. was out of debt. He then presented him with £1,400. After Byron's death, there were some efforts made by the executors to constitute this a debt; but there is, I believe, little doubt that it was intended as a free gift. Drury is sure it was, and says he had a letter of Byron's that would prove it, but he has unluckily lost or mislaid the letter. Mrs. H. must have been very pretty.

10th. . . . Went to Longmans to meet Dr. Glennie of Dulwich, on the subject of Byron; Mrs. Glennie with him. . . . A curious proof of the difficulty one finds in arriving at truth is, that while Drury and Butler both assure me that Byron's lameness was from an accident, Mr. and Mrs. Glennie, under whose care he was for nearly two years (I think), affirm positively that it was a club-foot, and that he was born with it. Sheldrake used to come and put on the iron; the leg, they say, was not wasted, and the iron went up only a short way. When I mentioned to them his saying to me that he was never altogether free from pain in it, they said he suffered no such pain at that time, and that it must be, perhaps, from his efforts to disguise the deformity that the inconvenience was felt when I knew him.

Byron's mother a vulgar, violent woman; it was she

who instilled into him a dislike for Lord Carlisle, with whom she was constantly at war on the subject of Lord Byron's bringing up. Made a racket whenever she came to Glennie's; and the other boys used to say, "Byron, your mother's a fool." "I know it," was the answer. Mrs. G. spoke with much feeling about the *good* that was in him, notwithstanding his irregularities.

Called on Miss Bailly according to promise. She is, it seems, the model the author of "Tremaine" took for his heroine; at least he said that he had never seen anyone who approached his beau ideal but Miss Bailly.

Mentioned that when Castlereagh was a boy, his mother, writing a letter one day to his father, asked her what she should say for him, "Send him this epitaph which I have written on you," said the boy, which she did, and before the letter had reached the father, she was dead. This same epitaph, it appears, is on her tomb. Where is she buried? Somebody the other day, in talking of Castlereagh's ignorance (which appears to have been extensive to a degree hardly conceivable), said that he always mistook the phrase "joining issue" with a person to mean agreeing with him. This, however, I believe, is no uncommon vulgarism.

September 4th. . . . In talking of Scott's corrected edition of his "Napoleon," now announced, Lord L. said he hoped Scott would find his facts as tractable as Benjamin Constant did, who, on some one asking him (with reference to his book on religion), how he managed to reconcile the statements of his latter volumes with those of his first, published so long ago, answered, "*Il n'y a rien s'arrange aussi facilement que les faits.*"

Bowles very amusing and odd at dinner; his account of his shilling's worth of sailing at Southampton, and then *two* shilling's worth, and then *three*, as his courage rose. One of the boatmen who rowed him had been with Clapperton in Africa, and told Bowles one day of their having caught a porpoise, and, on opening it, finding a black man, perfect and undissolved, in its belly, the black man having been thrown overboard from some slave-ship. After some time gravely defending the story against our laughter, he at last explained that it was a shark he meant, not a porpoise.

In talking of quick transmission of intelligence, Lord L. said that the most remarkable instance, perhaps, ever known was that of the news of Buonaparte's coronation being known at Rome twenty-six or twenty-eight hours after it occurred. A number of balloons, containing bulletins of the event, were sent up at Paris to take their chance of where they might light, and one of them, falling in with a fair wind for Rome, performed this rapid flight. It lighted, I think he said, at Bolsena, and was from thence despatched to Rome. Palmella told him the story and vouched for its truth.

5th. . . . After luncheon took a long walk with Lord Lansdowne. . . . Is evidently *bored* by being in office. In mentioning the plague it was to him to be the responsible person, at whom all who thought they had claims upon the Whigs aimed, said, "And what makes it worse, I have literally nothing whatever to give away except a little Scotch patronage, which must all go in the old channel, and which I am obliged to take the trouble of distributing among the right objects, without ever expecting the slightest thanks for my pains." This (if I had not already been aware of the

hopeless state of the case) was a sufficient hint to me of the little prospect *I* have of anything being done for me.

12th. A good deal of talk at breakfast about Lord Dudley; his two voices; squeak and bass; seems, as someone said, "like Lord Dudley conversing with Lord Ward;" his manner of rehearsing in an under voice what he is going to say, so that people who sit near can overhear what he is about to utter to the company. Somebody, who proposed to walk a little way with him, heard him mutter in this sort of consultation with himself, "I think I may endure him for ten minutes."

Oakden told me not a bad joke of the old Chancellor's. Old Bond (the clergyman whom I met in Dorsetshire) having said, in conversing with Lord E. [Eldon], "You are now, then, my Lord, one of the Ex's." "Yes, Mr. Bond," answered Lord E., "and in this last instance, I must confess, the X's were not Y's (wise)."

The Fieldings to dinner. Talked of Porson; one of his *scherzi*, the translation of "Three blue beans in a blue bladder": "Τρεις κυανοι κυαμοι," etc. The coolness with which he received the intelligence (which Raine trembled to communicate to him) of the destruction by fire of his long-laboured "Photius"; he merely quoted, "To each his sufferings, all are men," adding, "let us speak no more on the subject," and next day patiently began his work all again. At some college dinner, where, in giving toasts, the name was spoken from one end of the table, and a quotation applicable to it was

supplied from the other. On the name of Gilbert Wakefield being given out, Porson roared forth, "What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?" Said one night, when he was very drunk, to Dodd, who was pressing him hard in an argument, "Jemmy Dodd, I always despised you when sober, and I'll be damned if I'll argue with you now I am drunk."

13th. Conversation after breakfast about Molière; his putting his most keen satire into the mouth of simple ordinary persons, like Toinette in the "*Malade Imaginaire.*" In talking of the "*Nous avons changé tout cela,*" Sir C. Lemon said this was verified by a man he met at Nice, in whom it was found after he died that the heart and liver had changed places. Mentioned the indignation of the *valets de chambre* of Louis XIV. at having Molière made one of their august fraternity. The Duke of Grafton (Junius's) was a great *malade imaginaire;* used to have mutton every day for dinner, and for a long series of years used every day to call up the cook a quarter of an hour before dinner to give the same directions as to dressing it. It is told that on some brother statesman coming to consult with him on public business, the Duke kept balancing back and forward all the time of the consultation, which he apologised for, and explained by saying a certain degree of motion was necessary to him. Odd fancies for a fox-hunter.

24th. . . . The day before yesterday there was in "The Times" a versification of Lord Eldon's joke

(X's and Y's) which I sent up last week; better in the telling than in the writing.[1]

October 16th. Arrived at Cheltenham between two

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[1] From "The Times," September 22nd, 1827.

A LATE SCENE AT SWANAGE.*

"Regnis *ex*-sul ademtis."—*Virg.*

To Swanage,—that neat little town, in whose bay
Fair Thetis shows off in her best silver slippers,
Lord Bags took his annual trip t'other day,
To taste the sea breezes and chat with the dippers.

There—learned as he is in conundrums and laws—
Quoth he to his dame (whom he oft plays the wag on)
"Why are Chancery suitors like bathers?"—"Because
Their *suits* are *put off* till they haven't a rag on."

Thus on he went chatting,—but lo, as he chats,
With a face full of wonder around him he looks,
For he misses his parsons—his dear shovel hats,
Who used to flock round him at Swanage like rooks.

"How is this, Lady Bags?—to this region aquatic
They yearly come swarming to make me their bow,
As thick as Burke's cloud in the Vale of Caructic
Deans, Rectors, D.D.'s—where the dev'l are they now?"

"My dearest Lord Bags!" said his dame, "can you doubt?
I am loth to remind you of things so unpleasant;
But don't you perceive, dear, the Church have found out
That you're one of the people called *Ex's* at present?"

"Ah, true—you have hit it—I *am*, indeed, one
Of those ill-fated *Ex's*," his lordship replies,
"And with tears I confess—God forgive me the pun—
We X's have prov'd ourselves not to be Y's."

* A small bathing-place on the coast of Dorsetshire, long a favourite resort of the ex-nobleman in question, and *till this year* much frequented also by gentlemen of the Church. [T.M.]

and three. One of the first persons I met, Col. O'Neil: asked me to dine with him to-day at the "Imperial." . . . Dined with O'Neil; a *table d'hôte* . . . among others Mr. Trevor, the son of Lord Dungannon, and young Plunkett, *the* Plunkett's son. Mr. Trevor mentioned Lord —— going to a fancy ball at Florence as the hero of his own novel, Sir Something Maltravers, and as nobody had read the novel, nobody, of course, could make out his character, so that he was obliged to inform them, "*Voyez, regardez, je suis mon libre.*"

Plunkett told some things of Scott when he was at his father's; his painful exhibition in scrambling into St. Kelvin's bed. Somebody said to one of the guides who attended him, "Well, how do you like that gentleman; that's Sir Walter Scott, the great poet."

"A poet?" answered the fellow. "No, no, the devil a poet is he, but a real gentleman, for he gave me half-a-crown."[1]

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[1] St. Kelvin's bed: "The scene of the fate of Kathleen in Moore's ballad,

"'By that lake, whose gloomy shore,
Skylark never warbles o'er,' etc.

It is a hole in the sheer surface of the rock, in which two or three people might sit. The difficulty of getting into this place has been exaggerated, as also the danger, for it would only be falling thirty or forty feet into very deep water. Yet I never was more pained than when Scott, in spite of all remonstrances, would make his way to it, crawling along the precipice. After he was gone, Plunkett told the female guide he was a poet. Kathleen treated this with indignation as a quiz of Mr. Attorney's. '*Poet!*' said she, 'the divil a bit of him—but an honourable gentleman; he gave me half-a-crown.'"—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

24th. Rogers walked home with me; very delightful for two-thirds of the way, but then suddenly turned off (as the day did). Found Hughes at the cottage. His account of Bowles's lecture to his curate, for his use of hard words in preaching, very amusing. Summoning up all his servants before the curate, to ask them, one by one, whether they understood the meaning of the word "final." First the cook, then Thomas. "Do you, Thomas, know what 'final' means?" "No, sir." Then turning to the curate, "You see now," etc., etc.

27th. Talking at breakfast of Gilbert Wakefield; while in Dorchester gaol he wrote a letter to Lord Holland complaining of his various grievances, one of which was his being asked to dine with the gaoler, a circumstance not only humiliating, but embarrassing to him, as the gaoler's "hour of dining *oscillated* between two and five." This sort of oscillatory dinner is a match between Jeremy Bentham's "post-prandial vibration." . . . In Wakefield's defence of himself on his trial (it was, I believe, for his answer to the Bishop of Llandaff), he said that "being chiefly conversant with vituperative authors he had naturally fallen into," etc., etc.[1]

Talleyrand on the Thames (?) with —— and ——;

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[1] Gilbert Wakefield was in turn episcopal clergyman, tutor in a dissenting academy, and politician. For a pamphlet directed against the war with France, under the title, "A reply to the Bishop of Llandaff's address," he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and a fine, which was raised by subscription. He produced a new translation of the New Testament in three volumes.

the former exceedingly jealous of his attentions to madame, and at last asking him, "If this boat was to be upset, which of the two would he try to save?" Talleyrand, looking courteously at her, answered, "*Mais vous, madame, vous savez nager.*"

Anecdote of the King of Prussia (Frederick) asking "who is this Hyder Ali?" and Elliott (I think it was) answering pointedly, "*Un vieux despote militaire, qui a pillé tous ses voisins et qui commence à radoter.*" Frederick saying to some English general (?), "Could any regiment of yours of the same number perform such a feat?"

"I don't know, sire," was the answer, "but half the number would try."

After luncheon walked out with Rogers; a good deal of talk about Byron. R.'s account of the old hag of a woman that was servant at Byron's lodging in Bennet Street. "When he moved to [the] Albany, the first day I called upon him the door was opened by the same old woman. 'Why,' I said to him, 'I thought she belonged to Bennet Street, and that in getting rid of those lodgings you got rid of the hag.' 'Why, yes,' said Byron, 'but the poor old devil took such an interest in me that I did not like to leave her behind me.' Well, in two or three years afterwards Byron was married, had a fine house in Piccadilly,[1] two carriages, etc., etc. I called one day and (the two carriages and all the servants being out) the same old woman appeared at the door,

[1] 139, Piccadilly, near Hyde Park Corner, refronted in recent years. It was from this house that Lady Byron departed on a visit to her father's house in January, 1816, never to return to her husband.

dressed out very smart, with a new gown and a new wig."

[Rogers] was once going out of the opera or some assembly with Byron, and a link boy lighted them along, saying,

"This way, my Lord, this way."

"Why, how does he know you are a Lord," said Rogers.

"How does he know?" answered Byron, "everyone knows it; I am deformed."

His great shyness of women. . . . The day Lord B. read the "Edinburgh Review" on his early poems, he drank three bottles of claret. Some friend coming in said, "Have you received a challenge?" After writing twenty lines of the satire, got better; after a few more lines, better still. . . . Talked of the first day R. had him to dine to meet me. R.'s consternation when he found he would not eat or drink any of the things that were on the table; asked for biscuits, there were none; soda water, there was none; finished by dining on potatoes and vinegar. . . . Used not to dine with Lady B.; had a horror of seeing women eat; his habit of offering presents; giving Rogers the picture; had given it, in the same nominal way, to two or three other people.

Same party at dinner with the exception of Crabbe. What the Prince de Ligne said to a person who had been trying unsuccessfully to make a piece of water in his grounds, and who told him there had been a man drowned in it, *c'etait un flatteur.*

In talking of dogs a case mentioned, where a man in going to bathe, left his clothes in care of his dog, but on his returning out of the water, the dog, not knowing him, would not give them up again.

Spoke of "Boswell's Johnson." Boswell asking him about some passage in Pope. "What does he mean by it?" "I don't know, sir, I suppose he meant to vex some one."[1]

November 4th. In talking of the close *rapprochement* which long-lived individuals establish between distant periods of history, he [Lord L.] said, as an instance, that he himself had been acquainted with Sir Edward Baynton, who knew Sir Stephen Fox, who had been on the scaffold with Charles I. I mentioned, as another instance, William Spencer having, when a boy, played on the sofa with his grandfather, Lord Vere, who had done the same thing (played on a sofa) when a boy with Charles II. Lord L. remarked how curious it was to think that, by this sort of link, the number of persons necessary to carry tradition down from the time of Adam to the present day might all be contained with ease in the room we sat in, calculating them at a rough guess about seventy persons.

December 9th. . . . A good anecdote which Lord A. [Auckland] wrote down to the Fieldings some weeks since. Lord Dudley, it is well known, has a habit of rehearsing over to himself, in an undertone, the good things he is about to *debiter* to the company, so that the person

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[1] The passage was, I think,

"Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well." [J.R.]

who sits next to him has generally the advantage of his wit before any of the rest of the party. The other day, having a number of the foreign ministers and their wives to dine with him, he was debating with himself whether he ought not to follow the continental fashion of leaving the room with the ladies after dinner. Having settled the matter he muttered forth in his usual soliloquising tone, "I think we must go out all together." "Good God! you don't say so!" exclaimed Lady ——, who was sitting next him, and who is well known to be the most anxious and sensitive of the lady Whigs with respect to the continuance of the present ministry in power. "Going out altogether" might well alarm her.

On another occasion, when he gave somebody a seat in his carriage from some country house, he was overheard by his companion, after a fit of thought and silence, saying to himself, "Now shall I ask this man to dine with me when we arrive in town?" It is said that the fellow-traveller, not pretending to hear him, muttered out in the same sort of tone, "Now, if Lord Dudley should ask me to dinner, shall I accept his invitation?"

1828.

JANUARY 18TH. . . . Anecdote of Newton, showing his extreme absence; inviting a friend to dinner and forgetting it; the friend arriving, and finding the philosopher in a fit of abstraction; dinner brought up for *one;* the friend (without disturbing Newton) sitting down and despatching it, and Newton, after recovering from his reverie, looking at the empty dishes and saying,

"Well, really if it wasn't for the proof before my eyes, I could have sworn I had not yet dined."[1]

26th. . . . Some amusing stories of Scrope Davies. His epitaph on Lord L.,

> "Here lies L.'s body, from his soul ásunder,
> He once was on the turf, and now is *under*."

His verses on the *Swallow*, a boat, or yacht they used to sail in. Two of them as follows:—

> "If ever in the *Swallow*, I to sea
> Shall go again, may the sea swallow me."

February 15th. Dined at Longmans. . . . Dr. Paris gave us the history of Sir Humphrey Davy. His father a carver of wooden chimney-pieces. Davy put apprentice to an apothecary; sent away because he blew the apothecary's garret window out with a clyster pipe that he had charged with gas. Davy's discovery of the decompostion of alkalis ought, he said, to immortalize him. Had broached the theory a year before, and

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[1] A more probable version of this story, the authenticity of which, however, is altogether doubtful, is that Newton's intimate friend, Dr. Stukely, having called, and been shown into the dining-room, at the house in Leicester Street, still standing, where Sir Isaac's dinner awaited him, got tired of waiting, and being hungry consumed the chicken provided, and replaced the bones on the dish. Newton entered soon after and sat down, but on finding nothing but the bones under the cover, said, "How absent we philosophers are! I really thought I had not dined."

people cavilled at it; but, at last, he applied it to this great discovery.

19th. . . . Called upon Lord Sligo, and had some conversation about Lord B. Spoke of the story which Byron always said was the foundation of the "Giaour." Sligo says they were both riding together near Athens, when they met people bringing a girl along to be drowned; she was sitting wrapped up on a horse. Byron, by his interference, saved her. Lord Sligo did not seem very accurate in his memory of the transaction; is sure he never saw or knew anything of her before that encounter. She was afterwards sent to Thebes.

One day on the shore of the Gulf of Lepanto, Byron (who had before said that he would tell him one day why he hated his mother so much) pointed to his naked leg and foot, and said, "There's the reason; it was her false delicacy at my birth that was the cause of that deformity, and yet afterwards she reproached me with it, and not long before we parted for the last time, uttered a sort of imprecation on me, praying that I might be as ill-formed in mind as I was in body." S. said that Byron bathed that day without trousers.

Byron's offer to Lord Sligo to go and dig for him (in the neighbourhood of Elis, I think) for antiquities. Said, "*Dilettanti*, you know, are all thieves, but you may depend upon my not stealing, because I would not give three halfpence for all the antiquities in Greece."

Described Byron after his illness at Patras, looking in the glass and saying, "I look pale; I should like to die of a consumption." "Why?" "Because the ladies

would all say, 'Look at that poor Byron, how interesting he looks in dying.'" At Athens he used to take the bath three times a week to thin himself, and drink vinegar and water, eating only a little rice. . . .

Went with Keppel to his lodgings, 28, Bury Street (formerly 27), for the purpose of seeing the rooms where he lives (second floor), which were my abode, off and on, for ten or twelve years. The sight brought back old times; it was there I wrote my "Odes and Epistles from America," and in the parlour Strangford wrote most of his "Camoens."[1] In that second floor I had an illness of eight weeks, of which I was near dying, and in that shabby little second floor, when I was slowly recovering, the beautiful Duchess of St. Albans (Miss Mellon), to my surprise, one day paid me a visit.

22nd. . . . At three to Murray's to sign our agreement. . . . Dined with Murray in celebration of the event. . . . Mentioned Jekyll saying quietly to himself, when some one mentioned that —— was gone to Greece, "to the Greeks foolishness."

Said that Johnson, in his hatred to Mallet, had defined a mallet in his dictionary as a "thing with a wooden head" (this is not the case); his definition of "windward" and "leeward" both the same (true).

Mentioned somebody's criticism on the passage in "Henry V.,"

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[1] Lord Strangford published a translation of the Minor Poems of Camoens. He wrote "*Historic Fancies*," and contributed to the political literature of the time.

"And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour."
Act iv. sc. ii.

that Shakespeare must have meant *legatees*, as executors get nothing by it.

The judge answering to a barrister who quoted, "A deed without a name." "Void on the face of it."

23rd. Called upon Jackson the pugilist. Showed me two or three letters of Lord Byron's which I copied out. Said he had often seen B.'s foot, which had been turned round with instruments; the limb altogether a little wasted; could run very fast. In talking of his courage, said that nobody could be more fearless; showed a great spirit always "in coming up to the blows." In Jackson's visits to him at Brighton used always to pay the chaise for himself up and down; very liberal of his money. . . .

24th. . . . Left them [the Donegals] early to go to Barnes for the purpose of getting him to insert a correct statement of my late agreement with Murray, a false account of which has appeared in some papers. Found him sitting after dinner with Narishkin, the Russian, and one or two more, all busy at guessing conundrums. . . . Went afterwards with Barnes[1] to his own rooms, and drew up my paragraph while he wrote part of an article for next day. Says that he writes as little as possible; finding that he is much more useful as a superintendent of the writings of others. The great deficiency he finds

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[1] Barnes was editor of "The Times" until his death in 1841.

among his people is not a want of cleverness but of common sense. There is not one of them (and he included himself in the number) that can be trusted with writing often or long on the same subject; they are sure to get bewildered on it. . . .

25th. . . . Called upon Mackintosh. . . . Talked of the "*Memoires de Brienne*" just published, and mentioned the current story of the Cardinal Richelieu appearing before Anne of Austria, dressed as a Spanish dancer. . . .

Mentioned that Canning once said the only objection to making Charles Wynne Speaker was that one would be sometimes tempted to say "Mr. Squeaker."

26th. [At Rogers's.] . . . Dinner between five and six; company, Lord Essex and Mr. Grenville; very amusing. These veterans told some good anecdotes of bygone times, and Mr. G. in particular made himself very agreeable. . . . Told of Lord Coleraine's coolness one night in coming into his bedroom at an inn, which he found had been occupied after he had bespoke it, by some one else. On his coming to the side of the bed, an angry Irishman put his head out and said, "What the devil do you want here, sir? I shall have satisfaction for this affront; my name is Johnson." At the same moment a little wizen-faced woman popped her head from under the clothes. "Mrs. Johnson, I suppose?" said Lord Coleraine, pointing to the lady.

April 10th. Went with Rogers to Devizes to attend the meeting on the Friendly Societies. . . .

Bowles told me that the house near Devizes with the ridiculous image of Apollo in the garden, naked and as large as life, is always pointed out by the stage coachman

as mine, the passengers exclaiming, "And an Apollo in the garden; how very appropriate." . . . Scott (Lord Eldon's son) told of a Jew in some small theatre, saying at the very moment when the whole audience was in still and breathless attention to the sorrow of Mrs. Beverly, "I should like mosh to know who dat was dat spat in my eye."

May 22nd. Breakfast at Rogers's. . . . Luttrell's idea of the English climate: "On a fine day, like looking up a chimney; on a rainy day, like looking down one."

Sydney Smith saying to Rogers, when R., praising the gentleness of his (S.'s) horses, "Yes, a cross of the rocking-horse."

Smith spoke of Cooper, the American writer, whom he had been lately visiting. Cooper's touchiness; his indignation against Lord Nugent for having asked him to walk to some street with him, and on being admitted where he went to visit, leaving the republican to return alone; his rage with the Duke of Devonshire for not returning his visit, etc., etc.; said that "the world should hear of these things."[1] Sydney joking with me as to the way I should proceed with Cooper, which was, as he advised, to call him out the first thing I did, for, as it must come to that, I might as well begin with it.

23rd. Rogers having told me he was to meet Scott

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[1] Cooper was of a headstrong disposition, personally unpopular alike in England and in his own country. In accordance with his wishes no access was ever permitted to his papers for biographical purposes.

this morning at breakfast with Chantrey,[1] went there early. Found Scott sitting to Chantrey, with Rogers, Coke of Norfolk,[2] and Allan Cunningham[3] assisting. Talked of Sir Alexander M— (I think) and his son, on whom the following conundrum was made: "Why is Sir A. like a Lapland winter?" "Because he is a long night (knight) and his sun (son) never shines."

When Sir W. went away, Chantrey begged of R. and me to stay and keep Coke in talk during his sitting to him. Got him upon old times; told a strange story (which I find Rogers more inclined to swallow than I am) of a dinner given by Lord Petre to Fox and Burke after their great quarrel, and of a contrivance prepared by Lord Petre to introduce the subject of their difference, and afford an opportunity of making it up. This was no less than a piece of confectionery in the middle of the table representing the Bastille. "Come, Burke," said Lord Petre, at the dessert, "attack that Bastille." Burke declined. "Well, Fox," continued his lordship, "do you do it." "That I will, by G—d," said Fox, and instantly dashed at it. *Credat Judæus.* I doubt much if they ever met again after that quarrel.[4]

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[1] Chantrey lived at the house now known as "Chantrey House," 100, Buckingham Palace Road, from 1811 till his death in 1842.

[2] A descendant of Sir Edward Coke, commonly called Lord Coke, the famous judge and law-writer.

[3] Allan Cunningham was hewer of statuary to Chantrey, while employing his leisure on the "Lives of the Painters" and similar work. He lived next door to Chantrey in the Buckingham Palace Road.

[4] I have often heard of this dinner, but believed it happened before the quarrel. (J.R.)

May 24th. . . . Dined at Holland House. . . . Company: Lord Spencer, Lord Ilchester, young Tierney,[1] Hallet, etc. Talked of the Literary (Johnson's) Club, which consists of forty members; often not well attended. Lord Holland and a friend going there one day found themselves *tête-à-tête*, and Lord Liverpool actually dined there *solus*. A rule of the club, that any of its members on being appointed to the Governorship of India, should present it with a pipe of Madeira. When Canning was appointed he had proceeded so far in this ceremony as to ask the members whether he should send the wine from Madeira, or take it on with him for the advantage of the voyage, and they decided for the latter. On his giving up the appointment a question arose whether the Madeira should not still be claimed of him; but of course was scouted.[2]

Told Lady Holland I had enquired of Scott, according to her wish, who was the second person he meant when he said he had been assured by two people of their having themselves seen ghosts, and that both of those people afterwards put an end to themselves. This introduced ghost stories, and Tierney told one, rather good, about the two rival lovers of a young lady being seen going

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[1] Son of the Right Hon. John Tierney.

[2] The Literary Club was founded in 1764 by Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds at the "Turk's Head," at the corner of Greek and Compton Streets, and removed, when the house was made a private house at the landlord's death in 1783, to "The Princess," in Sackville Street, and thence to "Thomas's," in Dover Street; in 1792 to "Parsloe's," in St. James's Street; in 1799 to the "Thatched House," in the same street, where it remained till its removal in 1865 to the "Clarendon," in Albemarle Street, to be transferred in 1869 to Willis's rooms.

into a wood, in some dreary part of England, accompanied by the servant of one of them; the favoured lover found dead, professedly in a duel; the survivor (Mr. Baker), ingratiating himself afterwards with the young lady, and (the surprise being that he who was no swordsman should have gained the better of the other who was an expert one) confessing to her that he had murdered his rival; that he had gone to a fencing master, who in a few lessons had taught him a trick, by which he might seize his antagonist's arm and despatch him, and now for ever complained of a deadly pain in that arm. At last, as if something irresistible urged him, going alone into the wood where the deed had been committed, and never being seen afterwards. I ought to have mentioned that during the whole of this time, he was visited occasionally by a person muffled up, whose coming he seemed to dread, and who always left him agitated when he departed. It was supposed that this was the servant who accompanied him into the wood at the time of the pretended duel, and that they had both overpowered and murdered the other. . . .

May 25th. Lord H. mentioned as curious the constant opportunities Dryden takes in his "Virgil," of abusing the Dutch, and alluding to King William. Forget his instances of the former, but among those of the latter were the translation of *Pulsatusve parens*, which Dryden renders, "Expel their parents and *usurp the throne;*" and another (not much to the purpose), *dominumque potentem imposuit*, "Imposing foreign Kings for gold."

Left Holland House in time to get to Rogers's, where Sir W. Scott was to call for us. Called at three to take us to dine with his son, Major Scott, at Hampton. Scott very agreeable on the way; told him of our conversation

at H. House about ghosts, which brought on the same topic. His own strong persuasion one night, that he saw the figure of Lord Byron: had been either talking of or reading him, and on going into the next room was startled to see through the dusk what he could have sworn was Byron, standing as he used to do when alive. On returning into the drawing-room, he said to his daughter, "If you wish to see Lord Byron, go into that room." It was the effect of either the moonlight or twilight upon some drapery that was hanging up, which, to his imagination, just then full of Byron, presented this appearance.

Rogers's story of the young couple at Berlin in their opera-box, between whom, at a distance, there always appeared to be a person sitting, though on going into their box, it was found that there was no one there but themselves. From all parts of the house this supernatural intruder could be seen; but people differed as to its appearance, some saying it was a fair man, others a dark; some maintaining that he was old, others that he was young. It should be mentioned that there was some guilty mystery hanging over the connection between these young people, and as at last no one ventured to visit their box, they disappeared from Berlin. This anecdote Lord Wriothesley Russell brought with him from abroad.

Scott (who evidently did not like the circumstances being left unexplained) proceeded to tell a story of Mrs. Hook, the wife of Dr. Hook, who wrote the "Roman History." "It being as well," he said, "to have some real person to fit one's story on." Mrs. Hook became acquainted and intimate with a foreign lady, a widow, at Bath; their resolving to live together on their return

to London. Mrs. Hook, on coming downstairs one day at this lady's lodgings meeting a foreign officer on the stairs, saying to her friend next day, "You had a visitor yesterday;" the other answering, "No, she had seen no one since Mrs. Hook left her." Mrs. H., thinking this odd, going another day into her friend's dressing-room by mistake, and seeing the same officer there alone, stretched on the sofa. Being now sure there was something not right, determined to mention it to the lady, who, at first said it was impossible, but on hearing a description of how the officer was dressed, fainted. Mrs. Hook, convinced that it was some improper *liaison* she was carrying on, determined gradually to give up her acquaintance. The foreign lady soon after was preparing to go to London, and Mrs. Hook, being in her room when her maid was packing (the lady herself not being present) saw a miniature case fall out of the portmanteau, and taking it up and opening it, saw the portrait of the very person she had met on the stairs. "That," said the maid, "is the portrait of my mistress's husband." "Her husband?" "Yes," answered the maid, "he died a short time before we left Germany." In a few weeks there arrived an order in England to have this foreign lady arrested on a charge of murdering her husband.

27th. Breakfasted with Rogers to meet Cooper, the American. Cooper very agreeable. Anecdote of the disputatious man, "Why, it is as plain as that two and two make four." "But I deny that too, for two and two make twenty-two." Cooper said one thing which, more from his manner of telling than anything else, produced a great effect; mentioning some friend who had been acquainted with Lady Hester Stanhope abroad, and who

told him of having, on some occasion, stood beside her on Mount Lebanon, when Cooper came to the word "Mount" he hesitated, and, his eyes being fixed upon me, added, "I was going to say Mount Parnassus, looking at you."

When Rogers, in talking of Washington Irving's "Columbus" said, in his dry, significant way, "It's rather long," Cooper turned round on him, and said sharply, "That's a short criticism."

June 4th. . . . Some discussion with respect to Byron's *chanting* method of repeating poetry, which I professed my strong dislike of. Observe, in general, that it is the men who have the worst ears for music that *sing* out poetry in this manner, having no nice perception of the difference there ought to be between animated reading and *chant*.[1] . . . Lord Byron, though he loved simple music, had no great organisation that way.

6th. . . . Dined at Rogers's. . . . Sat next to Jekyll, and was as usual amused. In talking of figurative oratory, mentioned the barrister before Lord Ellenborough.

"My Lord, I appear before you in the character of an advocate from the City of London; my Lord, the City of London herself appears before you as a suppliant for justice. My Lord, it is written in the book of nature ——"

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[1] This was very much the style of reciting of the admirers of *Pope* in the last century. [J.R.]

"What book?" says Lord E.

"The book of nature."

"Name the page," says Lord E., holding his pen uplifted, as if to note the page down.

An addition to our party in the evening, among whom was Mrs. Siddons;[1] had a good deal of conversation with her, and was, for the first time in my life, interested by her off the stage. She talked of the loss of friends, and mentioned herself as having lost twenty-six friends in the course of six years. It is something to have had so many. Among other reasons for her regret at leaving the stage was, that she always found in it a vent for her private sorrows, which enabled her to bear them better; and often she had got the credit for the truth and feeling of her acting when she was doing nothing more than relieving her heart of its grief. This, I have no doubt, is true, and there is something particularly touching in it. Rogers has told me that she often complained to him of the great *ennui* she has felt since she quitted her profession, particularly of an evening. When sitting drearily alone, she has remembered what a moment of excitement it used to be when she was in all the preparation of her toilet to meet a crowded house, and exercise all the sovereignty of her talents over them.

Apropos of the loss of friends, somebody was saying the other day, before Morgan,[2] the great calculator of lives that they had lost so many friends (mentioning the number) in a certain space of time, upon which Morgan,

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[1] Mrs. Siddons was seventy-three at this time, and was living at 27, Upper Baker Street, where she died three years later.

[2] Sir Charles Morgan.

coolly taking down a book from his office shelf, and looking at it said, "So you ought, sir, and three more."

7th. . . . Dined at Lady Davy's. Story of the man asking another, whom he was about to help to chicken, whether he wished the leg or the wing? "It is a matter of perfect indifference to me," said the other. "And infinitely more so to me," replied the carver, laying down the knife and fork, and resuming his own dinner.

9th. Breakfast with Corry; a party of Irishmen: P. Crampton, Doherty, Knight of Kerry, and Tom Hume. P. Crampton's salutations of Doherty, on coming in, by throwing his leg over his head. Odd fellows, to be sure, my countrymen are. On Doherty (who is our Irish Solicitor-General) learning that John Crampton was arrived, he exclaimed immediately, "Then I'll go and buy two squirts." He then explained this by telling how Crampton and he used to go, armed with squirts, of a winter's evening, when the coaches were starting from the "White Horse Cellar;" then filling the squirts, and keeping them ready behind their backs. Crampton saying, "Now don't you be *young about it*, but reserve your fire till the coachman says 'All right'; and then I'll take the front outside passengers and you the hind ones." Then letting fly, etc.

July 26th. Saw Lord Lansdowne. Told me a good story of his porter in town: Meaning soon to set off for the continent, Lord L. had made some inquiries about an old courier of his, in answer to which a message was

left with his porter, that "the courier was disengaged." The old porter, with his head full of recent changes, repaired immediately to Lord L.'s valet, with a face of mystery and importance, and said that he didn't know what was in the wind now, but that a message was come to say that the "Courier newspaper was disengaged, and at his Lord's disposal."

August 11th. . . . Anecdote of the rival shoemakers; one of them putting up over his shop, "*Mens conscia recti*," and the other instantly mounting, "*Men's and women's conscia recti.*"

1829.

JANUARY 26TH. Some conversation with Lord L., Elwyn, etc., after breakfast. Lord Peterborough, being once surrounded by a mob, who took him for the Duke of Marlborough, then very unpopular, looked out of the carriage window, and said, "I assure you, my good friends, you are mistaken in your man; I have rather a large sum of money in my carriage, and to convince you I am not the Duke of Marlborough, here it is, very much at your service."

Elwyn mentioned to me an anecdote of Lord Byron having once taken a challenge from —— to Chief Justice Best, on account of the latter having said that —— was a great rascal. "I confess, my Lord, I did say that —— was a great rascal, and I now repeat the assertion to your Lordship; but are you aware, Lord Byron" (he added, laughing), "of the consequences you expose yourself to, by bringing a challenge to a Chief

Justice?" Lord Byron was soon made to feel the ridicule of the step, and they parted very good friends, leaving ——'s honour to shift for itself.

February 18th. . . . Called upon Rogers. . . In speaking of Young, the poet, as being a very merry fellow in conversation, he said, "I dare say that people who *act* melancholy as he did, must have a vent in some way or other. Now, mutes at funerals, I can imagine them when they throw off their cloaks, playing leap-frog together." . . .

To call on O'Connell at Batt's. The waiter told me that there came about forty or fifty poor devils of Irish every day with petitions to the great Dan. . . . Mentioned a curious judgment he once heard Curran deliver as Master of the Rolls, on a case connected with the theatre, about free admissions, which the renters wished to restrain; in which he drew an illustration from Lundy Foot, and said that this tobacconist might as well bring an action for damages against a man who, in passing his shop "caught an eleemosynary pinch of snuff on the breeze." He then proceeded to say that the case reminded him of his youthful days, when he was a great visitor at the theatre, and when, being always of an aspiring disposition, he used to choose the loftiest situation in the house; that there he used to observe that the gratuitous part of the audience were the most clamorous and applausive; and accordingly came to the conclusion that if free admissions were not allowed, not only would the theatre be proportionately thinner, but (which would be a serious grievance) bad acting would go without applause.

February 19th. A note from Murray to come and breakfast; did so. Had been reading my manuscript of Byron and expressed himself highly delighted with it, which gave me pleasure. Publishers, like picture dealers, are sharpened into taste by their interest, and acquire a knack of knowing what is good without understanding it. . . . Set off for Bankes,[1] found him at home. Talked with much affection of Byron; his sensitiveness to criticism. When Bankes was with him at Venice, he told Byron of some Mr. S—— (then also at Venice, and, as Byron said, "a salt-fish seller"), who declared that "Don Juan" was all "Grub Street." The effect of this on Byron was so great, that Bankes is of opinion (as, indeed, Byron himself told him) that it stopped "Don Juan" for some time. "That damned Mr. S——," he used to say, speaking the first syllable (as was his custom sometimes) broadly. He also showed Bankes one day a drawer containing the MS. of "Don Juan," saying, "Look, here is Mr. S——'s Grub Street."

As an instance of his good nature, said that when he arrived in Venice he found Byron had marked down the pages of the different books he had been reading in which Bankes was favourably mentioned; particularly what Napoleon says of him in his Memoirs. Found Byron, he said, greatly altered in Italy; had got coarse. . . .

20th. . . . Was admitted at Mr. Peel's; received me very kindly. . . . The circumstance mentioned by Byron was that Peel, in the year 1810, I think, had

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[1] Sir William John Bankes, the Eastern traveller. Rogers said of him that he had known him to eclipse Sydney Smith himself by the vigour of his talk. He died in 1855.

met (as he thought) Lord Byron in the streets of London at a time when the latter was actually lying ill of a fever at Patras. The fact was, Peel said (though he did not like his name to be quoted seriously as authority for a ghost story), he was really under the impression, and still continued so, that he had not only seen, but talked to Lord Byron at the time. He then talked a good deal of Byron; mentioned his fondness for low company; the influence that the example of his grand-uncle, the old Lord, had over his mind, and particularly on the subject of duelling, which he accustomed himself to connect with the name of Byron, and to look to as a resource and revenge in his manhood when under any mortification from being bullied by stronger boys at school.

May 5th. . . . [Bailey] mentioned that he had heard Sir W. Scott say once of the imitators of Johnson's style, "Many can make Johnson's report, but few can carry his bullet."

8th. . . . A good deal of conversation with Lord John Russell in the evening about Byron; his dissipation at Venice; doing it very much out of bravado, and not really liking it. Used often to fly away from home and row all night on the water. Mentioned what he had heard of Byron's not feeling any admiration of Rome; saying to Hobhouse, "What shall I write about?" and H. giving him the heads of what he afterwards described so powerfully.

13th. . . . The King, it appears, did not ask Scott (as I have always understood) whether he was the author of the novels; he only alluded pointedly to some character in them, upon which Scott said, "Sir, it is impossible to mistake the meaning," etc., etc., "and I beg to say," etc., etc., disclaiming in the most decided manner his being the author. This was going out of the way to deny; had the Prince *asked* him, he might have been justified in doing so; but volunteering an untruth in this way is unintelligible; always taking for granted that the story is true, which it may not be. C., however, said he was by when it happened.[1]

Speaking of Canning's excessive fastidiousness in the style of his papers, C. [Corry] said that after all his painstakings, he would suffer anybody to make alterations in them with the utmost good humour and readiness. This seems unaccountable, but Lord Palmerston seemed to confirm the assertion.

20th. Dined at the Speaker's. . . . Told me a good deal about the manuscripts found in the State Paper Office; those of Wolsey very curious; show the skill with which he ruled the King. Mentioned a curious proclamation (I know not whether among the new State papers) issued in Queen Elizabeth's time,

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[1] It is very strange that Moore, who was constantly denying his authorship of the squibs in "The Times" and "Morning Chronicle," should be so severe upon Scott. The person to be blamed in these instances is the asker of impertinent and unjustifiable questions. Nor does it much signify whether the question is by a point-blank shot, or by the mode of sapping and mining. Either mode is hostile and aggressive. [J.R.]

forbidding people, under pain of punishment, to talk of the Queen's person or features, or to describe them in writing or otherwise.

21st. . . . Dined at Lord Anglesey's. . . . After dinner made a third (being *listener* for the most part) in an agreeable conversation with Lords Wellesley and Holland, chiefly about Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, who, they agreed, had a kindly and generous feeling towards each other. Mentioned several very curious prognostications of Pitt in his young days; Lord Mansfield saying, "He has twice his father's parts, and half his sagacity;" old Lady Holland saying to Charles Fox, "That boy will be a thorn in your side some day or other." A good deal of humbug about Lord Chatham; used to mutter pompously over his speech till he came to the fine parts; and in his latter days, used to go on with a sort of gabble, as if he was speaking, saying nothing all the time.

28th. . . . Called upon Rogers; found him in a most amusing state of causticity. His saying, when I made some remark about the Duke of Wellington's good sense, "Yes, I once thought Chantrey the most sensible man going, but now that he has been spoilt by vanity and presumption, the Duke is the man that takes that place in my estimation.

In speaking of Mackintosh, and the difficulty of getting him to work at his "History," though he has been always ready to *fire* off articles in reviews or periodicals, Rogers quoted what Allen said of him, that he was

like your profligate fellows, who will go after any one but their wives, being always ready and willing to write anything but his book. . . .

29th. . . . Went to pay a visit to Lady Grey. Found only her and Lady Durham. Talked of the King's ball last night; the gentlemen got no supper, there being some difficulty in seating the Duke of Orleans with the foreign ambassadors, who, it seems could not yield the point of precedence to him. It was, therefore, only the ladies that supped, the King saying to the Duke of Orleans, "*Vous vous passerez de souper ce soir.*" The little Queen of Portugal fell down in the dance and cut her nose with one of her diamonds, which made her blubber most unroyally.

Talked of Lord Holland, the most *aged* man of his *years* that one knows; has been, almost as long as I can remember him, called "the venerable Lord Holland," though now no more than fifty-five, just ten years younger (as Lady Grey said) than Lord Grey. She mentioned also, that when Lord Holland was thirty, having told his age to some Frenchman, the Frenchman remarked, with the air of a compliment, "*Vous representez bien quarante, milor.*"

30th. . . . Called upon Miss Crump, and found Lord Dillon with her. His description of the way in which he lives at Ditchley; reading aloud of an evening all the "good old coarse novels," "Peregrine Pickle" particularly, because Commodore Trunnion was his (Lord Dillon's) uncle. Told of the manner in which this uncle died. His rough old tar of a servant came to his room to say the carriage was ready, and then looking at his master, exclaimed,

"Why, you're dead on one side."

"I am, Tim," he answered. "Turn me over on the other side."

Which Tim did, and he died.

June 3rd. Breakfast with Rogers; company, Sharpe, Lord Lansdowne, and Hallam. R. very amusing; his account of a club to which Sharpe and he belonged, called "Keep the Line." Their motto, written up in large characters, the composition of Reynolds :—

> "Here we eat and drink and dine—
> Equinoctial—keep the line."

Most of them being dramatists, the effect of the joke upon them, instead of producing laughter, was to make them universally grave (this being their business), and the tablets were out in an instant.

6th. . . . A visit from Murray; mentioned that he heard yesterday Dr. Hume[1] describe some circumstances connected with the Duke of Wellington after the battle of Waterloo; his going to bed covered with dust as he was, having stripped himself and lying there on his back, talking to Hume of the friends he had lost that day. There is such a one gone, and such a one, and then, "There is poor Ponsonby, I have some hopes

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[1] Dr. Thomas Hume. He was physician to the army in the Peninsular War. Circumstances which arose out of Moore's quarrel with Jeffrey and the consequent duel which failed to come off, caused an estrangement between Moore and his old friend, extending, as Moore says, over thirty years.

that his body will be found, and have despatched an orderly to search for it." He then, Hume said, burst into tears as he lay, and said, "I have never lost a battle, but to win one thus is paying hard for it," or something to that effect.

Called for by Denman to take me to dinner with Mackintosh at Clapham. . . . The conversation very delightful, at least, Mackintosh's part of it. In speaking of the advocates of religious liberty, said, "that among the earliest in England were to be accounted Jeremy Taylor and Sir Harry Vane; the latter particularly, whose book upon the subject called forth Milton's fine sonnet to him. Neither this sonnet nor that to Cromwell published till after the Revolution.

Talking of college reputations [Mackintosh] quoted a remark of Lord Plunkett, "That a distinction ought to be drawn between the reputation a young man has among his teachers, and that which he enjoys among his associates; the former may be fallacious, the latter not.

A very striking objection of Warburton's to mathematical studies, "That in making a man conversant only with matters in which *certainty* is the result, they unfit him (or at least do not prepare him) for sifting and balancing (what he alone will have to do in the world) *probabilities;* there being no worse practical men than those who require more evidence than is necessary.

13th. . . . Twiss quoted a joke of his own, saying of the man who remained so long swung from the dome of St. Paul's, while taking a panorama of

London, "It was a *domy-silly-airy* visit" (a domicillary visit).

July 5th. . . . Home with Rogers. Mentioned a clever thing said by Lord Dudley, on some Vienna lady remarking impudently to him,

"What wretchedly bad French you all speak in London!"

"It is true, madame," he answered; "we have not enjoyed the advantage of having the French twice in our capital."

28th. . . . Jekyll, in speaking of the length of time Lawrence takes in finishing a picture, says that a man not very young must leave it to his executors to finish the sittings, and he means to look out for a good-looking executor to perform this task for him.

August 5th. . . . Murray's story of a poor Irishman he met with on his way to Edinburgh. This poor Paddy was leaning disconsolately at a gateway, with a small pan-ful of potatoes near him, when a dandy on the top of the coach said to him, pointing to the potatoes,

"I say, Pat, how do you call those things in Ireland?"

"Call, sir," answered the other; "oh, faith, there's no use in calling them; we're obliged to *fetch* them."

7th. . . . Montgomery mentioned a curious translation into French of a sentence of Lady Morgan's. In talking of Lord Castlereagh, she said that "he had purchased for himself the scorn of all Europe," which the translator made, "*Il s'est acheté tout le blé de l'Europe.*" In another place, where she had remarked that someone had "a very pretty brogue," the version rendered it, "*Elle avait un joli sabot.*"

12th. . . . Found out Mrs. Kean, to whom I wished to put some queries. . . . Byron offended at Kean's leaving a dinner which had been chiefly made for him, at which were Byron himself, Lord Kinnaird, and Douglas Kinnaird. Kean pretended illness and went away early; but Byron found out afterwards that he had gone to take the chair at a pugilistic supper. B., after this, would not speak to Kean. He was, however, so delighted with his acting in Sir Giles Overreach that, notwithstanding all this, he presented to him, immediately after seeing him in this character, a very handsome Turkish sword, with a Damascus blade. Sent him £50 at his benefit. . . . Had called at Lady D.'s [Donegal's]. Jekyll had just been there, having returned from his visit to Windsor to the King,[1] and had been amusing them with an account of it. The early dinner, the drives out afterwards to the Virginia Waters, and on their return tea and *marrow bones*. Jekyll startled when he first saw this appendage to the tea-tables, but took his bone with the rest; and there

[1] George IV.

was, in consequence, a larger supply every evening afterwards. The King never made his appearance till late in the day, as the lacing he requires would not be endurable if he underwent it earlier.

13th to 15th. Murray[1] with us, highly amusing and intelligent; his anecdotes and illustrations all cleverly done. Kemble's opinion of Kean's "Othello"—"If the justness of the conception had been but equal to the brilliancy of the execution, it would have been perfect; but the whole thing was a mistake; the fact being *that Othello was a slow man.*"

Kemble's consulting the man for some ornament (to the cloak, I believe) to wear in "Coriolanus"; the man saying he had just the sort of thing that would do, and then calling to some one to bring "*that thistle*" which had just been finished.

21st. . . . Murray's stories of Mathews; his being twice in danger of drowning. Once in a bath, when he was pulled out by the little finger of a dandy; "Happy, I'm sure, to be of the least service to Mr. Mathews." The other time, on recovering from insensibility, hearing an Irish fellow saying, "Can you see any visible object?" and beholding a large blind goggle-eye, which this fellow presented to him, with a candle close to it, to ascertain his powers of vision.

September 5th. . . . Dined at Lady D.'s. Jekyll

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[1] W. Murray, of Edinburgh.

the only company. . . . Gave me an account of Lord Erskine's strange history. First an officer in the Royals; marrying for love, writing a sermon at Malta, which he himself read at the head of his regiment, taking to the law on his return to England, his whole means consisting in £300, which some relation had given him, and £100 of which he laid out with a special pleader, having a wretched lodging near town, and a string of sausages hanging up in the fireplace, to which they resorted when in want of food.

After he was called to the bar, was asked one Sunday to dine with Welbore Ellis,[1] but preferred walking out some miles to dine with an old half-pay friend of his. Caught in a violent storm of rain, and kept for hours under a gateway, till it was too late for his friend's dinner. Bethought him then of Welbore Ellis, and went there to dinner, which proved the making of him.

Among the company was Captain Bailey, brother to the Colonel Bailey, against whom an information had just been granted for a libel on Greenwich Hospital, and Lord Sandwich; struck with Erskine's eloquence, and when he went away said to W. Ellis, that he had a great mind to employ him on his brother's trial that was coming on. Did so. Jekyll, who at this time had seen Erskine but once, met some eminent lawyer, who said,

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[1] Welbore Ellis, whose library was one of the most valuable collections in the kingdom, filled several offices in the Government. In the House of Commons he had a misadventure which is doubtless unique. Lord North suddenly whipped off his wig on the hilt of his sword as he was leaving the house, Ellis being in the act of stooping to take up some papers.

"We had a most extraordinary young man at our consultation yesterday evening, who astonished us all," and added, that this young man (who was Erskine) had given it as his opinion, contrary to all the rest, that the rule against Bailey would be discharged.

Then came the day of the trial. Jekyll returning into court (having been called away during Erskine's speech) and finding the whole court, judges and all, in a sort of trance of astonishment. Next day Erskine's table was crowded with retainers, and from that moment he flourished both in fame and fortune. He immediately moved to handsome lodgings in town, and the string of sausages was no longer resorted to.

As Erskine began life without a sixpence, so he ended it. What became of his money no one can tell. He had made in the course of his practice £150,000, and had besides, his pension as ex-chancellor; yet all had vanished. . . . Erskine showed Jekyll the guinea he had got from Bailey, which he had fixed in a little box, in which you saw it by peeping in.

Story of Jekyll going to the chemist in some country town, and telling him, if he should bring a tall, good-looking gentleman (describing Erskine) to ask for laudanum, not to give him any, as he meant to commit suicide. The scene between Erskine and the apothecary; the former asking for *Tinctura sacra;* the significant looks exchanged between Jekyll and the shopman, and the surprise and anger of Erskine on being told that there was no such thing to be had. His revenge on Jekyll for this trick, having him called up in the middle of the night at the inn where they both lived, by an ostler, who came into Jekyll's room saying that his friend was dying, and wanted him in a hurry to come and make his will; his

finding Erskine sitting up in bed looking very melancholy, with papers, etc., before him. E.'s dictation of the will. "Being of sound mind," etc., etc., "do bequeath the pond in my garden at Hampstead to the Newfoundland dog; my best beech tree to the macaw, with full liberty to bark it as he pleases; but for my friend who," etc. Erskine's fun afterwards about this one day in court during the state trials; imagining the validity of the will being discussed before Lord Kenyon. Lord Kenyon's enquiries as to "who was the Colonel Macaw" (Erskine's name for the bird), etc., etc. Erskine always as frolicsome as a boy.

Canning's joke about Lord Sidmouth's[1] house; calling it the *Villa Medici;* lately applied to Lady Lyndhurst on her dining at Sir Henry Halford's with a party of physicians—the Venus *de Medicis.*

Jekyll's story about "Honest John" (Sheridan's servant). Kemble making him bring wine, after all the rest of the party had gone to bed, and sit down with him; taking him to see him home, and bidding him strike him if he saw him getting into a row. Kemble quarrelling with the coachman, and "Honest John" obeying him; upon which Kemble turned to and gave him a desperate licking, etc., etc.

18th. Sir F. Burdett to breakfast. . . . Mentioned his having given a guinea by mistake to a

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[1] Henry Addington, Viscount Sidmouth. He was nick-named "The Doctor," and made the subject of much coarse satire by the wits at the time of the war with France in 1803; when First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

beggar, and saying to him, "You are in luck, my good fellow. I meant to have given you only a shilling; but as you have it you may keep it." This was told *àpropos* to some other stories. One by Lord Holland of Erskine having once dropped £20,000 worth of stock out of his pocket in a shop; and, on discovering his loss, after some time, running back and finding it still on the floor of the shop; it being some sort of shop where there were cuttings of paper lying about, which prevented these others from being noticed.

Rogers tells of Tennant,[1] that, having lost sixpence one day when a boy, on coming back to the spot the next day to look for it, he found sixpence in halfpence in its place.

21st. . . . James Smith . . . quoted a well-rhymed epigram he had found in some old magazine,

"The truth is—if one may say so without shocking 'em,"

or,

"The truth to declare—if one may without shocking 'em
The nation's asleep—and the minister's Rockingham."

The following also of his brother Horace's,

"I cannot comprehend, says Dick,
What 'tis that makes my legs so thick;
You cannot comprehend, says Harry,
How great a calf they have to carry."

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[1] Dr. Tennant, Professor of Oriental Languages at St. Andrew's, and author of the poem "Auster Fair."

Mentioned an anecdote told by Croker, as one of the happiest things he had ever heard. Fenelon, who had often teased Richelieu (and ineffectually it would seem) for subscriptions to charitable undertakings, was one day telling him that he had just seen his picture.

"And did you ask it for a subscription?" said Richelieu, sneeringly.

"No, I saw there was no chance," replied the other. "It was so like you."

27th. . . . Lord H. mentioned to me a curious speech imputed to Lord Chatham (by Walpole, I think), in which, observing some of the Lords smile at the high-flown way in which he spoke of the Livery of London, he said, "My Lords, the Livery of London is the most ancient body connected with our institutions. My Lords, when Cæsar landed in England, he found the Livery of London existing and flourishing." Showed me now a printed report of the speech, from which it appeared he must have said something pretty nearly, if not to the full, as absurd as this, the report representing him as asserting that, at the time of Cæsar's landing Arviragus was Lord Mayor of London.

October 5th. . . . Dined at Murray's. . . . Criticisms of some one on Kemble's (I think) acting of Don Felix. "Too much of the *Don*, and not enough of the *Felix*."

Charles Lamb sitting next some chattering woman at dinner; observing he didn't attend to her.

"You don't seem," said the lady, "to be at all the better for what I have been saying to you."

"No, ma'am," he answered, "but this gentleman on the other side of me must; for it all came in at one ear and went out at the other."

Bannister's melancholy at finding himself sixty-five, exactly the number of his own home.[1] Looking up at the plate over the door, and soliloquising, "Aye, you needn't tell me, I know it; you told me the same thing yesterday."

7th. Sat to Lawrence; his portrait of the Duke of Wellington scratching his elbow, a frequent trick of his. Mentioned it once to the Duke. "Me!" he exclaimed, "me have such a trick! I'm sure I haven't," and all the while he was speaking his fingers were unconsciously at work at his elbows.

19th to 23rd. For the remaining week I passed at Bowood; had no time to journalise. . . . The after breakfast conversations (generally agreeable) usually lasted into the middle of the day. . . . Here follow a few things I remember from our talks.

Louis Dixhuit's cook said to his royal master's physician, on the latter expostulating with him on the high seasoning of some of his dishes, "*M. le Médicin c'est à moi de faire manger la majesté; c'est à vous de le faire digérer.*"

In talking of the horror some people have of innovations, some one told me of a very religious French woman

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[1] Now 43, Gower Street. Harley lived nearly opposite, at the present 111.

saying of conductors, which she looked upon as a most impious innovation, "*Je le regarde comme un autre coup de lance que l'on met dans le sein de notre Seigneur J. C.*"

Randal Jackson[1] once said in the House of Commons, "If this Bill should pass into a law, I shall expect to see the City of London left to warble her wood-notes wild in some vast wilderness."

Baring told me, as an instance of the precarious value of pictures, that a supposed Correggio, bought by Lord Grosvenor for 5,000 guineas was afterwards, on being discovered *not* to be a Correggio, sold at a sale for £500.

Lord Lansdowne's story of a Fitzmaurice coming to beg of him, and claiming to be a relation. Gave him a pound note with which Fitzmaurice went to a public-house and got roaring drunk. On his sallying out into the street, the first object that caught his eye was Hat Vaughan, whom he flew at instantly, and would soon have demolished both hat and himself had not somebody interfered. All the watchmen could get out of him was, that he was a cousin of Lord Lansdowne's, who had given him a pound note for the purpose, it would appear from the fellow's account, of setting him at old Vaughan's hat.

November 2nd. . . . To Justice Park's brother, who is a great church-goer; some one applied the words, *Parcus deorum cultor.* Bentley once wrote to Walpole,

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[1] *Randle* Jackson; he was Parliamentary Counsel for the Corporation of London.

"Why do you complain of the badness of the summer? As for me, I always have my summers from Newcastle."

12th. . . . Left some of the printed sheets with Irving to be sent off to America, he having undertaken to make a bargain for me with the publishers there. If I but make a tenth of what he has done lately for himself in that quarter, I shall be satisfied. £3,000, he received from Murray for his "Columbus," and £2,000 for his "Chronicles of Granada;" and on the same two works he has already got £3,000 from the American market, with the property of the copyright there still his own. It is true that for Murray (according to his own account) they have not been so fortunate; his *loss* on the two publications being (as he says) near £3,000, which may not be far from the truth, as the "Chronicles" have not sold at all.

14th. . . . Jekyll's stories of Sir Whistler Webster (the father of Lady Holland's husband), his walking with Lady Webster and Sir W. and not knowing that she was married, or being acquainted with him; her saying continually, "Sir Walter says this," and "Sir Walter says that," and Jekyll, taking it for some cant phrase, saying, "I am really not up to the joke; what does it mean?" Then being introduced to her, etc., etc. The servants somewhere announcing him and his wife by a whistle from one to the other. "Sir" (here a whistle) "and Lady Webster."

16th. . . . Sir Thomas Lawrence's story of the "Teniers" offered to the King for 2,000 guineas, and his

Majesty sending for him to see it; his delight with it on the first view, but his altered feeling on looking more closely into it. The King saying, "Why, you have no doubt about it, have you?" and Lawrence answering, "It would be more satisfactory to me if your Majesty would allow Mr. West to see it." L. accordingly showed it to West, whose admiration of it as a genuine "Teniers" was equal to what his own had been. "May I ask you, "said Lawrence, "to look at it a little more closely?" West accordingly went down on his knees before it; and after minutely examining every part, turned round and said, "I see why you bid me do that; it is *not* a 'Teniers.'" The King got the picture after this for seven or eight hundred pounds.

19th. Pearce's account of Lord Stowell and Capt. Morris; the former saying to the latter (both being of the same age, eighty-five), "What is it that keeps you so young, Morris?"[1] "It is all owing" (says M.) "to my having fallen violently in love at sixteen, and that has kept my heart fresh and warm ever since. I have married in the interim, but never forgot the impression of that first love, though the girl never knew I felt it for her." Lord Stowell pleaded guilty to the same sort of youthful passion, and it turned out, on comparing notes, that it was for the very same girl, who was a celebrated

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[1] Charles Morris, song writer, who died at ninety-three, in 1838. He was a favourite and an annuitant of George IV., and a frequent guest at Carlton House, where he was entitled "The Star of the Tables." His prematurely solemn aspect is said to have greatly heightened the effect of his humour.

beauty in their young days in the town of Carlisle, where they both lived. On coming to enquire what had become of this common object of their admiration (whom Morris supposed to have been long dead), it appeared that she too was still alive, and also in her eighty-fifth year, having changed her name from "Molly Dacre," under which they first knew her, and being now a widow. This discovery inspired old Morris's muse with some very good stanzas, of which the following are the prettiest:—

"Though years have spread around my head
The sober veil of reason,
To close in night sweet Fancy's light
My heart rejects as treason,
A spark there lies, still fanned by sighs,
Ordained by beauty's Maker;
And, fixed by Fate, burns yet, though late,
For lovely Molly Dacre.

"Oh, while I miss the days of bliss,
I passed enraptured gazing,
The dream impressed still charms my breast,
Which Fancy's ever raising.
Though much I meet in life is sweet,
My soul can ne'er forsake her:
And all I feel still bears the seal
Of lovely Molly Dacre.

* * * * *

"I've often thought the happy lot
Of health and spirits left me
Is deemed as due to faith so true,
And thus by Fate is sent me.
While here she be [or 'lives she'] there's life for me,
But when high Heaven shall take her,
A like last breath I'll ask of death,
To follow Molly Dacre."

21st. Went to see Strawberry Hill. . . . Some pretty and curious things, such as Benvenuto Cellini's bell, Cardinal Wolsey's hat, etc., etc.; but upon the whole, a mere showbox, and, after the grand engravings of it in Walpole's book, disappointing and *mesquin.*

——'s report of what he had heard —— say of the King, that he has great moral courage, is always for the boldest measures; in short, fears nothing but *ridicule;* before this he is a rank coward; hence his secluding himself so much, his never having anything but dull men about him, etc., etc. This led them to talk of my squibs of him; whether he had seen them all. A. Ellis said he had been told that "The Tailor's Song," at the end of the "Fudges" had annoyed him very much.[1]

25th. Dined at Lockhart's. . . . L. mentioned Chantrey's description of a morning in the King's bedchamber at the Cottage. His tailor, Wyatville, Chantrey, and somebody else in attendance, and the King in bed in a dirty flannel waistcoat and cotton nightcap. A servant announces that the Duke of Wellington has arrived, and waits an audience in the adjoining room. His Majesty gets up, puts on a fine silk *douillette* and velvet cap, and goes to the Duke, and after the conference is ended, returns, puts on the dirty flannel waistcoat and cotton nightcap, and to bed again. Generally walks about his room all the morning in bare legs.

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[1] At the same time there was good humour and good fellowship in his quoting to Scott Moore's lines,

> "The table spread with tea and toast,
> Death warrants, and 'The Morning Post.'"
>
> *See "Life of Scott."* [J.R.]

In talking of Sir W. Scott's *quaigh* of whiskey after dinner, which I had fancied was merely taken to show off the Scotch usages to me, Mr. Lockhart told me it was his daily practice. "Aye," said Lockhart, "and a good pot of porter every night too."

December 16th. The Russian mentioned at dinner an anecdote of a Swiss and a Brabanter talking together and the latter reproaching the Swiss with fighting for money, while he (the Brabanter) fought for honour. "The fact is," answered the Swiss drily, "we each fight for what each most wants." An old story this.

20th. . . . Murray's joke, or story rather, of a man recounting his feats in shooting, and appealing to Murray, who had been out with him. "What he hit is history; what he missed is mystery;" a double joke, taking it as "his story" and "my story."

21st. . . . Dined at Byng's. . . . Luttrell's delight at Hood's puns, particularly one where he makes a soldier say, "I thought, like Lavater, I could *write* about *face*." Though Hood is admirable in his line, yet what a line it is for men like Luttrell to admire! Was even Pope, Prior, Addison, *anyone*, in fact, of real wit, a pun-hunter? It was among Swift's drivellings, to be sure, but all the lucid intervals of his humour were free from it.[1]

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[1] Luttrell's jokes were chiefly puns. For instance, when Mr. Croker had charged the public with war salary on account of Algiers, and thereby excited much indignation, it happened that

22nd. Dined with the Hollands; only themselves. Lord H. delightful; his saying, after dinner, about the *ordinaire* claret, "If we finish this, we shall be able to get some better." Told of Mr. Fox saying one night in the House, that his person had been frequently caricatured, but that he defied anyone (and in saying this he placed his hands on his fat sides) to paint him in the character of Envy. . . . Lord Ashburnham quoted an epitaph he had met with in a churchyard, and which, he said, "contained poetry, piety, and politeness." The following are the lines:—

"You who stand around my grave,
And say, 'His life is gone;'
You are mistaken—*pardon me*—
My life is just begun."

1830.

JANUARY 4TH. . . . Henry Fox's story of the wonderful calculating boy in Italy (only seven or eight years old). Two young men being inclined one day to quiz the child, asked him several frivolous questions, and among others,

"*Due a due, quanto fanno?*"

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some one at dinner talked of the name of Croker mountains, given to land supposed to be seen in one of the voyages to the North Pole. "Does anything grow on them?" said some one. "Nothing, I believe, but a little wild celery" (salary), said Luttrell. [J.R.] We have seen that Lord John Russell's opinion of Luttrell's wit was lower than that of some very competent judges.

The boy answered, "*Quattro cento.*"

"The devil!" they exclaimed. "How is that?"

On which he replied calmly, "*Due a due fanno quattro, e poi*" (pointing to them) "*due zeri.*" This is hardly credible.

Talking of the small potentates of the Continent; the Prince de Reuss (?) one of the first to acknowledge the French Republic; the terms of his recognition as follows: "*Le P. de Reuss reconnait la Republique Française;*" to which Talleyrand returned for answer,

"*La Republique Française est bien aise de faire connaisance avec le Prince de Reuss.*"

Dean Ogle, a very absent man; has been known more than once at a strange table, where there happened not to be a very good dinner, to burst out with, "Dear me, what a very bad dinner! I'm so sorry not to have given you a better," etc., etc., thinking himself at home.

Story of a sick man telling his symptoms (which appeared to himself, of course, dreadful) to a medical friend, who, at each item in the disorder, exclaimed, "Charming!" "Delightful!" "Pray go on!" and when he had finished, said with the utmost pleasure, "Do you know, my dear sir, you have got a complaint which for some time has been supposed to be extinct."

February 10th. . . . In talking of the Duke of —— Jekyll mentioned that for years, whenever he met him, his R.H. used to ask regularly, "I hope your two daughters are well?" (Jekyll having two sons); to which Jekyll would answer, "Quite well, thank your R.H., they are both at Westminster;" and the Prince's

reply was always, "They couldn't be better placed." An excellent specimen of the sort of attention royal questioners give to their answers.

26th. . . . Kemble's story of the Irishman mulcted in £5 for beating a fellow, and saying, "What, five pounds! Well" (turning to the patient), "wait till I get you in Limerick, where *bating* is *cheap*, and I'll take it out of you."

March 19th. . . . Dined at Edmund Byng's. A theatrical party: Jack Bannister, Mathews, Liston, Bartley, etc., etc. . . . Bannister's imitation of Garrick in private life, a sort of hesitating finery in the manner of speaking, hardly like what one could have expected, and which Bannister said that Garrick, who was fond of the great, took up in imitation of Lord Mansfield. Mathews's imitations admirable. William Linley singing, "Stay, Traveller," and his brother Ozias in agonies under it. "What dreadful stuff is that?" asks the brother. "Ozias," answers William, with a solemn voice, "it is our father's."

April 4th. Breakfasted with Rogers, to meet Luttrell and Sandford. R. quoted the following good epigram:—

"'See, the justice of Heaven,' America cries,
'George loses his senses, North loses his eyes!'
But before they attacked her, 'twas easy to find
That the monarch was mad, and the minister blind."

Mentioned also the following upon Mrs. Cowley's tragedy of "The Fate of Sparta" (or some such name):—

"When in your mimic scenes I viewed
Of Sparta's sons the fate severe;
I caught the Spartan fortitude,
And saw their woes without a tear."

S. quoted Charteris's saying, "I'd give at any time a thousand pounds for a character, because I know I could make twenty by it."

May 2nd. . . . Went to the Duchess Cannizzaro in the evening. Lord Dudley upon being asked whether he had read some new novel of Scott's, said, "Why, I am ashamed to say I have not; but I have hopes that it will soon *blow over*."

It is, I believe, in Murphy's "Apprentice" that the fellow who is to act ghost asks, "Whether he is to bow to the audience?" and the other answers, "Why, yes, if you are the ghost of a gentleman, certainly."

May 6th. . . . Breakfasted with Jeffrey to meet Sydney Smith and W. Irving, and in talking of Sir T. Lawrence's death, Smith said that he had heard that it was entirely owing to his bandage (after bleeding) coming off, and the ignorance of his servant in not binding it on again, that he lost his life. On my remarking the additional ill luck after such a death of falling into the hands of such a biographer as Campbell, he started up, and exclaimed theatrically, "Look to your

bandages, all ye that have been blooded; there are biographers abroad."

June 1st and 2nd. Returned on the latter day to town. Napier going up with me. He and I have been appointed members of the committee of thirteen chosen by the Athenæum Club to elect 100 out of 1,000 persons at present candidates for admission; an honourable but troublesome trust. Found on my table, upon coming up, forty letters, thirty of which were from canvassers for the Club. The claim of one of these to admission was his having written about the Siamese Twins.

26th. Tempted out from my work by the fine day and the death of his Majesty, both of which events have set the whole town in motion. Never saw London so excited or so lively. Crowds everywhere, particularly in St. James's Street, from the proclamation of the new King being expected before the Palace. The whole thing reminded me of a passage in an old comedy, "What makes him so merry?" "Don't you see he's in mourning." . . . Vernon told me that the first account he had of the King's death in the morning was from Botham (at Salt Hill, where Vernon and Lady Elizabeth slept), Botham saying to him when he came downstairs, "Well, sir, I've lost my neighbour."

August 27th. . . . Dined at Lady Morgan's.[1]

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[1] At 35, now 49, Kildare Street, Dublin. Her drawing-room was the meeting-place of the leaders of the Liberal party, who found in her a staunch ally. She "got up a little dinner for

. . . Lady Morgan's story of her telling Lady Cork, on the morning of one of her assemblies, that she had just seen Sir A. Carlisle, who had been dissecting and preserving the little female dwarf Crachami. "Would it do for a *lion* to-night?" asked Lady Cork. "Why, I think hardly." "But surely it would if it's *in spirits*." Their posting off to Sir A. Carlisle's, and Lady C. asking the servant for the little child. "There's no child here, ma'am." "But I mean the child in the bottle." "Oh, this is not the place where we bottle the children, ma'am; that's at master's workshop."

September 16th. . . . Sir Henry [Hardinge] very agreeable and communicative. Among other things, in speaking of the Duke of Wellington's powers of letter-writing, mentioned that those letters in the affair with Lord Winchilsea (in which Hardinge was his second) were written off at the moment with pencil, on being called out of the House of Lords by Hardinge as the negotiation went on. Said also that the night he went to the Duke to tell him there was nothing left for him but to fight, he found the Duke in bed and asleep. It was then one o'clock, and after waking him, and mentioning what must be done, the Duke coolly said, "Very well, see that I am called early enough in the

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Moore," as she records in her diary, in the February following the date named in the text, and describes the process: "I threw up my window and asked the inmates of the cabs and carriages of my friends as they passed the windows, and sent out some penny posters, and lighted up my rooms. Moore was absolutely astounded when he saw my party."

morning," and, turning round, betook himself to sleep again.[1]

November 1st to 30th. . . . Henry Bushe's account of his place to the Sinecure Committee; that he was "Resident Surveyor with perpetual leave of absence."

"Don't you do any work for it?"

"Nothing, but receive my salary four times a year."

"Do you receive it yourself?"

"No, by deputy."

December 17th. . . . Went to take leave of Rogers, who sends by me to Bessy a large paper copy of his most beautiful book, "Italy," the getting up of which has cost him £5,000.[2] Told me of a squabble

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[1] Lord Winchilsea addressed a letter to "The Standard," which Wellington, who was at the head of the Government, conceived imputed to him "disgraceful and criminal conduct" in the part which he took in the establishment of King's College —the writer asserting that "under the cloak of outward show of zeal for the Protestant cause, he wished to carry on his murderous designs for the infringement of our liberties, and the introduction of Popery into every department of the State." An apology being refused, the parties met in Battersea Fields. The Duke fired wide, anticipating his opponent's act of firing in the air. A written confession was then tendered by Lord Winchelsea that he was in the wrong, and, after considerable haggling, the required apology was duly inserted.

[2] At a later date Moore states that Rogers had told him it cost £7,000. Luttrell divides with Lady Blessington the reputation of having remarked that the work would have been *dished* if it had not been for the *plates*.

he has had with the publisher of it, who, in trying to justify himself for some departure from his original agreement, complained rather imprudently of the large sum of ready money he had been obliged to lay out upon it. "As to that," said Rogers, "I shall remove that cause of complaint instantly. Bring me your account." The account was brought, something not much short of £1,500. "There," said Rogers, writing a cheque for the whole sum, "I shall leave you nothing to say on that ground." "Had I been a poor author" (added Rogers, after telling me these circumstances) "I should have been his slave for life."

Brougham mentioned to-day that on the Princess of Wales coming over to England, it was matter of discussion among a party, where Lady Charlotte Lindsay was, what *one* word of English her Royal Highness (who was totally ignorant of the language) should be first taught to speak. The whole company agreed that "yes" was the most useful word, except Lady Charlotte, who suggested that "no" was twice as useful, as it so often stood for "yes." This story Brougham said he made use of in Court, in commenting on the manner in which a witness had said "no." What suggested it to him now was my describing the manner in which Grattan said, "Why, no," one day when Rogers asked him whether he and I could manage another bottle of claret.

1831.

JANUARY 3RD. Dined at Bowood. . . . Lord Duncan, after dinner, complained to me of the state of the Scotch representation, and gave me a much

clearer idea of its abuses than I had before conceived. To show the value of votes, he told me that he himself had a year or two since got for a property which did not bring him in much above £150 a year, £15,000 of money, all for the votes that formed a part of it.

20th. . . . Found to-day a curious instance of floridness in Jeremy Taylor. "Celibate, like a fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone."[1]

29th. Received the "Quarterly Review" with the article on my second volume of "Byron." From Murray's interest in the work, and Lockhart's previously expressed admiration of it, I did not much expect (though never of course sure of such critics) anything like hostility. He has, however, not gone to much expense of praise. In acknowledging the receipt to Murray, I have said something to this effect: "It is evidently well meant to all the three parties concerned—the parson, the undertaker, and the body; and the reviewer, whoever he may be, is as generous towards myself as his nature would admit of. In short, I feel about it as Dogberry did about another sort of favour, *i.e.*, "Give God thanks, and make *no boast* of it."

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[1] *Sermon on the Marriage Ring, part I.* "Celibate, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity." [J.R.]

February 14th. . . . Story of Neilson (the famous United Irishman) meeting Reynolds, at the time he suspected him of having betrayed them, and hurrying him along to some retired place; then presenting a pistol at him, and saying, "What does that man deserve who could betray such a cause as ours?" "To be shot through the head," answered Reynolds, so coolly as to disarm all Neilson's suspicions, and to make him apologise for ever having harboured them. . . .

Story of the two United Irishmen going on some secret mission of great importance, and being pursued by soldiers, and blockaded in a small house to which they had fled for refuge. Their desperate defence, being well armed, till at length one of them received a wound which he felt to be mortal. He then said to his companion, "It is all over with me, but you may yet escape. I shall run out among the soldiers, as if trying to make my escape; and while their attention is engaged in putting me to death, you can be off by the back of the house." He accordingly did so, and his comrade escaped and succeeded in achieving the object of their mission.

15th. . . . . Some conversation with old Peter Burrowes.[1] Agreed with me in opinion that O'Connell

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[1] "The Goldsmith of the Irish Bar;" as unattractive personally, and as affectionately regarded as his prototype. On the only occasion on which he yielded to the duelling practices of the time his life was saved by his adversary's bullet striking some coins in his waistcoat pocket. He had another misadventure with a bullet, of a curious kind.[1] Acting as prosecutor in a murder case, and having a bad cold, he held in one hand a box of lozenges, and in the other the bullet by which the man had met his death. He kept supplying himself at intervals with a lozenge,

had done more harm to the cause of liberty in Ireland, than its real friends could repair within the next half-century ; and mentioned what Grattan had said of him, that "He was a bad subject, and worse rebel." This is admirable, true to the life, and in Grattan's happiest manner. The lurking appreciation of a *good* rebel which it applies is full of humour.

Dined with Crampton, no one but Curran. . . . When O'Connell, in his last speech on Sunday, said, "I am open to conviction," some one in the crowd said, "And to *judgment* I hope" (in allusion to the trials he has slipped himself out of).

18th. . . . Lord Anglesey . . . told me not a bad anecdote of Lord Cloncurry,[1] who, in coming to town the other day was upset in the snow, and some fellows on the road lending their assistance, he was quickly set right again, on which he said to them,

"Thank you, my lads, now I shall treat you as O'Connell does."

"Oh, long life to your honour for that," they exclaimed, with great joy ; but were afterwards rather taken aback, when Lord Cloncurry, holding out his empty hand to them said,

"I'll trouble you for half-a-crown. O'Connell takes more from you ; but you have been such good fellows,

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until in the middle of a sentence, his bosom heaving, and his eye starting, he bellowed out, "Oh-h-h, gentlemen, by the heaven above me, *I've—I've swallowed the bullet!*"

[1] Valentine Lawless, Baron Cloncurry. His "Personal Recollections," published in 1849, received some severe condemnation for the contemporary correspondence contained in the work.

I'll only ask half-a-crown." The fellows felt the fun of this, and of course got something else into the bargain.

22nd. Called at Murray's. Mentioned to him Lady Morgan's wish to contribute something to his "Family Library," and that she has materials ready of lives of five or six Dutch painters, which she thinks would suit his purposes. The great John said, without minding the painters,

"Pray isn't Lady Morgan a very good cook?"

I answered, "I did not know, but why did he ask?"

"Because," said he, "if she would do something in that line?"

"Why, you don't mean," exclaimed I, "that she should write a cookery book for you?"

"No," answered John coolly, "not so much as that; but that she should re-edit *mine*" (Mrs. Rundall's, by which he has made mints of money). Oh, that she could have heard this with her own ears! Here ended my negotiation for her ladyship.

April 22nd. . . . Immediately on arriving at my lodgings heard of the dissolution that had just taken place, and the surprise and bustle of the King going down in person to declare it. Went to Brookes's. Found them all in the highest state of excitement; heard all the particulars of the last stormy moments of this Parliament. Peel's violent speeches interrupted by the *coups de canon* announcing the King's coming; every

shot received with loud cheers by one side, and yells and groans by the other. The Lords still more tumultuous. Lord Mansfield brandishing his fist at his opponents. Their hustling Lord Shaftesbury into the chair, and hooting after Brougham.[1]

23rd. . . . . Luttrell at Brookes's this morning very amusing. Forgot one lively thing he said, which was provoking, and remember another not half so good: "In one Latin word" (he remarked) "is comprised the history of the two parties at present. 'Reform-I-do,' says the Whig. '*Reformido*,' says the Tory."

29th. . . . Miss Edgeworth, with all her cleverness, anything but agreeable. The moment one begins to speak, off she starts too, seldom more than a sentence behind them, and in general contrives to distance every speaker. Neither does what she says, though of course very sensible, at all make up for this over activity of tongue.

May 1st. . . . To Holland House. . . . My lady's page having summoned me, I went to her room

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[1] Of this scene, occurring on the defeat of Ministers on the Reform Bill, it is recorded in the Annual Register, 1831, "There reigned in the House a confusion and disorder which St. Stephen's Chapel had never witnessed since Cromwell ordered 'the bauble' to be removed from the table, and the House to be locked upon the members. In the House of Peers the proceedings had scarcely been more orderly or satisfactory. . . . . Lord Shaftesbury was called to the woolsack amid such discordant noises as the Peers had never witnessed."

and found Alvanley with her, who mentioned two rather amusing things. One of a foreign servant who, on being asked what had been his qualifications for his last place, always began by saying, "*Je savais*," putting the forefinger of his right hand to the thumb of his left, and then counting upon his fingers, "*ni lire, ni écrire, ni monter à cheval, ni raser, ni rien.*" The other was in talking of Sweden. Alvanley said he believed there was no such thing as a Swedish grammar, and mentioned a man at Paris who, intending to pay a visit to that country, was anxious to learn the language, but could neither find a grammar nor any person capable of teaching it: At last he was visited by a man whom his enquiries had brought to light, and who undertook to instruct him, and being very assiduous he learned, as he thought, sufficient for his purposes, and set off with it to Sweden. On his arrival there, however, he found that not a creature could comprehend a single word he said, and it turned out that what his friend, the language-master, had, with so much expense of time and money been teaching him was *Bas-Breton!*

Among the stories told to the honour and glory of the reforming monarch, it is very generally stated, that Maclean, the American Ambassador, said to his Majesty, "I little thought, sir, I should live to see the day when I should *envy* a Monarch." In paying a visit at Maclean's this morning, I mentioned the currency of the anecdote; on which Mrs. Maclean (who is a very amiable, natural person) said, "It is very true that Mr. Maclean said he envied the King, but it was not on the Reform question; it was (I am ashamed to say) on seeing the King kiss Lady Lilford." Thus are stories made up.

Luttrell has put his pun into verse as follows:—

"To the same sounds our parties two
The sense applied to each one;
The Whig exclaims, 'Reform I do,"
The Tory '*Reformido.*'"

5th. . . . Sat next to Lord Suffield (who is an old friend of mine) and reminded him of a story he told me years ago, of his having been laid up with a sprain, so as to be confined to his chair and flannels, just on the eve of a race which he was to run for a great wager; his finding out that electricity had the power of restoring him the use of his limb for a short time; he having himself brought to the ground in his invalid chair; being there electrified, running and winning the race, and then returning to his lameness and flannels again. He seemed much amused at my remembering a story of such ancient date, and vouched for the whole truth of it.

June 1st. Started with Tom[1] in the coach for town; discovered in one of my travelling companions an old masquerader of other days, Sir Thomas Champneys, and found him very amusing. . . . Brummell saying to some grave Minister of State who was explaining to him the operation of the income-tax, at the time it was about to be brought forward,

"Then I see I must retrench in the rose-water for my bath."

Old Judge —— saying to Lady Hippisley, who was

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[1] Moore's son, who was subsequently a source of great trouble and pecuniary sacrifice to him.

sitting near him on the bench in a riding habit and hat, "Why doesn't that man take off his hat?" The people round whispered to him that it was Lady Hippisley; his not hearing them, "I say, make that man take off his hat," etc., etc. Champney's acting all this very amusing.

Deposited Tom at Power's and went to dine at the Athenæum; joined by James Smith. Repeated to me some verses of his in imitation of Crabbe, which for neatness of execution in the *four last lines* are admirable.

> "Hard is his lot who edits, thankless job!
> A Sunday journal for the thankless mob.
> With bitter paragraph and caustic jest,
> He gives to turbulence the day of rest.
> Condemn'd this weak, rash rancour to instil,
> Or thrown aside, the next, for one who will.
> Alike undone, or if he praise or rail,
> (For this affects his safety, that his sale):
> He sinks, alas! in luckless limbo set,—
> If loud for libel, and if dumb for debt."

Told me that he and his brother got a £1,000 for the "Rejected Addresses," and copyright of "Horace in London"; he himself also, got 300 guineas from Mathews for the "Trip to Paris," and pretty nearly the same sum for the other things of this kind he wrote for him.

14th. . . . Sydney Smith amusing before dinner, his magnanimity (as he called it) in avowing that he had never before heard of Lamartine (of whom Miss Berry and I were speaking). "Was it another name for the famous blacking man?" "Yes." "Oh, then, he's Martin here, La Martine in France, and Martin Luther

in Germany." He never minds what nonsense he talks, which is one of the great reasons of his saying so much that is comical. . . .

15th. . . . In writing to Sydney Smith to-day, sending him Crabbe's address, which he wanted, I said that "I was sorry he had gone away so soon from Ellis's the other night, as I had improved (*i.e.*, in my singing) afterwards, and he was one of the few I always wished to do my best for." In answer to this received the following flattering note from him, written evidently under the impression that I had been annoyed by his going away:—

"MY DEAR MOORE,

"By the beard of the prelate of Canterbury, by the cassock of the prelate of York, by the breakfasts of Rogers, by Luttrell's love of side dishes, I swear that I had rather hear you sing than any person I ever heard in my life, male or female. For what is your singing but beautiful poetry floating in fine music and guided by exquisite feeling? Call me Dissenter, say that my cassock is ill put on, that I know not the delicacies of decimation, and confound the greater and smaller tithes; but do not think that I am insensible to your music. The truth is, that I took a solemn oath to Mr. Beauclerk to be there by ten, and set off, to prevent perjury, at eleven; but was seized with a violent pain in the stomach by the way, and went to bed.

"Yours ever, my dear Moore, very sincerely,

"SYDNEY SMITH."

18th. . . . Sydney Smith told of a young officer in his first battle, who, having been for some time fighting without well knowing where he was, at last seeing the party he was immediately engaged with giving way, took off his cap, and began roaring enthusiastically, "Victory! victory!" On which some

veteran near him cried out, "Hold your tongue, you foolish fellow, we have been retreating these two hours."

Luttrell quoted from Henry VI., "Knowest thou the Lord of Salisbury?" "Right well, and oft have shot at him;" which Sydney Smith parodied, "And oft have preached at him." On looking at the play itself I find the fun of the quotation vanishes, as what the gunner says to his son is as follows:—

> "Sirrah, thou knowest how Orleans is besieged,
> And how the English have the suburbs won,"

to which the other answers, "Father, I know, and oft have shot at them." (First part Henry VI. Act 1, scene 4.)

Walked with Sydney Smith; told me his age; turned sixty. Asked me how I felt about dying. Answered that if my mind was at ease about the comfort of those I left behind, I should leave the world without much regret, having passed a very happy life, and enjoyed (as much, perhaps, as ever man did yet) all that is enjoyable in it; the only single thing I ever had to complain of being want of money. I could therefore die with the same words that Jortin died, "I have had enough of everything."

25th. . . . Dined at the Speaker's, none but the family besides Corry and myself. The Speaker very agreeable; described his dinner lately with the King, on the day when all the judges dined with him. The King had asked him that morning at the levée, saying, "I don't well know what name to call you by, for you know you are not Speaker now, but still I will say, Mr. Speaker, I am most happy to see you here, and if you have nothing better to do to-day, I wish you

would come and meet the judges at dinner." Described the manner in which the King wakes suddenly from his occasional dozes after dinner, and dashes at once into conversation. On that day he rather awkwardly, in one of these *sorties*, began upon the subject of the Queen's trial, saying that he had high respect for judges, but by no means the same feeling for lawyers, who were often led, by their zeal for their clients, to do things by no means justifiable; "As you may recollect," he added, turning to Brougham and Denman, "in a case where you gentlemen were concerned," etc., etc. He got out of this mess, however (the Speaker said), very good humouredly and skilfully.

The Speaker told us several interesting anecdotes of the old King during his last melancholy years of madness, blindness, and, at last, utter deafness, which he had himself heard from his father, the Archbishop, who was one of the persons chiefly entrusted with the task of visiting and superintending the care of the Royal patient. The old King's horror at the first suggestion of a strait waistcoat, and his saying that he would go down on his knees to the Archbishop if he would save him from it. His notions of kingly power to the last, and the cunning with which he contrived to keep up the appearance of it, ordering carriages and horses to be ready at a particular hour, and then taking care to countermand them before the time arrived.

The Prince, not having seen him for a long time (it being found that intercourse with any of his own family excited and irritated him), was at length permitted one day to come into the apartment for a few minutes, and look at his father, as he sat in his chair, without speaking. Shortly after his departure the old King, in

taking his usual exercise of walking round the room, stopped suddenly in the spot where the Prince had been standing, and said, "If I did not know it was impossible I should say the Prince of Wales was now in the room;" giving, as his reason, the strong smell of perfume which he perceived.

August 10th. . . . Luttrell repeated to me six lines he had written lately about "two things" that at present "absorb us," being "the bill and the *cholera morbus*";[1] that the Tories, "if they had their will, would bring in the complaint to get rid of the bill;" while the Whigs seem resolved "in this very hot weather" that we should be doomed "to both evils together." He repeated it but once, so I could catch but the general meaning and the tags.

September 24th. Lady Lansdowne came down from town, and called upon us soon after her arrival. Told us of the awkward way in which the Archbishop of Canterbury had put on the Queen's crown at the coronation. There had been a little knot or tuft made in dressing her hair, for the express purpose of receiving the crown upon it; and instead of pressing the crown down upon this, the Archbishop kept it toppling on the top of it; and had not the Queen kept her head quite

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[1] The first mention of the *cholera morbus*, or Asiatic cholera, appearing in Europe, was in a letter from St. Petersburg, which reached London, Nov. 16th, 1830. The epidemic appeared in London in the spring of 1832.

still till one of the ladies came to her aid, the bad omen of the fall of the crown would have been exhibited.

By-the-bye, the Queen being, as is well known, adverse to the measure which is giving such popularity to her royal husband, reminds me a little of the story of the King of Sparta, who first gave his consent to the establishment of the Ephori. His wife, it is said, reproached him with this step, and told him that he was delivering down the royal power to his children less than he had received it. "Greater," he answered, "because more durable." This is just such an answer as William the Fourth would be likely to give to his wife. But the event proved the Spartan queen to have been right, for the Ephori extinguished the royal power; and if Queen Adelaide's bodings are of the same description, they are but too likely to be in the same manner realized.

October 14th. . . . To dinner at Sir Walter Scott's (or rather Lockhart's). . . . Was rather shocked at seeing and hearing Scott; both his look and utterance, but particularly the latter, showing strongly the effects of paralysis. . . . Scott took but rarely any part in the conversation, and it was with difficulty I made out what he said. . . . On looking over at Scott once or twice, was painfully struck by the utter vacancy of his look. How dreadful if he should live to survive that mighty mind of his! It seems hardly right to assemble company round him in this state. . . . It is charming to see Scott's good temper and good nature continue unchanged through the sad wreck of almost everything else that belonged to him. The

great object in sending him abroad is to disengage his mind from the strong wish to *write* by which he is haunted; eternally making efforts to produce something without being able to bring his mind collectively to bear upon it—the *multum cupit*; *nihil potest.* Alas! Alas!"[1]

16th. . . . In talking of the difference of present times from the former ones [Rogers] mentioned the circumstance of Charles II. attending the House of Lords' debates, standing with his back to the fire, and interrupting sometimes the members in their speeches (where is this mentioned?). Queen Anne, too, going to hear the debates (?).

Showed me a curious passage in the introduction to Fox's History, where the present demand of the people for an entirely popular House of Commons is foreseen and deprecated. . . .

Found a kind note from Mrs. Lockhart to say how happy they would be to have me; and having left Tom at the Powers', dined with Sir Walter. The day interesting on his account; and had it been in his better times, I should have had many a lively tale to enrich these pages with; but he spoke little. In talking of a novel which he had sent to Scott, L. said it was no matter how bad a book was; if it had but a story in it, Scott would read every word of it; and to this Sir Walter pleaded guilty very amusingly.

17th. Breakfast with Rogers. . . . Campbell

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[1] Scott was about leaving on the voyage to the Mediterranean, from which he returned to die in the following year.

mentioned how his vanity was once mortified on giving his address to some Scotch bookseller:

"Campbell!" said the man; "pray, sir, may you be the great Campbell?"

"Who do you call the great Campbell?" said Tom, putting on a modest look.

"Why, John Campbell, the African traveller, to be sure," answered the other.

In talking of getting into awkward scrapes at dinner tables, Lady Dunmore mentioned a circumstance of the kind in which Rogers himself was concerned. It was at the time when Madame de Staël was expected in London, and somebody at table (there being always a large party) asked when she was likely to arrive.

"Not till Miss Edgeworth has gone," replied Rogers; "Madame de Staël would not like two stars shining at the same time."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when he saw a gentleman rise at the other end of the table and say in a solemn tone,

"*Madame la Baronne de Staël est incapable d'une telle bassesse.*"

It was Auguste de Staël, her son, whom Rogers had never seen.

Left Rogers's with Campbell, who told me, as we walked along, the friendly service Rogers had just done him by consenting to advance £500, which Campbell wants at the moment to purchase a share in the new (Metropolitan) magazine, of which he is the editor, the opportunity, if let slip now, being wholly lost to him. Campbell had offered as security an estate worth four or five thousand pounds, which he had in Scotland, but R. had very generously said that he did not want security.

C., however, was resolved to give it. These are noble things of Rogers, and he does more of such things than the world has any notion of.[1]

November 3rd to 9th. Saw my "Lord Edward"[2] announced as one of the articles in the "Quarterly"; to be abused of course; and this so immediately after my dinings and junkettings with both editor and publisher! Having occasion to write to Murray, sent him the following squib:

THOUGHTS ON EDITORS.

Editur et edit.

No, editors don't care a button
What false and faithless things they do;
They'll let you come and cut their mutton,
And then they'll have a cut at you.

With Barnes I oft my dinner took,
Nay, met ev'n Horace Twiss to please him;
Yet Mister Barnes traduced my book,
For which may his own devils seize him.

With Doctor Bowring I drank tea,
Nor of his cakes consumed a particle;
And yet th' ungrateful LL.D.
Let fly at me next week an article.

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[1] Not only more than the world has any notion of, but more than anyone else could have done. Being himself an author, he was able to guess the difficulties of men of letters, and to assist them, not only with his ready purse, but with his powerful influence and his judicious advice. [J.R.]

[2] The life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the leader of the rebellion of 1798.

John Wilson gave me suppers hot,
With bards of fame like Hogg and Packwood,
A dose of black strap then I got,
And after a still worse of "Blackwood."

Alas! and I must close the list
With thee, my Lockhart, of the "Quarterly,"
So kind, with bumper in thy fist,
With pen so *very* gruff and tartarly.

Now in thy parlour, feasting me,
Now scribbling at me from thy garret,—
Till 'twixt the two in doubt I be
Which sourest is, thy wit or claret.

10th. . . . Lord Valletort . . . told some interesting things of the Duke of Wellington, to whom he is (like all who have been much about him) strongly attached. His saying that no man should hesitate to apologise whenever he had said or done anything that required one; yet, in military affairs, he has been known on more than one occasion to avoid owning he was wrong, though conscious that he *was* so. This done on principle? "No, no, never put myself wrong with the army." His shedding tears when he took leave officially of the Queen at his last resignation; this the Queen herself told Lord Valletort. Of the King, Lord Valletort told several little things which showed great good nature and warm-heartedness.

December 27th. . . . Talbot (who is a great yachtsman,) said that the best description of naval movements he had ever read was that of St. Paul's, *Acts* xxvii. The casting out of the four anchors (which

Fielding said always astonished the *middies* when it was read) suits exactly the sort of boats, according to Talbot, that are still used in those seas; Maltese galliots I think he called them.

1832.

JANUARY 4th. Napier in the morning. Walked with him to Freshford. On my mentioning to him what Lord Valletort told me of the Duke of Wellington saying, "Never put myself wrong with the army," Napier said that the occasion on which the Duke used this expression was a mistake he had made in promoting an officer, and praising him in his despatches for some service that had really been performed by my Bath friend, Colonel ——. It was when D——, expressing his gratitude for the promotion, and his hopes that he should be allowed to keep it, added his desire also that the Duke would do justice to ——, that the Duke replied in those words, "No, ——," etc., etc.

12th. . . . In speaking of Lord Erskine, and his keeping the first guinea he had ever earned in his profession enshrined in a little case, into which he used sometimes to peep at it, Lord Lansdowne told of his having dined one day with Lord Erskine just after his recovery from some complaint, of which he had been cured by two leeches; his launching out in praise of those leeches, and at last starting up and ringing the bell, saying, "I'll show them to you;" the leeches then brought up in a bottle, and sent round the table with

the wine. "I call one of them," said Lord Erskine, "Cline and the other Home.[1] The manner in which Lord Lansdowne imitated Lord Grenville (who was one of the guests), putting on his spectacles when the leeches came to him, looking gravely into the bottle, and then as gravely passing it on, was highly comical.

March 27th. Breakfasted at R.'s [Rogers's]. Found there Barry Cornwall and Charles Murray. Proctor's stories of Charles Lamb. His excluding from his library the works of Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, etc., and substituting for them the heroes of the "Dunciad," of whose writings he has made a collection. His saying, in his odd stammering way, on ——'s making some remark, "Johnson has said worse things than that;" then, after a pause, adding, "and better."

R.'s story of the parson who was called upon suddenly to preach to some invalid establishment; poor, maimed creatures, hardly one of them able to get over a stile; and the only sermon he happened to have with him, and which he preached, was one against *foreign travel*.

28th. . . . Stories of instinct in animals, carrier pigeons, etc. "I am told," says Luttrell, "a man who buys a flock of Welsh sheep never sees them again; they all go back to Carnarvonshire that night." Story of a man putting a crown-piece under a stone, and

[1] The great surgeons of the day, Mr. Cline and Sir Everard Home. [J.R.]

sending a dog back a great distance to fetch it; delay of the dog; returned at last with the crown in a purse. A man had seen him turning up the stone, and took the piece from him; but the dog saw him put it in his purse, and never left him till he had it back again.

Story of the man in the Highlands who buried his wife, and as was the custom, read the funeral service over her himself; the same night, as he was sitting lonely by the fire, heard a knock—"That's Mary's knock; go and open the door." His opening it himself and finding it *was* his wife, who had been brought to life (according to the story) by the sexton endeavouring to cut the ring off her finger.

29th. . . . Dinner at Longmans; Barnes grown most perilously corpulent. On putting a large bludgeon, which he brought with him, in the corner, he said, "There's my Conservative stick;" and added, "they have threatened to knock me on the head going over the bridge."

"They!" I exclaimed, "who are *they?*" not knowing whether it was Greyites or Ultras that had menaced him.

"The people of the Rotunda," he answered. "I have had mobs of them in the Square."

Company: besides Corry, his nephew, and myself, M'Culloch and Barnes. Sat drinking port till eleven o'clock, Barnes owning he "loved wine." On my mentioning what Charles Lamb said, told a similar sort of saying of his—"You have no mock modesty about you, nor real either."

April 1st. . . . Had visits to pay and Rogers said he would walk with me. In our various talk he remarked what amusing memoirs I might write of my

own life! told him I had long anticipated doing so, as a provision for those I should leave behind me; and if I could but once make a beginning, I should be sure, I thought, to go on with it, as I intended to take no pains with the style, but let it run on *à plume courante*, like a letter. . . .

Dined at the Speaker's. . . . Bankes's story of the little girl stopping with awe and amazement on seeing a chariot stop at a door opposite, in which there were three or four skeletons seated in various fantastic attitudes, with their laps full of liver and lights. It happened to be the day on which the sale of the great surgeon Heaviside's effects took place; and this was a coach full of his anatomical preparations going to an auction room.

Jekyll's saying, when it was mentioned that the Russians, during their stay in England, eat up great quantities of tallow candles, that it was a species of food, "bad for the liver but good for the lights."

The Speaker said, that in the riots at Wigan this year, the mob, in plundering the house of their member, got possession of his will, and read it aloud at the market-cross, whereby several near and dear relations, having found that they were entirely cut off in his will, there had been nothing but dissensions in the family ever since.

2nd. . . . Heard an anecdote (this morning, I think) from Robinson, which is interesting, as showing, what I have never doubted, that poetry is a far more matter-of-fact thing than your people who are only matter-of-fact, can understand or allow. Goëthe told Robinson that his description of the carnival at Rome, which is accounted one of his most delightful writings,

had its origin in the following manner: Goëthe's lodgings were on the Corso, and being solitary and *ennuyé*, he amused himself by taking notes exactly of all that passed before his eyes during the Carnival; and from these matter-of-fact notes, without any additions from fancy, he afterwards composed his description.

3rd. . . . Talking of success in college; how far it is a promise of future eminence. A number of persons mentioned, now distinguishing themselves (particularly in the law), who carried off honours at the university. Lord Grey distinguished at college. Anecdote of his being punished for knocking down a man in a row. Had been with some other young fellows to hear a speech of Burke's (where?), and was reciting the speech through the streets, drunk. His eloquent apology before the college authorities when brought up for his offence, extorting from his judge the expression, "*Melius sic pœnituisse quam non errasse.*"

Luttrell's story of a tailor who used to be seen attending the Greek lectures constantly; and when some one noticed it to him as odd, the tailor saying modestly, that he knew too well what became his station to intrude himself as an auditor on any of those subjects of which, from his rank in life he must be supposed to be ignorant; but really (he added) at a *Greek* lecture I think we are pretty much on a par.

6th. Breakfasted at Lord John's. . . . Sydney Smith told of Leslie,[1] the Scotch philosopher, once

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[1] Sir John Leslie, famous for his discoveries in relation to the radiation of heat. He contributed to the "Edinburgh Review"

complaining to him that Jeffrey had "damned the North Pole." Leslie had called upon Jeffrey just as the latter was going out riding, to explain some point (in an article for the "Edinburgh Review," I believe) concerning the North Pole; and Jeffrey, who was in a hurry, exclaimed impatiently, as he rode off, "Damn the North Pole!" This Leslie complained of to Sydney, who entered gravely into his feelings, and told him in confidence that he had himself heard Jeffrey "speak disrespectfully of the equator."

Left Lord John's with Sydney and Luttrell; and when we got to Cockspur Street (having laughed all the way) we were all three seized with such convulsions of cachinnation at something (I forget what) which Sydney said, that we were obliged to separate, and reel each his own way with the fit. I thought if any one that knew us happened to be looking how it would amuse them.

7th. . . . In talking of different races and the proportionate predominence of the father and mother in the mind, complexion, etc. of the progeny (the Mintos, for instance; some of whom are very fair like one parent, and others almost black like the other). Rogers mentioned an observation of John Hunter's that wherever there was but one boy with a number of sisters the boy was sure to be effeminate; and John Hunter used to give it as a proof of Homer's knowledge of human nature that he makes the cowardly youth, Dolon, in the night scene, "sole brother of five sisters."

May 28th. . . . In speaking of French readings,

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an article on "The attempt to discover a north-west passage." He died this year at his house, 62, Queen Street, Edinburgh.

great object in sending him abroad is to disengage his mind from the strong wish to *write* by which he is haunted; eternally making efforts to produce something without being able to bring his mind collectively to bear upon it—the *multum cupit*; *nihil potest.* Alas! Alas!"[1]

16th. . . . In talking of the difference of present times from the former ones [Rogers] mentioned the circumstance of Charles II. attending the House of Lords' debates, standing with his back to the fire, and interrupting sometimes the members in their speeches (where is this mentioned?). Queen Anne, too, going to hear the debates (?).

Showed me a curious passage in the introduction to Fox's History, where the present demand of the people for an entirely popular House of Commons is foreseen and deprecated. . . .

Found a kind note from Mrs. Lockhart to say how happy they would be to have me; and having left Tom at the Powers', dined with Sir Walter. The day interesting on his account; and had it been in his better times, I should have had many a lively tale to enrich these pages with; but he spoke little. In talking of a novel which he had sent to Scott, L. said it was no matter how bad a book was; if it had but a story in it, Scott would read every word of it; and to this Sir Walter pleaded guilty very amusingly.

17th. Breakfast with Rogers. . . . Campbell

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[1] Scott was about leaving on the voyage to the Mediterranean, from which he returned to die in the following year.

mentioned how his vanity was once mortified on giving his address to some Scotch bookseller:

"Campbell!" said the man; "pray, sir, may you be the great Campbell?"

"Who do you call the great Campbell?" said Tom, putting on a modest look.

"Why, John Campbell, the African traveller, to be sure," answered the other.

In talking of getting into awkward scrapes at dinner tables, Lady Dunmore mentioned a circumstance of the kind in which Rogers himself was concerned. It was at the time when Madame de Staël was expected in London, and somebody at table (there being always a large party) asked when she was likely to arrive.

"Not till Miss Edgeworth has gone," replied Rogers; "Madame de Staël would not like two stars shining at the same time."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when he saw a gentleman rise at the other end of the table and say in a solemn tone,

"*Madame la Baronne de Staël est incapable d'une telle bassesse.*"

It was Auguste de Staël, her son, whom Rogers had never seen.

Left Rogers's with Campbell, who told me, as we walked along, the friendly service Rogers had just done him by consenting to advance £500, which Campbell wants at the moment to purchase a share in the new (Metropolitan) magazine, of which he is the editor, the opportunity, if let slip now, being wholly lost to him. Campbell had offered as security an estate worth four or five thousand pounds, which he had in Scotland, but R. had very generously said that he did not want security.

remembered having read it somewhere, and sending her page for a volume of Le Grand's "Fabliaux," they found it.

In talking of pictures, R. mentioned Lord Carhampton saying to some one who asked him whether he would like to see a very fine picture of Poussin's, "Why, yes, and if it *is* a fine picture, I had just as lieve it had been painted by any one else."

October 9th. . . . Rogers told an anecdote of the Empress Catherine, which Lord St. Helen's had related to him. At one of her private parties, when she was as usual walking about from card-table to card-table looking at the players, she suddenly rang the bell for her page, but he did not come; she looked agitated and impatient, and rang again, but still no page appeared. At length she left the room, and did not again return; and conjecture was of course busy as to what might be the fate of the inattentive page. Shortly after, however, some one having occasion to go into the ante-chamber of the pages, found a party of them at cards and the Empress seated playing along with them. The fact was, she had found that the page she rang for was so interested in the game he was engaged in, that he could not leave it to attend to her summons, and accordingly she had quietly taken his hand for him to play it out, while he went on his errand. So meekly can they who have the power of life and death over those around them sometimes deal with their slaves. Lord St. Helen's himself was one of the Empress's company on the occasion.

1833.

FEBRUARY 2ND TO 4TH. Sydney Smith called at Sloperton and was very good-natured in admiring and praising everything; said afterwards that it gratified him to see genius so well lodged, and that he had found a good motto for my house, "*Ingenium bene habitat.*"

6th. Talking of the bread they were now about to make out of sawdust, Sydney said people would soon have *sprigs* growing out of them. Young ladies, in dressing for a ball, would say, "Mamma, I'm beginning to sprout."

Spoke of derivations of different words; nincompoop, from *non compos;* cock-a-hoop, from the taking of the cock out of the barrel of ale, and setting it on the hoop to let the ale flow merrily. Talbot, by-the-bye, has since suggested that it was from a game cock put on his metal with his *houppe* erect.

Quoted an excellent *mot* of somebody to Fontenelle, on the latter saying that he flattered himself that he had a good heart. "Yes, my dear Fontenelle, you have as good a heart as can be made out of brains."

In talking with Hallam afterwards, I put it to him, why it was that this short way of expressing truths did not do with the world, often as it has been tried, even Rochefoucald being kept alive chiefly by his ill-nature.

Lord L. mentioned Mrs. Siddons saying one day, when looking over the statues at Lansdowne House, that the first thing that suggested to her the mode of expressing intensity of feeling was the position of some Egyptian statues, with the arms close down at the side and the hands clenched. This implied a more intellectual feeling as to her art than I had ever given Mrs. Siddons

credit for. To be sure, if ever a great actor or actress had that feeling, she (the greatest *I* had ever seen) ought to have been inspired with it; but in my opinion none have. It is not an intellectual art. She was a dull woman.

March 1st. . . . A letter from Lord John this morning as follows:—

"DEAR MOORE,

"Here is for your 'black and woolly[1] already' if it be yours; more sense and less poetry.

"Yours truly,

"J. R."

(*Lord John's Verses.*)

"THE IRISH ——

"In Genoa 'tis said that a jewel of yore,
Clear, large, and resplendent, ennobled the shrine,
Where the faithful in multitudes flock'd to adore;
And the emerald was pure, and the saint was divine.

"But the priest who attended the altar was base,
And the faithful who worshipp'd besotted and blind;
He put a green glass in the emerald's place,
And the multitude still in mute worship inclined.

"So Ireland had once a fair gem of pure water,
When Grattan and Charlemont wept with her sorrow;
But a token of glass her new patriots have brought her,
'Tis a jewel to-day—'twill be shiver'd to-morrow."

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[1] The burden of my verses. [J.R.]

March 6th. . . . Bryan told of ——, one of the new Irish members, that having, at his election, bantered a butter merchant who came to vote against him, asking at what side of the firkin of butter he put the stone as a make weight, the fellow, after giving him some answers, said, "And now, Mr. ——, let me ask you a question; which was it, the leaders or the wheelers you held that night your father robbed the mail?"

25th. . . . Story of a Scotch divine, well known for his being a *seccatore* in his preaching, who, having been caught one day in a shower going to church, was complaining to a friend of being very wet; "Well, Geordie," said the friend, "only get up in the pulpit, and ye'll be dry enough."

31st. . . . Was told of a smart thing by Alvanley respecting an exquisite bachelor's box, fitted up it appears, in the most ornamented style, but where, it also appears, there is never by any chance a dinner given. "I should like a little less gilding and more carving," said Alvanley.

Luttrell mentioned rather an amusing quaintness he had heard somewhere lately. In speaking of some young man just come of age, it was said, "he had nothing to do, and a great deal of money to do it *with*."

April 2nd. Walking with G—— D—— he mentioned having met Talleyrand[1] yesterday, and his sayings of

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[1] Talleyrand was at this time 80 years of age.

some woman that L—— was praising as having *beaucoup d'esprit.* "*Oui beaucoup d'esprit, beaucoup; elle ne s'en sert jamais.*

Talked over some of Talleyrand's *mots;* his replying to—(I forget who, some notorious reprobate[1]), who had said to T.,

"*Je n'ai fait qu'une seule méchanceté dans ma vie.*"

"*Et celle là,*" answered Talleyrand, "*quand finira-t-elle.*

His sitting by M.'s bed when the latter was in great agony and thought to be dying, "*Je sens les tourmens de l'enfer*" said M.; "*Déjà?*" answered Talleyrand. Of the same nature was another on some occasion when M., very ill, had fallen on the floor, and was grasping violently at it with his hands. "*Il veut absolument descendre,*" said T.

June 1st to 8th. Talking of strange texts for sermons, the following were mentioned:—"Take it by the tail," from *Exodus* ("Put forth thine hand and take it by the tail"); the argument founded upon it being that we must judge of God's providence by the event. "Old shoes and clouted" (*Joshua* ix.), which I forget what the preacher made of; and "Top not come down," from *Matthew* ("Let him which in the house-top not come down"), which was taken as a text for a sermon against ladies' "top-knots."

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[1] Said to be Rivarol [J.R.] Count Anthony de Rivarol, a brilliant satirical writer and raconteur, who flourished at Paris as a journalist during twenty years at the close of the last century.

August 4th. . . . Told of Coleridge's riding about in a strange shabby dress, with I forget whom, at Keswick, and on some company approaching them, Coleridge offered to fall behind, and pass for his companion's servant. "No," said the other, "I am proud of you as a friend; but, I must say, I should be ashamed of you as a servant."

September 7th. Breakfasted at Brookes's and received there a young American, Mr. Ritchie, who brought me a letter of introduction from Washington Irving. After saying in it that he had been on a tour to some of their most wild and beautiful scenes, Irving adds that he has settled himself in a snug rural box of his own, and that Mrs. Moore will, he is sure, be rejoiced to hear that he has got in the neighbourhood of Sleepy Hollow. This is in allusion to Bessy having often laughed at him for his habit of falling asleep after dinner.

11th. Breakfasted at Moore's, to meet the famous and anonymous caricaturist, H. B.;[1] a brother-in-law of his also of the party. H. B. (who is an Irish artist), a very sensible and gentleman-like person, and it was not a little interesting to hear his history of the course of the *anonyme*, the guesses, risks of discovery, etc. Told him of Rogers, Wilkie, and myself having been employed the night before one in looking over his caricatures, and comparing them with Gilray's. He

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[1] John Doyle, whose productions are described in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," as "though thin and weakly, inaugurating the style of political caricature which obtains, with few variations, at the present time."

was evidently anxious to know what Wilkie thought of them, and I told him pretty nearly the general result of our comparison; which was that, with the exception of one or two things ("George the Third, with Napoleon in his hand," being of the number) we all agreed there was a quiet power about his caricatures, producing as they did their effect without any extravagance or ill-nature, which set them, in a very important respect, far above Gilray's.

October 1st. . . . In speaking of Sir W. Petty's double-bottomed ship, which was meant to be capable of sailing against wind and tide, but which, after one successful voyage, went down, Bowles told me that the last Lord Lansdowne thought he had found out why the contrivance failed, and constructed a ship accordingly, which he put to sea in himself from Southampton, asking Bowles to accompany him. He had persuaded a German and a Frenchman to accompany him, and as the ship sailed from the shore, the people on the beach cried out, "She'll be over; she'll be over; she's over, by G—d!" which was actually the case, the ship having capsized before they got many yards from the shore, the noble inventor and his companions being thrown out into the mud, where, to make the ridicule the greater, Lord Lansdowne began to speechify to the German and Frenchman, making a thousand apologies for having brought them into that condition.[1] . . .

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[1] Sir William Petty, the political economist, was the founder of the Lansdowne family. He died in 1687. A drawing of the model of the "sluice boat" or "double bottom"—anticipating

Mr. Salmon mentioned having heard Jekyll make a quotation in one of his speeches, which he could never trace to its source. The subject was the employment of two physicians instead of one, as a means of making death doubly sure. The one physician was compared to a single scull, in rowing,

> "But two physicians, like a pair of oars,
> Waft us more swiftly to the Stygian shores."

14th. . . . Lord Lansdowne mentioned having been once at a lecture of Owen's, at the time when he first began his operations, and there were among his auditors, on this occasion, besides bishops and archbishops, one of the royal princes, the Duke of Gloucester, I believe. For the purpose of better explaining his views of society, Owen[1] had prepared small pieces of metal of different sizes, to represent

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the plan of the "Calais Douvres"—is to be found in Lord Edward Fitzmaurice's recently published "Life of Sir W. Petty;" and an ancient model of a ship on that plan, now in the Naval Museum at Greenwich, is conjecturally that of Petty's "Experiment." Petty had an immense faith in his invention. "The fitte of the double bottom," he writes to Southwell, "do return very fiercely upon me. I cannot be persuaded but that it contains most glorious, pleasant, and useful things." The result of several trials of the "Experiment" in harbour, in 1684, was that "she performed so abominably, as if built on purpose to disappoint in the highest degree, every particular that was expected of her;" and the seamen swore they would not venture over the bar in her for £1,000 a man.

[1] Richard Owen, the naturalist.

the various classes of the community, and the relative value which they bore as parts of the whole, and began by apologising to the illustrious Duke for the very small bit of metal that represented royalty on the occasion.

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15th. . . . Lord L. told of some old woman who was shocked at being called a "noun-substantive." The *caller* of names had tried all possible terms of reproach—"wretch," "old devil," etc., etc., but nothing produced any effect till the word "noun-substantive" was applied, the *ignotus pro horrifico* was then fully exemplified.

In talking of the general spread of information, and of a certain degree of artificial cleverness that is now in progress, which will ultimately raise the whole state of society to the same level, and render *distinction* a rare phenomenon, Smith told of a conversation he had once with Talleyrand on this point. Referring to the number of clever men in all walks that used to appear in France, he asked, "*Qu'est elle devenue cette classe d'hommes de lettres?*" "*Vous voulez que je vous dise*" (answered Talleyrand) "*ce qu'elle est devenue; elle est devenue tout le monde.*" This was well said and true, but what is ultimately to come of such a state of things it is hard to conjecture.

In talking of Frere,[1] Smith told a *mot* of his I had not heard before. Madame de —— having said, in her intense style, "I should like to be married in English, in a language in which vows are so faithfully kept." Some one asked Frere, "What language, I wonder, was

[1] Presumably Bartholomew Frere, diplomatist, who retired on a pension in 1821.

she married in?" "*Broken English*, I suppose," answered Frere.

16th. . . . In talking of O'Connell, of the mixture there is in him of high and low, formidable and contemptible, mighty and mean, Smith summed up all by saying, "The only way to deal with such a man is to hang him up, and erect a statue to him under his gallows." This *balancing* of the account is admirable.

24th. At breakfast Mr. Grenville told some amusing things. In talking of Baron de Rolle (a follower of the exiled Bourbons) whom I met a good deal at Donington Park told of De Rolle when on a visit at the Staffords'. Lady Stafford wishing, one day, to get rid of him, pointing to a mountain at a distance which she told him was very curious, and advising him to go and see it: "*Vous aurez un petit cabriolet, et cela sera fort agréable!*" "*Ah! Miladi*," replied De Rolle, holding up his hands in a supplicatory posture, "*Je suis Suisse; j'ai tant vu de montagnes.*"

Mentioned a good trait of Bourbon character that, when Charles Dix was at one time shooting in Lincolnshire, whenever they came to any of those wet ditches or pools which abound there, and the rest of the party were floundering through as well as they could, a *chasseur* who attended the Comte d'Artois always stepped forward, and, laying himself down as a bridge across a puddle, was walked over by his royal master as unconcernedly as if he was a plank made expressly for such purposes.

Talked of the Americans; the aristocratic distinctions

they have among themselves, and their looking up to what they call "the high social class." A story Cooper (the novelist) told Lord Lansdowne, as a proof of their passion for races. In their anxiety on this occasion for the success of a favourite horse, which had failed for want of a good rider, they looked round for some one worthy to mount him, and fixed on an eminent bank director at Philadelphia, who was famous for his good riding. A deputation waited upon him; he declined, and a purse was made up by subscription, which, being of a large amount, the bank director could not resist it, and accordingly rode and won the prize.

This story from Cooper of all people! What would he have said or done, if it had been told in England by any one else?

Lord L. mentioned also, that on one occasion, when Cooper dined with him, some one (whose name he would not give us) had the bad taste to relate before Cooper a circumstance which he said had been told to him as having occurred once in Congress. This was, that in the warmth of discussion, one of the members walked across the floor, and spat in another's face. Cooper acknowledged that the story was true, but said, rather indignantly, "You should have added, however, in justice, that though he certainly did spit in his face, the other immediately knocked him down."

30th. . . . In talking of Sir Walter Scott's rapid and careless manner of writing, Lardner mentioned that, in sending to him (Lardner) the MS. of his "History of Scotland," he begged that he would be so kind as to "throw in a few dates and authorities."

31st. . . . Le Marchant told some stories of Erskine rather amusing. His being sent for on some important case tried in the country; arriving the evening before the trial, and finding Serjeant ——, the counsel who sent for him, waiting dinner for him. The Serjeant anxiously endeavouring to explain to him the merits of the cause; but Erskine, impatient of his learned brother's prosing, and appearing much more interested in discussing several bottles of wine, which they finished between them. The Serjeant's uneasiness the next morning; his sense of the great responsibility he had taken upon himself in bringing down Erskine, and his panic at the failure which he thought could not but take place from Erskine's total ignorance of the case. Then his joyful surprise in court, at the luminous statement which broke forth from Erskine, showing that he had at once fathomed the whole question from the few hints to which he had the night before so impatiently listened; the complete triumph of the cause, and the gratitude of the party concerned to the Serjeant for calling in the aid of such a man.

November 3rd. . . . Luttrell's story of some Irish lady who had been travelling with her family, and on being asked whether they had been at *Aix*, answered, "Oh, yes! indeed, very much at our *ase* everywhere."

Dedel[1] told of the wife of some ambassador (I forget her name)[2] coming to dinner, and on her passing through

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[1] The Dutch Minister.

[2] Not the wife of an ambassador, but the Duchess de Grammont, sister of the Duc de Choiseul. [J.R.]

the ante-room where Talleyrand was standing, he looked up and exclaimed significantly, "Ah!" In the course of the dinner, the lady having asked him across the table why he had uttered the exclamation of "Oh!" on her entrance, Talleyrand, with a grave self-vindicatory look, answered,

"*Madame, je n'ai pas dit oh! j'ai dit Ah!*"

Comical, very, without one's being able to define why it is so.

4th. . . . Two or three imitations of Lord Blayney[1] after dinner. His speech at a public meeting, proposing some person's health, and concluding with, "I have only to add, sir, that the Blayney steam packet sails to-morrow morning, and all particulars about passage, etc., are to be had of so and so." This packet was a speculation chiefly of my lord's, which he took that opportunity of puffing.

5th. Dined with George Keppel. Company: Captain Ross (the nephew), Pigow, Cockerell, and Stevenson. Ross gave us a few interesting particulars of the late expedition; the manner in which they saw the savages amputate a man's leg above the knee, seating him on the ice, and then knocking him down so as to snap off the limb; the revolting ugliness and filth of the women; did not find time hang heavy; the interest they took in their nightly observations occupied their minds.

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[1] Author of a "Narrative of a Forced Journey through Spain and France, as a Prisoner of War in the years 1810 to 1814." His capture was the result of a rash attempt upon Malaga with a small hybrid force, half of which were Spaniards, who ran away.

12th. . . . Allen told some anecdotes of Burns; his saying at some public dinner, during the feverish times of Jacobinism, on being asked for a toast, "I'll give you a Bible toast: the last verse of the last chapter of the last book of Kings."[1] On another occasion, having to give a toast before some high Tories, he said to the chairman,

"You agree that Lords should have their privileges?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, then, I'll give you the privileges of the Lords of the Creation."

13th. . . . Some good stories of Erskine told by Jekyll. His ignorance of French, and the adventures that happened to him during a trip to France in consequence. His asking some French people, to whom he and his companion the Serjeant had been introduced, to dine with them, and insisting on writing the notes of invitation himself. On the day fixed, which was Wednesday, nobody came. "This is all some mistake of yours, Erskine, with your French," said the Serjeant; but Erskine insisted that his notes were all right, and then, after a little pause, added, "Isn't *Vendredi* French for Wednesday?" He had asked them all for Friday.

14th. . . . A note from Sydney, fixing to call upon me, and containing a bill of fare, which he had

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[1] 2 *Kings* xxv. 30. "And his allowance was a continual allowance given him by the King, a daily rate for every day, all the days of his life." The meaning of Mr. Allen evidently was that Burns wished to see the end of kings, but it is curious that this last verse should be capable of a totally different interpretation. [J.R.]

suggested to Mrs. Longman as proper for her entomological guests to-day, Spence and Kirby; to wit, flea-pâtés, earthworms on toast, caterpillars crawling in cream and removing themselves, etc., etc. Called upon me in a hackney coach. . . .

In talking of the fun he had had in the early times of the "Edinburgh Review," mentioned an article on Ritson, which he and Brougham had written together; and one instance of their joint contribution was as follows:—"We take for granted" (wrote Brougham) "that Mr. Ritson supposes Providence to have had some share in producing him—though for what inscrutable purposes (wrote Sydney) we profess ourselves unable to conjecture."[1]

Sung in the evening, and came away earlyish. The road up to Longmans being rather awkward, we had desired the hackney coachman to wait for us at the bottom. "It would never do" (said S.) "when your memoirs come to be written, to have it said, 'He went to dine at the house of the respectable publishers, Longman and Co., and being overturned on his way back, was crushed to death by a large clergyman.'"[2]

19th. . . . Campbell looking (for a gentleman in

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[1] Joseph Ritson, literary antiquarian and editor, who died in 1803; chiefly known by his collection of ancient English songs. He was alike remarkable for his barren, rugged, affected style, and the contemptuous tone he assumed towards his adversaries in his criticisms.

[2] Longman lived at Greenhill House, Hampstead. For fifty years he went to town and returned home on horseback, daily. One morning his horse fell in St. Pancras, and his death ensued from a fractured skull.

a wig)[1] juvenile and fresh. Talking of dog-Latin, gave a specimen of a conversation he had heard (or heard of) between an Irish priest and a foreigner in Latin. One of them, speaking of a friend he had dined with, called him "*Diabolicus bonus socius;*" and the other said, "*Vinciar habetatis bonum vinum.*" Campbell defied us to find out what he meant, but I saw it immediately, "I'll be bound you had good wine."

1834.

AUGUST 7TH. . . . In the course of the day Phillips related a circumstance, as having happened to Lord Castlereagh, which was evidently a *rifaccimento* of a story which I have often told of an event that occurred to myself. People are so fond, when they meet with a stray story of getting some *high peg* to hang it upon. I have not now time to relate the particulars, but it was concerning a dead robber, whom my uncle and myself found lying on the road, in returning early one morning from Sandymount to Dublin. He had been shot just under the eye, and there was no other mark than the small hole through which the bullet had entered. An old woman, who was looking down at the body the same time with us, said, "It was the blessing of God it didn't hit his eye."

To Evans's the bookseller, who showed me an autograph of Napoleon's letter to Louis XVIII., when the

[1] Barry Cornwall says that Campbell "wore a wig, which, on one occasion, he tore off, and said to Leigh Hunt, who jested at him, 'By gad, you villain, I'll throw my laurels at you.'"

former was First Consul, and when Louis addressed a sort of canvassing letter to him: "You must not think," says Napoleon, in his answer, "of coming into France. If you do, *vous marcherez sur cinq cent mille cadavres.*" He then adds, "You may be assured of my doing all in my power *pour assurer la tranquillité de votre rétraite.*" One of the sentences is dashed out impatiently with the pen, and another interlined, but not legibly, that which was meant to be expunged being by far the more legible of the two. Might not this have been his rough copy?

September 16th. . . . Sydney, at dinner, and after, in full force; sometimes high comedy, sometimes farce; both perfect in their ways. Describing a dinner at Longmans; Rees carving *plerumque secat res.* Talking of the bad effects of late hours, and saying of some distinguished diner-out that there would be on his tomb, "He dined late"—"and died early," rejoined Luttrell.

18th. At breakfast Sydney enumerated and acted the different sorts of hand-shaking there are to be met with in society. The digitory or one finger, exemplified in Brougham, who puts forth his fore finger and says, with his northern accent, "How are you?" The *sepulchral* or *mortemain*, which was Mackintosh's manner, laying his open palm flat and coldly against yours. The *high-official*, the Archbishop of York's, who carries your hand aloft on a level with his forehead. The *rural* or *vigorous* shake, etc., etc.

In talking of the remarkable fact that women in general bear pain much better than men, I said that allowing everything that could be claimed for the superior patience and self-command of women, still the main solution of their enduring pain better than men was their having less physical sensibility. This theory of mine was immediately exclaimed against (as it always is whenever I sport it) as disparaging, ungenerous, unfounded, etc., etc. I offered to put it to the test by bringing in a hot tea-pot, which I would answer for the ladies of the party being able to hold for a much longer time than the men. This set Sydney off most comically upon my cruelty to the female part of the creation and the practice I had in such experiments. "He has been all his life," he said, "trying the sex with hot tea-pots; the burning ploughshare was nothing to it. I think I hear his terrific tones in a *tête-à-tête*, 'Bring in the tea-pot.'"

November 2nd to 9th. . . . During my visit to town, Rogers, one day, in speaking of Brougham and remarking how well he often put some points in his speeches, gave as an instance what he had said in a late speech, on the subject of very young men at college signing the thirty-nine articles; says that "they swallowed them first and digested them afterwards." On hearing this, I could not help quietly putting in a claim for my own property, which the thought in question decidedly was, as not more than a week before Brougham made this speech, my verses on Phillpot's famous explanation of the *signing* had appeared in "The Times," and that Brougham must have read these verses, his

immediate interest in the subject was a sufficient guarantee. In that short squib are the two following lines:—

> "Both in dining and signing we take the same plan,
> First swallow all down, then digest as we can."

. . . It is hard when a great gun like the Chancellor condescends to discharge one of my pellets from his muzzle, that the original pop-gun should be forgotten. But so it is; station makes all the difference, even in a joke, and Shakespeare was for once wrong when he said, "A jest's prosperity lies not in the tongue of him who makes it," for it does sometimes lie wholly there.

1835.

FEBRUARY 20TH. . . . Wordsworth, in giving me an account of the sort of society he has in his neighbourhood in the country, and saying that he rarely went out to dinner, gave a very intelligible picture of the sort of thing it must be when he *does* go out. "The conversation," he said, "may be called *catechetical;* for as they do me the honour to wish to know my opinion on the different subjects, they ask me questions and I am induced to answer them at great length, till I become quite tired." And so he does, I'll warrant him; nor is it possible to edge in a word, at least in a *tête-à-tête*, till he *does* get tired. I was, however, very well pleased to be a listener.

24th. . . . Canova said of the numerous portraits painted of himself, that they were all different; and the

reason was that each artist mixed up, unconsciously, something of his own features with the resemblance. On Eastlake's mentioning this to Thorwaldsen, the latter said this was particularly the case with the heads done by Canova, as they were all like his own—"*fin' ai cavalli.*"

27th. Dined at Holland House. . . Found there Burdett and Lord Plunkett, and, about the middle of dinner, came Lord John in his frock-coat from the House, not having had time to dress. . . . Talked of the . . . curious and disgraceful circumstance of our famous McN——,[1] in Dublin, having been for many years in the pay of the Government, and regularly reporting to them the proceedings of the Liberals and United Irishmen he habitually lived with. . . . I remember "Charming Clorinda" was one of the things I used to envy him being the author of. McN—— was lame (having a dislocated hip), and Plunkett told me the story of a limping man asking Keller (I think) one day in the Court, "Did you see McN—— go this way?" "By G—d, I never saw him go otherwise," answered Keller. It is said to have been in a duel that

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[1] Leonard McNally. A pension of £300 was granted to him in 1815; "for special services," says Madden ("United Irishmen"); performed long previously, of which his legal associate, Curran, was in ignorance at that period. He had suffered several serious physical injuries, both his legs and arms differed from each other. He was nearly shot in a duel with Sir Jonah Barrington, whose bullet flattened against the buckle of McNally's suspenders. He fell, exclaiming, "I'm hit!" but proved to be more frightened than hurt. "By Jove," said the surgeon in attendance, "you are the only rogue I ever knew *saved by the gallows*," a common term for braces in Ireland.

McN—— received the wound in the hip that lamed him; and on a subsequent occasion, when he was again going out to fight a friend of his, when he was on the way to the ground, called him back, and said gravely to him, "I advise you, Mac, to turn the other hip to him; who knows but he may shoot you straight."

March 28th to 30th. . . . One of the things Luttrell wrote [in a little album belonging to Wordsworth's daughter], was the following epitaph on a man who was run over by an omnibus:—

"Killed by an omnibus—Why not?
So quick a death a boon is;
Let not his friends lament his lot—
Mors omnibus communis."

As an instance of a very close translation, he gave me the following of his own from the well-known Greek epigram, *χρυσον ανηρ εύρων*, etc.

"A thief found gold and left a rope; but he who could not find
The gold he left, tied on the rope the thief had left behind."

June 1st to 9th. . . . Among other happy sarcasms of Redmond Barry[1] on John Crampton, he said once in answer to Corry, who was praising Crampton's

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[1] Afterwards Sir Redmond Barry. He went to the Bar in 1838, and the following year left for New South Wales.

performance of some particular character a night or two before, "Yes, he played that part pretty well; he *hadn't time to study it.*"

12th to 30th. . . . An anecdote of Dr. Barnes, who is now about ninety-five years of age, rather amused me. Being sometimes (as even younger men might be) inclined to sleep a little during sermons, a friend who was with him in his pew one Sunday lately, having joked with him on his having nodded now and then, Barnes insisted that he had been awake all the time.

"Well, then," said his friend, "can you tell me what the sermon has been about?"

"Yes, I can," he answered, "it was about half-an-hour too long."

It is possible this joke may be older than Barnes himself, but I don't remember hearing it before.

August 7th. To Liverpool by the railroad; a grand mode of travelling, though, as we were told, ours was but a poor specimen of it, as we took an hour and a half to do the thirty-two miles, which rarely requires more than an hour and a quarter or twenty minutes. The motion so easy that I found I could write without any difficulty *chemin faisant.*

13th. [At Dublin.] Drove about a little in Mrs.

Meara's car accompanied by Hume,[1] and put in practice what I had long been contemplating, a visit to No. 12, Aungier Street, the house in which I was born. On accosting the man who stood at the door, and asking him whether he was the owner of the house, he looked rather gruffly and suspiciously at me, and answered, "Yes;" but the moment I mentioned who I was, adding it was the house I was born in, and that I wished to be permitted to look through the rooms, his countenance brightened up with the most cordial feelings, and seizing me by the hand, he pulled me along to the small room behind the shop (where we used to breakfast in old times), exclaiming to his wife, who was sitting there, in a voice tremulous with feeling, "Here's Sir Thomas Moore, who was born in this house, come to ask us to let him see the rooms, and it's proud I am to have him under the old roof."

He then without delay, and entering at once into my feelings, led me through every part of the house, beginning with the small old yard and its appurtenances, then the little dark kitchen where I used to have my bread and milk in the morning before I went to school; from thence to the front and back drawing-rooms, the former looking more large and respectable than I could have expected, and the latter, with its little closet where I remember such gay supper parties, both room and closet fuller than they could well hold, and Joe Kelly and Wesley Doyle singing away together so sweetly. The bedrooms and garrets were next visited, and the only material alteration I observed in them was the removal of the wooden partition by which a little corner

[1] Arthur Hume.

was separated off from the back bedroom (in which the two apprentices slept) to form a bedroom for me. . . . I must say, that if a man had [redacted] got up specially to conduct me through such a scene, it could not have been done with more tact, sympathy, and intelligent feeling than it was by this plain, honest grocer; for, as I remarked to Hume, as we entered the shop, "only think, a grocer's still."[1]

14th. . . . Was introduced to a gentleman (I forget now his name), and to his wife and daughter, who told me that they were in possession of a very curious relic of my younger days, namely, the first notation I made in pencilling of the "Canadian Boat Song" in going down the river St. Lawrence. Told them that I had not been in the least aware of the existence of such a thing, and that it would be as great a curiosity to myself as it would be to anyone else. On my expressing a wish to see it, told me that they would bring it to town for the purpose. . . .

15th. Called at one o'clock at Millikin's according to appointment. The gentleman himself came alone, bringing the autograph, which is *bonâ fide* my own. One of my travelling companions (for we were three) in going down the St. Lawrence, was Hackness, the son of a rich merchant in Dublin, and is now, I believe,

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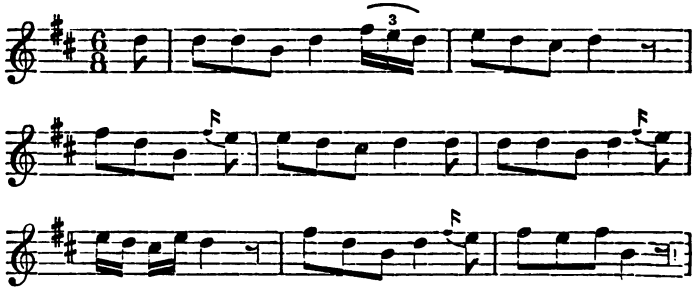
[1] And three or four years since a grocer's still. The interior remained unchanged. An ancient chair stood in the room which was Moore's bed-chamber, and an engraved portrait, which he sent for the purpose subsequent to the visit above recorded, hung upon the wall.

dead. To him I made a present of a book I had with me to read on the way, "Priestley's Lectures on History;" and on a fly-leaf of the book was written the notations of the air, and the French words as follows, for I took a note of them:—

"*En revenant d'un boulanger*
Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
Deux cavaliers très bien montés."



Then follows, written at the same time and in pencilling also, the air as it is *now* (in one flat), and with the English words of the first verse written under the music. This all confirms me in an impression which I have always entertained, though not strongly enough to allow me to lay claim to the air, that the music of the "Canadian Boat Song" is in reality my own, having been merely suggested by the above wild, half-minor melody.

As the gentleman wished me to attest the authenticity of the autograph, I put under it the following:—"Written by me, in descending the river St. Lawrence, during my tour in America, Thomas Moore."

September 2nd. A last sitting to ——; he has had, indeed, but two before, and in all three I had a sculptor (——) working at me on the other side, chisel and pencil both labouring away. Having nothing in my round potato face but what they cannot catch, *i.e.*, mobility of character; the consequence is that a portrait of me can be only one of two very disagreeable things, a *caput mortuum*, or a caricature.

October 25th to 31st. Nothing much worth observing. Found the following fragment of some verses which I began, I believe, more than a year since, when Louis Phillippe was on his way to the *Grand Monarque* tone which he is assuming now:—

PROGRESS OF REFORM.

The current sweeps on, and we're borne on its track;
Every beacon on shore is but glimps'd at and gone;
The desponding look down, and the timid look back,
While Hope points to Liberty's star and looks *on!*

Blest dream! oh, for once may it not be a dream;
For once, in this grasping at Liberty's wreath,
May we find not, like France, that, though flowery it seems,
It is bristling with tyranny's thorns underneath.

November 8th. Bobus gave a new and better reading of Jekyll's joke respecting the day the ceiling fell down, during dinner at Lansdowne House; Jekyll himself having escaped dining there by an appointment to meet the judges. "I had been asked," he said, "to *Ruat Cœlum*, but dined instead with *Fiat Justitia*."

Talking of Kean, I mentioned his having told me that he had eked out his means of living, before he emerged into celebrity, by teaching dancing, fencing, elocution, and boxing. "Elocution and boxing!" replied Bobus, "a word and a blow."

In speaking of the simple force of the old French writers, I quoted Montaigue's saying, in reference to his own habit of walking about when he composed, "*Mes pensées quand je les assis, dorment.*"

December 27th. . . . Lord L. had mentioned to me that Bowles was to preach to-day on the cartoon of the "Draught of Fishes" (he has been going through a series of sermons on the cartoons in the chapel), and hoped I would attend. He told Bowles (as he mentioned to me afterwards) that I meant to attend his sermon, and Bowles said, "I am very glad of it; I do not think there is anything in my sermon that can annoy him. Do you think, my Lord, he is likely to be offended at what I may say about St. Peter?" Poor dear Bowles; he is the cause of many a good-natured laugh at Bowood.

After the sermon (in which he had disposed in the usual manner of the supremacy of St. Peter, the Rock, etc.), he came up to me, to the great astonishment of the lookers-on, and was proceeding with, "I hope there was nothing in my sermon that——" when I interrupted him, laughingly, and said, "My dear Bowles, I am by no means so touchy about St. Peter as you seem to suppose."

1836.

FEBRUARY 24TH. . . . Called upon Rogers. . . . Told me some amusing things, one of which was Theodore Hook saying to some man with whom a bibliopolist dined the other day, and got extremely drunk. "Why, you appear to me to have emptied your wine-cellar into your bookseller."

29th. . . . . A good deal of conversation about Southey . . . who, like myself, makes a point of answering all who write to him; but, unlike me, devotes the better and fresher part of the day (the morning) to this task; whereas I minute myself during the last hour before dinner, to despatch as many of my answers to correspondents as I can scribble through in the interval.

March 1st. Dined at Sir B. Brodie's.[1] . . . . Reminded by Chantrey of my having asked him, when we were on our way from Italy together, "which of all the great painters whose works he had there seen he would most wish to have been," and his answering "Tintoretto." He himself, as he now mentioned, put the same question to Turner, after *his* return from Italy (without at all communicating what had passed between us), and his answer, curiously enough, was exactly the same. Chantrey, in relating the above, seemed to think that if he himself could have given the matter a little

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[1] Brodie lived in the house formerly occupied by Sheridan (when the latter was not lodging at a hotel opposite, and watching his creditors making fruitless inquiries there for him), No. 14, Saville Row.

more consideration at the time when I put the question to him, his answer would have been "Titian."

April 6th. Dined at Miss Rogers's. . . . Sydney Smith highly amusing in the evening. His description of the *dining* process, by which people in London extract all they can from new literary lions, was irresistibly comic. "Here's a new man of genius arrived, put on the stew-pan; fry away; we'll soon get it all out of him."

29th. Went to dine with the Kerrys. . . . . Kerry[1] seriously employed on his life of Sir W. Petty. . . . Showed me a characteristic passage in one of Sir William's letter's, written in answer to somebody who was desirous of obtaining a peerage, and had applied to Petty for advice and aid—"I would rather be a copper farthing of intrinsic value, than a brass half-crown."

31st. Sent off some verses to "The Chronicle." "Erasmus on Earth to Cicero in the Shades," which I thought not bad, though, as usual, not having the most distant idea as to what others may think of them. A few lines which I omitted, as being too serious for the general cast of this trifle, are perhaps worthy of being preserved here. In speaking of the supposed idols in St. Paul's, I went on thus:—

But 'tis really too sad:—in this once pious land,
When the form of some saint touched by Painting's slow hand,
Into grace more than human and looks half divine,
Was all the heart look'd for on Piety's shrine,

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[1] Lord Kerry: he died a few months later.

To exalt its own-picturings high o'er this sphere
To a world where the clouds from around us will clear,
And such bright things shall be what they now but appear.[1]

October 1st. . . . Dined alone at Brookes's, being reminded, both by the weather and the dinner, of Swift's well-turned lines:—

> "On rainy days alone I dine,
> Upon a chick and pint of wine:
> On rainy days I dine alone,
> And pick my chicken to the bone."

4th. . . . Hume's account of his meeting with Sterling (of "The Times") the other day. Sterling (who had somebody walking with him when they met) said banteringly, at the same time opening Hume's waistcoat, "Let us see if you have got the regular Whig badge, the death's-head and cross-bones upon your breast." Hume, without appearing to notice what he had said, quietly took up the skirt of Sterling's coat, and after examining it for a little while, looked up into Sterling's face, and said with a sort of dry surprise, "Why, you've turned your coat."

7th. . . . In talking of the Russian bands of music, where each performer has his own single note to produce, Lord Holland said that there was always a man walking about with a cane, who hit each fellow at the proper moment, to make him bring out his note.

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[1] Wants correcting and condensing. (T.M.)

This notion of Lord H.'s produced a great deal of diversion, and I mentioned as a case in point, the pig instrument invented by some abbé for the amusement of Louis XV. (I believe), wherein pigs of different ages (the young ones performing the treble, and the old—according to their respective years—the bass) constituted the musical scale, there being keys provided as in a harpsichord, with a spike at the end of each, which, on the key being struck, touched the pig and made him utter his note, whilst at the same time there were muzzles contrived (on the manner of dampers for stopping vibration) which seized the pig's mouth the moment he had given out his note, and prevented his further intonation till again wanted. Thus, as Pope says of asses—

> "Pig intoned to pig
> Harmonic twang,"

and the whole living instrument being covered over and disguised in the manner of an organ. The abbé performed upon it to the no small delight of the King and his court.

9th. . . . On our way to Lady Rawson's, in passing through George Street, Portman Square, I pointed out to Russell . . . the house, No. 44, where I first lodged when I came to London. Seeing a bill on the house of lodgings to let I took advantage of it to have a peep at my own old two-pair-of-stair quarters, and found that the two rooms were to be let for sixteen shillings a week, which shows they have not

gone down in the world since I occupied them, as I paid for the two but half-a-guinea a week, having for some time inhabitedt he front room alone at six shillings a week, and it was in that room that the first proof-sheet I ever received (*i.e.*, of my "Anacreon") was put into my hands by Tom Hume.[1]

13th. . . . In talking of Lord Stanley and the boyishness of his character and conduct, Lord John, looking inquiringly at me, said, "I thought that very good in 'The Chronicle' about the 'Boy Statesman,' didn't you?" This was my own squib, founded on Mathews's "That boy'll be the death of me." I, of course laughed, and acknowledged what I saw he was already pretty sure of.[2]

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[1] See page 45.

[2] "The Boy Statesman, by a Tory," is in the collected edition of Moore's Poetical Works: part of it runs thus:—

Sir Thomas Moore had an only son,
And a foolish lad was that only one,
  And Sir Thomas said one day to his wife
" My dear, I can't but wish you joy,
For you've prayed for a boy, and you now have a boy
  Who'll continue a boy to the end of his life."
Even such is our own distressing lot,
With the ever young statesman we have got:—
Nay even still worse for Master More
Wasn't more a youth than he'd been before.
While ours such power of boyhood shows
That the older he gets, the more juv'nile he grows.
And at what extreme old age he'll close
His school-boy course, Heaven only knows:
Some century hence, should he reach so far,
  And ourselves be witness, if Heaven condemn,
We shall find him a sort of *cub* old Parr,
  A whipper-snapper Methusalem.

December 24th. . . Anecdotes of Lord Alvanley. Story told by ——, who was his second in the duel with Maurice O'Connell: Alvanley's silence as they proceeded to the place of meeting. Thinking to himself, "Well, I see Alvanley is for once made serious," and then, to break the silence, saying,

"Let what will come of it, Alvanley, the world is extremely indebted to you for calling out the fellow as you have done."

"The world indebted to me, my dear fellow," answered Alvanley, "I am devilishly glad to hear it, for then the world and I are quits."

Mentioned also that at some country house where they were getting up a dramatic piece, founded upon Scott's "Rebecca," they wanted Alvanley to take the part of a Jew, but he declined, saying, "Never could *do* a Jew in my life."

1837.

APRIL 5TH. . . . Conversation turned on Boz, the new comic writer. Was sorry to hear Sydney cry him down, and evidently without having given him a fair trial. Whereas to me it appears one of the few proofs of good taste that "the masses," as they are called, have yet given; there being some as nice humour and fun in the "Pickwick Papers" as in any work I have seen in our day. Hayward, the only one of the party that stood by me in this opinion, engaged me for a dinner (at his chambers) on Thursday next.

7th. . . . Rogers very agreeable. Mentioned the Duke of Wellington saying to some enthusiastic woman who was talking in raptures about the glories of a

victory: "I should so like to witness a victory," etc., etc. "My dear madam, a victory is the greatest tragedy in the world, except one—and that's a defeat."

8th. . . . Some talk between Lord John, Baring, and myself on the subject of Parliamentary oratory; the difficulty of inter-weaving those parts which every orator, to be effective, must prepare, with those called forth by impulse and the demands of the moment. Baring quoted, as one of those things of Canning's which must have been elaborately prepared, though appearing to arise out of the suggestions of the moment, and which ended with some such sentence as, "We find the bird of Diogenes in the man of Plato."[1]

15th. . . . In speaking of Talleyrand, after we went up to coffee, Bulow mentioned Talleyrand having told him that none of those speeches he delivered in the Convention were his own. Had them all written for him, and read them out from the tribune. Talleyrand attributed the misfortunes of all the rulers who have reigned over France from Napoleon down to Louis Phillippe, to the neglect of the counsels which he (Talleyrand) gave them. Bulow said Talleyrand's lameness was owing to a pig having eaten away every part of

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[1] This is a misquotation. The passage, though I cannot find it, was to this effect: "Gentlemen opposite are always talking of the people as distinguished from the rest of the nation. But strip the nation of its aristocracy, strip it of its magistrates, strip it of its clergy, of its merchants, of its gentry, and I no more recognise people than I recognise in the bird of Diogenes the man of Plato. [J.R.]

the foot when he was a child. Had been placed *en nourrice* according to the old French mode and the nurse having left him alone one day, a hungry pig that was near got at him, and *rongeait* one of his feet. (Have mentioned this since to Lady Holland, and she says there is no truth whatever as to the pig, though the lameness did arise from an accident at nurse. I believe it, however, to be a case of scrofula.)

27th. . . . . Shiel,[1] one of these mornings at Brookes's, told me some good things said by an Irish barrister, Keller, my godfather. To some judge, an old friend of Keller's, a steady, solemn fellow, who had succeeded as much in his profession as Keller had failed, he said one day, "In opposition to all the laws of natural philosophy you have risen by your gravity, while I have sunk by my levity."

September 2nd to 4th. Received a note from Lord Holland announcing that his present of Bayle[2] was on its way by the waggon. The note was accompanied by an amusing string of rhymes full of fun and pun, *à la Swift;* and the next day's post brought me what he calls *Editio auctior et emendatior* of the same, which I shall here transcribe :—

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[1] Richard Lalor Sheil, whose play "Evadne" was performed at Covent Garden in 1819.

[2] The "Critical and Philosophical Dictionary," 1695.

Dear Moore,
Neither poet nor scholar can fail
To be pleased with the critic I send you—'tis Bayle.
At leisure, or working, in sickness, or hale,
One can ever find something to suit one in Bayle.
Would you argue with fools who your verses assail?
Why here's logic and learning supplied you by Bayle.
Indeed as a merchant would speak of a sale,
Of the articles asked for, I forward a *Bayle* (bale),
But should you in your turn, have a fancy to rail,
Let me tell you there's store of good blackguard in Bayle:
And although they for libel might throw you in jail,
Pray what would release you so quickly as *Bayle* (bail).
Your muse has a knack at an amorous tale,—
Do you want one to versify?—turn to your Bayle.
Nay more—when at sea, in a boisterous gale,
I'll make you acknowledge there's service in Bayle.
For if water be filling the boat where you sail,
I'll be bound you'll cry lustily, "bail, my lads, *Bayle*," (bail).
A mere correspondent may trust to the mail,
But your true *man of letters* relies on his Bayle.
So much knowledge in wholesale, and wit in retail
(Though you've plenty already) greet kindly in Bayle.

Holland House, September 3rd.

October 17th. Bowles came after breakfast, more odd and ridiculous than ever. . . . The foolish fellow had left his trumpet at home, so that we could hardly make him hear, or, indeed, do anything with him but laugh. Even when he has his trumpet, he always keeps it to his ear while he is talking himself, and then takes it down when anyone else begins to talk. To-day he was putting his mouth close to my ear, and bellowing away as if I was the deaf man, not he.[1]

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[1] Bowles was now seventy-six years of age.

November 14th to 17th. No change or novelty in my mode of existence; still the same still-life picture. It is some comfort, however, to find that, while so quiet at home, one has still the capability of kicking up a row abroad. Witness the "turn up" I was the cause of the other night (the 21st) in the House of Commons. The subject of the debate was the Pension List; and the best mode of recording what took place is to insert here the scrap from "The Times'" report of the date :—

"An hon. member (name unknown, but with a strong Irish accent) rose to ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer a question. He wished to know whether the name of one Thomas Moore was in the list of pensions charged on the Civil List ('Oh, oh!'), and if so, whether it was placed there for making luscious ballads for love-sick maidens, or for writing lampoons upon George IV. of blessed memory." (Cries of "oh, oh!" and great confusion in the House.)

"*Mr. Spring Rice*—I am confident that the House, and I am equally persuaded that the public will appreciate the motives which induced the Government to place the name of Thomas Moore on the Pension List. (Loud cheers from both sides of the House.) By a formal resolution of this House, the Ministers of the day are authorised to grant these pensions as the reward of distinguished talents in literature and the arts. From the tones of his voice I suspect that the hon. member who has just put to me this extraordinary question belongs to the same country with myself. ('Hear' and a laugh.) I believe that there is no other Irishman but himself in this House—differing as many of them do

from the political opinions of Thomas Moore—who does not feel it is a credit to our common country that the name of 'one Thomas Moore' is on the Pension List. (Immense cheering.)" . . .[1]

1838.

JANUARY 9TH. To Bowood to dinner. . . . In the evening the Duchess [of Sutherland] having expressed a strong wish that I should sing, I sat down, and began unluckily with, "There's a song of the olden time," which I had not sung for a long time, and the state of my spirits not being very good, the melancholy both of the song and of my own voice affected me so much, that before I had sung the two first lines I broke out into one of those hysterical fits of sobbing, which must be as painful to others as they are to myself, and was obliged to hurry away into the next room, whither I was immediately followed by Lord and Lady Lansdowne and Henry Fitzmaurice.

The exceeding effort I made to suppress the sobbing only made it break out more audibly; and altogether, nothing could be more disagreeable, the company that witnessed the scene being, unluckily, larger and more miscellaneous than is usual at Bowood. Having drunk a tumbler of sal-volatile and water, which Lady Lansdowne brought me, I returned to the drawing-room; and, after laughing a little at my own exhibition, sat down again to the pianoforte, and sung through all the gayest songs that I could call to remembrance.

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[1] Moore's pension was £300 a year. On receipt of the intelligence from Moore by letter that it was granted, Mrs. Moore wrote, "I shall now be able to have butter with my potatoes."

February 10th. . . . Luttrell talked of Irishmen's unwillingness to pay ready money, their notions of the *ready* being always a bill at sixty-one days' date. Somebody saying that one would think every Irishman was born sixty-one days too late; from their being always that space of time behind the rest of the world; and Luttrell described the process of purchasing a horse between one Irish gentleman and another; "Price sixty pounds, for which you have no occasion to pay down cash—only *commit your thoughts to paper.*"

May 19th. . . . Story of the lady who wrote to Talleyrand, informing him, in high flown terms of grief, of the death of her husband, and expecting an eloquent letter of condolence in return; his answer only, "*Hélas, Madame. Votre affectioné, etc. Talleyrand.*" In less than a year, another letter from the same lady, informed him of her having married again; to which he returned an answer in the same laconic style, "*Oh, oh, Madame! Votre affectioné, Talleyrand.*"

In talking of office and its routine business, a great deal of which does itself, Rogers mentioned Lord North's illustration of this fact by a sign at Charing Cross of a black man turning a wheel. "People stare at this," said Lord North, "thinking that the black man turns the wheel, whereas it is the wheel that turns the black man."

23rd. . . . Bulteel full of the North London Hospital performances, having left a case behind him in Devonshire more extraordinary than any of them. Read me a letter from the gentleman in whose home this phenomenon of a young lady is residing, giving an

account, in the most serious and *bonâ fide* manner, of such downright miracles, as throw all we have hitherto heard of in that line into the shade. Among other things she can, in the dark, by passing her two fingers down the page of a book, take off the impress, as he expresses it, of the whole contents of the page, in about two seconds, and repeat it all correctly! Proposed to me to accompany him to the North London Hospital some day to see Dr. Elliotson's manipulatory experiments.

26th. Lady —— having just received a letter from Paris, giving an account of Talleyrand's death, gave me the note-paper sheets to read, according as she read them herself. The account curious and well given. The management of the archbishop, in leaving the whole conduct of the death-bed scene to an abbé, who intermediated, and his evident desire to give an orthodox air to the whole transaction as was possible, all very amusing. Talleyrand more than once said during his last moments, "*La machine s'en va;*" and those words were his last.

[[1]On some occasion at this time, not worth recording, Mr. Moore quotes some verses from an epilogue he wrote for the Killarney private theatricals, which describe well the various uses to which the manager (Mr. Corry) puts his friends.

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[1] This parenthesis is the original editor's.

"'Tis said our worthy manager intends
To help my *night*—and he you know has *friends*.
Friends, did I say? for fixing *friends* or *parts*,
Engaging *actors* or engaging hearts,
There's nothing like him! wits, at his request,
Are changed to fools, and dull dogs learn to jest;
Soldiers, for him, good 'trembling cowards' make,
And beaux, turned clowns, look ugly for *his* sake,
For him e'en lawyers *talk*, without a *fee*,
And I,—oh friendship!—I act tragedy!"

August 31st. Went to H. the dentist, to have my teeth cleaned. Told me of his nephew, who is practising as a dentist in India, being employed to make a set of teeth for the King of Delhi. The difficulty at starting was, that the dentist required to be allowed to take a model of the King's mouth; and the idea of a Christian putting his hand in the royal mouth was an abomination not to be heard of. It was, at last, however, agreed that by washing his hands, before the operation commenced, in the waters of the Ganges, the dentist might qualify himself for the contact. The teeth succeeded wonderfully; and one of the courtiers, who, from jealousy of the Englishman, had declared they would be good for nothing, was desired by the King to put his finger in and try, and on the courtier doing so, his Majesty nearly bit his finger in two. The affair turned out, however, unluckily; as the King, whose appetite was enormous, being enabled by these new grinders to gratify it *ad libitum*, brought on a plethora, which nearly killed him, and the teeth were thrown into the Ganges.

September 13th. . . . In speaking of Irish history,

it was not ill said by Finlay,[1] "The lies are bad, and the truth still worse."

17th. [At Dublin.] . . . Went to dine, Tom and myself, with Lord Morpeth, and had rather a whimsical adventure. In going out to the Park I have generally used one of those cabs (or *shanderadans*, as they call them), which my sister recommended me, driven by an old fellow name Ennis, and thinking it was he who had driven me the last time I went to Lord Morpeth's, I merely said now at starting, "Go to the same place you took me to the other evening." The length of the avenue to the house rather struck me, and when we arrived and were told they had gone to dinner, some mention of the groom of the chamber, etc., made a sort of passing impression on me, which, instead of startling, produced insensibly, I suppose, that change in all my associations which prepared me (so otherwise unaccountably) for what followed.

After a little delay we were ushered into—the Lord Lieutenant's dining-room, where only himself, Lady Normanby, and the *aides-de-camp* were seated at their family dinner, and it was only by taking close order they were able to make room among them for Tom and myself. To Lord Normanby there was just sufficient in the general invitation he had given me for *any day* to prevent his being greatly surprised at my present

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[1] Francis Finlay, Irish journalist. He advocated the emancipation of the Catholics in "The Northern Whig," of which he was proprietor, and suffered many fines and some imprisonment.

intrusion; but my bringing my son also must have appeared to him a somewhat strong measure.

Nothing, however, could be more kind than our reception by the whole party, and I was helped to soup and finished it before the actual fact of what I had done, and where I was flashed upon my mind. "Good God!" I exclaimed, "what a mistake I have committed!" "What!" said Lord Normanby, laughing, and at once seeing the whole fact of the case, "were you to have dined with Morpeth? That's excellent. Now we have you, we'll keep you." Upon which he instantly ordered the *aide-de-camp* to send a message to Morpeth's to say, "We have stopped Mr. Moore on the way."

The dinner was very agreeable, but soon after we retired to the drawing-room, I said, "Well, this is all very delightful so far; but I really must go now to the *right* place." Upon which Lord N. very kindly ordered one of his carriages to take me to Morpeth's, but it turned out that my own shanderadan had waited for me, so off Tom and I set in it for the Secretary's, where we found a large party, and I sung away for them at the rate of a dozen songs per hour to make up for my default.

22nd. The day not very favourable for our passage home; but I cannot expect to be lucky in everything. . . Encountered an odd scene on board [at Kingstown]. The packet was full of people coming to see friends off, and among others was a party of ladies who, I should think, had dined on board, and who, on my being made known to them, almost devoured me with kindness, and at length proceeded so far as to insist on each of them

kissing me. At this time I was beginning to feel the first rudiments of coming *sickness*, and the effort to respond to all this enthusiasm, in such a state of stomach, was not a little awkward and trying.

However, I kissed the whole party (about five I think) in succession, two or three of them being, for my comfort, young and good-looking, and was most glad to get away from them to my berth. . . . But I had hardly shut the door, feeling very qualmish, and most glad to have got over this osculatory operation, when there came a gentle tap at the door, and an elderly lady made her appearance, who said, that having heard of all that had been going on, she could not rest without being also kissed as well as the rest. So in the most respectful manner possible I complied with the lady's request, and then betook myself with a heaving stomach to my berth.

1839.

APRIL 4TH TO 7TH. . . . When Deville first examined my head, without the least idea who I was, he found in it a great love of *fact*, which Rogers, I recollect, laughed at, saying, "He has discovered Moore to be a matter-of-fact man!" Deville, however, was quite right in his guess. I never was a reader of works of fiction; and my own chief work of fiction ("Lalla Rookh") is founded on a long and laborious collection of facts. All the customs, the scenery, every flower from which I have drawn an illustration, were inquired into by me with the utmost accuracy; and I left no book that I could find on the subject unransacked. Hence arises that matter-of-fact

adherence to orientalism for which Sir Gore Ouseley, Colonel Wilks, Carne, and others have given me credit.

May 9th to 12th. A visit from Bowles one of these days. Showed me some new progeny of his muse, which really breeds rabbit-fashion. This was prose, however, and theological; tracing the Catholic adoration of the host to the circular image of the sun worshipped at Heliopolis. But why not take the cross itself, which formed part of the religious worship of the Egyptians? This, however, would involve somewhat more than the mere Catholic case, and is therefore let alone. The Catholics, however, instead of shrinking from this sort of parallelism between their religion and that of the heathen, are, on the contrary, proud of it; and Bishop Baines the other day, in showing me some magnificent engravings executed at Rome, representing the grand ceremonies of the church, remarked how closely the fans borne by the attendants resembled the *flabella* carried in the holy rites of the Egytians.[1]

29th. Went to breakfast with Lord John. . . . Talked of poor Lord Essex whom he had seen but two or three days before his death. His spirit and his interest in politics unflagging to the last. Urging Lord John to do something bold and decisive, and when Lord John said, in replying, "Yes, we must take some steps."

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[1] The Egyptians were acquainted also with the Trinity, as would seem by the inscription on the obelisk in the Circus Maximus at Rome: Μέγας θεὸς θεογενητὸς παμφεγγής. [J.R.]

"Some steps?" said the gallant old fellow, interrupting him, "why, the carriage is at the door; you've nothing to do but step into it, and drive on."

Speaking at the same time of the change of feeling that had taken place in all ranks, Lord Essex said, "I remember when we used to wear our stars of a morning; now, even in the evening, we are inclined to hide them under our waistcoats." He then told Lord John an anecdote of his walking in the street one morning with the late Duke of Queensberry, when both were young men (returning, I believe, from some midnight party), and the Duke had on a large star. As they passed some labouring men, one of them looked at the star, and then turning to his companions, gave a significant laugh or smile. "What!" said the Duke, after they had gone by, slapping his star as he spoke, "have they found out this humbug at last?"

June 15th. . . . Went to the British Museum, and having been told that it was a holiday, asked for Panizzi[1] who was full of kindness, and told me the library should at all times be accessible to me, and that I should also have a room entirely to myself, if I preferred it at any time to the public room. He then told me of a poor Irish labourer now at work about the Museum, who, hearing the other day that I was sometimes at

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[1] Antonio Panizzi was an Italian exile. By the interest of Lord Brougham he became an assistant in the British Museum in 1837; had supreme control from 1856, and retired in 1866. The conception, down to its minutest details, of the present Reading Room, is due to him.

work there, said he would give a pot of ale to any one who would show me to him the next time I came. Accordingly, when I was last there, he was brought where he could have a sight of me as I sat reading; and the poor fellow was so pleased, that he doubled the pot of ale to the man who performed the part of showman. Panizzi himself seemed to enjoy the story quite as much as I did.

19th. Some pleasant talk with Strangford about old times: the times when he and I were gay young gentlemen (and both almost equally penniless) about town, and that rogue C. was tricking us out of the profits of our first poetical vagaries. The price of a horse (£30) which C. advanced, the horse falling lame at the same time, was all that Strangford, I believe, got from him for his "Camoens"; and my "Little" account was despatched in pretty much the same manner. I remember, as vividly almost as if it took place but yesterday, C. coming into my bedroom about noon one day (some ball having kept me up late the night before), and telling me that, on looking over my account with him, he found the balance to be about £60. Such a sum was to me, at that time, almost beyond counting. I instantly started from my pillows, exclaiming, "What is to be done?" when he said very kindly, that if I would make over to him the copyright of "Little's Poems" (then in their first flush of success), he would cancel the whole account. "My dear fellow," I exclaimed, "most willingly, and thanks for the relief you have given me." I cannot take upon myself to say how much this made the whole amount I received for the work, but it

was something very trifling; and C. himself told a friend of mine, some years after, that he was in the receipt of nearly £200 a year from the sale of that volume.

December 15th. . . . A thing Lord John said to me struck me as peculiarly melancholy (coming from *him*, so highly placed as he is, in every respect), though it is a sort of feeling that often comes over my own mind. On his speaking of the speed with which time seem to fly, I said to him,

"If you find it so now, what will you say of it when you are as old as I am?"

"I don't know," he replied, in his quiet manner, "for my part, I feel rather glad it's gone."

1840.

FEBRUARY 6TH TO 8TH. At work, and looking over my journal . . . much struck by the falling off there has been from various causes, of many of my former friendships and intimacies; people with whom I once lived familiarly and daily, being now seldom seen by me, and that but passingly and coldly. This partly owing to the estrangements produced by politics, and to the greater rarity of my own visits to Town of late years; but altogether, it is saddening.

23rd. . . . Buckland was with the Duke [of Sussex] and I had to wait a little time. Found that Buckland had been showing and explaining to him a

new invention for the taking off or copying any printing or engraving by means of electricity. Bank notes, for instance, can be thus copied instantly and accurately. Could hardly refrain from throwing in the pun of "flash notes" while he was describing this to me.

August 29th. Another letter from Lord Holland (about the 16th, I think, of this month) as follows :—

"DEAR MOORE—A little helped by Rogers and a little by my own reflection, I now read my translation [of an Italian verse] thus :—

"'Who trusts in all with whom he deals
Inspires the confidence he feels;
But he who still suspects deceit
Tempts others in their turn to cheat.'

"Yours, VASSAL HOLLAND.

"I send to you a melancholy epigram, of which I have, alas! seen many witness the truth :—

"'A minister's answer is always so kind;
I starve, and he tells me, he'll keep me in mind.
Half his promise, God knows, would my spirits restore,
Let him keep me, good faith, I will ask for no more.'"

This epigram very good ; wrote to tell him I thought so.

October 31st. Rogers mentioned, among other agreeable things, a curious parallel found in the "Odyssey" to the well-known story of the Indian chief at Niagara, who was lying asleep in his boat, just above the current

of the Falls, when some wicked person cut the rope by which the boat was fastened to the shore, and he was carried down the cataract. The poor Indian, on waking up, had made every effort, by means of his paddle, to stop the career of the canoe, but finding it to be all but hopeless, and that he was hurrying to the edge, he took a draught out of his brandy flask, wrapped his mantle about him, and, seating himself composedly, thus went down the Falls. The parallel to this in Homer is when the companions of Ulysses, in spite of all his precautions, let loose the Bag of the Winds, and when, with the same dignified composure, Ulysses submits to his fate. The natural action of wrapping round the mantle the same in both. Cowper thus translates the passage :—

> "I then awaking, in my noble mind
> Stood doubtful, whether from my vessel's side
> Immers'd to perish in the flood, or calm
> To endure my sorrows and consent to live.
> I calm endured them; but around my head
> Winding my mantle, laid me down below."

1841.

APRIL 29TH. Went with the Milmans to Miss Berry's[1] last soirée of the season. On my saying

[1] At 8, Curzon Street, where the sisters Berry lived until their death, in 1852, described by Chorley as like "ancient French-women, rouged, with the remains of some beauty, managing large fans, like the Flirtillas, etc. of Ranelagh." At their receptions the male element was chiefly encouraged, their servant being instructed to put out the lamp over the door, to prevent more ladies coming in when Miss Berry called, "No more petticoats."

something to Miss Berry of the liberty I had taken, as an old friend, of coming there unasked, she reverted, in her odd way, to the early days of our acquaintance, and said,

"I did not so much like you in those days. You were too—too—what shall I say?"

"Too brisk and airy, perhaps," said I.

"Yes," she replied, taking hold of one of my grizzly locks, "I like you better since you have got these."

I could then overhear her, after I had left her, say to the person with whom I had found her speaking, "That's as good a creature as ever lived."

June 23rd. . . . A good story of Williams (the circulating library man) of a stranger passing through Cheltenham who, wishing to devote the few hours he had to stay there in visiting the scene of the great battle of Worcester, walked out there alone, and having inquired of some man he met as to the spot on which the great battle had been fought, was accompanied thither by this person, who at once entered with much communicativeness into the spirit of his inquiry; showed him exactly where the battle had taken place, mentioned how soon the first blood was drawn, and quite delighted the antiquary with the minuteness of his historical knowledge. "It was certainly a great battle," exclaimed the latter. "Oh, wonderful, sir," answered his informant; "nothing but Spring's wind could have carried him through it."

1842.

JANUARY 13TH AND 14TH. . . . The following squib of mine, having been left out of my general edition (though published soon enough to have appeared in it), may as well be preserved here:—

"To the Editor of 'The Morning Chronicle.'

"SIR—You have already, I doubt not, been made acquainted with the very old and curious prophecy called the 'Schism of the Isms,' which has been for some time past circulating through various parts of the kingdom. As I have been lucky enough, however, to have lighted upon a more correct copy of this singular production than is generally to be met with, I venture to submit it to your editorial consideration, and have the honour to be

"Your obedient Servant,

"E. G."

THE SCHISM OF THE ISMS.

"There shall come in the latter days, a schism
Unnamed in Bible or Catechism,
'Mong all such things as end in *ism*,
Whether Puseyism or Newmanism,
Or, simply and solely, mountebankism.

"Then, woe is me! not Gentilism,
Nor Judaism, nor scepticism,
E'er worked such ill as that day of schism.
For all shall then be egotism,
And separation and cabalism;
And priests shall mix mock Romanism
With very indifferent Protestantism;
And drug the mess with the unholy chrism
Of Pusey's once dear rationalism.

"Then Bishops shall ape the nepotism
That drew on popes such stigmatism;
And bring up their sons to sinecurism,
While rolling themselves in epicurism.

The Ph—lp—tts, ready for any 'ism,'
But liberalism and Christianism,
Shall show that of all Sectarianism,
His natural sect is contraryism.
And S——l, too, upon Romanism
Will sport his raree-showmanism;
And prove, by dint of sheer humbuggism,
That Tipperary swarms with Thuggism!

"When these things happen in synchronism,
Then woe and alas for the Oxford schism!
It hath reached the hour of fatalism,
It hath felt its last faint paroxysm.
And Puseyism and Newmanism,
And even long-winded Sewellism,
Shall all for want of some better ism,
Be swamped in one great cataclysm!"

March 13th. . . . Dined at Lady Holland's.[1] Found in the hall, as I was going in a victim of *one* of her ways of making room, in the person of Gore, who was putting on his great coat to take his departure, having been sent away by my lady for want of room. . . . So great was the "pressure from without," that Allen, after he had performed his carving part, retired to

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[1] Lord Holland had died in 1840. After his death the following lines, in his own handwriting, were found on his dressing-table:—

"Nephew of Fox, and friend of Gray,
Enough my meed of fame,
If those who deigned to observe me say
I injured neither name."

Greville refers to his "impertubrable temper, unflagging vivacity and spirit, his inexhaustible fund of anecdote, extensive information, sprightly wit, and universal toleration and urbanity."

a small side-table to dine. All was very agreeable, however, and I have seldom seen Lord Melbourne in such good spirits. Rogers's theory is that the close packing of Lady Holland's dinners is one of the secrets of their conversableness and agreeableness, and perhaps he is right.[1]

May 11th. The best thing of the evening (as far as I was concerned) occurred after the whole grand show was over [the Literary Fund Dinner]. Irving and I came away together, and we had hardly got into the street, when a most pelting shower came on, and cabs and umbrellas were in requisition in all directions. As we were provided with neither, our plight was becoming serious, when a common cad ran up to me, and said, "Shall I get you a cab, Mr. Moore? Sure ain't I the man that patronizes your Melodies?" He then ran off in search of a vehicle, while Irving and I stood close up, like a pair of male caryatides, under the very narrow projection of a hall-door ledge, and thought at last we were quite forgotten by my patron. But he came faithfully back, and, while putting me into a cab (without minding at all the trifle I gave him for his trouble), he said confidentially in my ear,

"Now mind, whenever you want a cab, Misthur Moore, just call for Tim Flaherty, and I'm your man."

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[1] Of a date ten years previous Greville writes of what he calls "a true Holland House dinner, two more people arriving than there was room for, so that Lady Holland had the pleasure of a couple of general squeezes, and of seeing our arms prettily pinioned," and he goes on to complain that Lord Holland filled his place at table though he ate nothing.

Now, this I call *fame*, and of a somewhat more agreeable kind than that of Dante, when the women in the street found him out by the marks of hell-fire on his beard. (See Guiguenè.)

September 19th and 20th. An amusing instance of the spread of literature just now; one of Bessy's old women in the village[1] sent her lately a letter from her son, in which was the following learned piece of criticism. "The following lines are written by Thomas Moore, Esq. I consider them beautiful; very sarcastic on the gentry." Then follow these lines from "Lalla Rookh":—

> "A heav'n, too, ye must have, ye lords of dust,
> A splendid paradise—pure souls ye must.
> That prophet ill sustains his holy call,
> Who finds not heaven to suit the tastes of all."

This metamorphose of my friend Mokanna into a lampooner of "the gentry" is excellent; a sort of Oriental Tom Brown the younger.

1843.

JANUARY 10TH. I was mentioning some days since the circumstance of being one evening at Rogers's when

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[1] Mrs. Moore had many pensioners; and when Moore wished to provide her with funds for them he used to send a £5 note to a friend and ask him to assume the *rôle* of benefactor; knowing her unwillingness to tax his own pocket for the purpose. Few lives exhibit a more delightful picture of wedded happiness than Moore's.

Wilkie was looking over a set of H. B.'s early things (the first time Wilkie had ever seen them); his admiring some of them as works of art, and saying, as he pointed to a bit in one of them, "That really reminds me of Titian." "Politician," muttered Bobus, who was sitting next me.

June 5th. . . . Some one mentioned to-day that Charles Napier,[1] in writing to a friend the night before Meanee, said, "If I survive I shall soon be with those I love; if I fall, I shall be with those I *have* loved."

August 12th and 13th. . . . Some waggeries connected with Combe Florey.[2] Sydney had often laughed at me while there for my occasional absences, and the following letter alludes to them:—

"AUGUST 7TH, 1843.

"DEAR MOORE—The following articles have been found in your room and forwarded by the Great Western. A right-hand glove, an odd stocking, a sheet of music paper, a missal, several letters, apparently from ladies, an Elegy on Phelim O'Neil. There is also a bottle of Eau de Cologne. What a careless mortal you are.

"God bless you."

Scribbled him off in return some doggrel, of which I have not kept a copy, but they are pretty much as follows:—

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[1] General Sir Charles Napier, the conqueror of Scinde. He died in 1857.

[2] Sydney Smith's residence, where Moore had recently been visiting.

"REV. SIR—Having duly received by the post
Your list of the articles missing and lost
By a certain small poet, well-known on the road,
Who has lately set up at your flowery abode,
We have balanced what Hume calls 'the tottle o' the whole'
(Making all due allowance for what the bard stole),
And, hoping th' enclosed will be found quite correct,
Have the honour, Rev. Sir, to be
Yours, with respect.
Left behind, a kid glove that once made a pair,
An odd stocking, whose fellow is—heaven knows where;

* * * *

Such was all that, on diligent search, we can find
Which the bard, so mis-called, in his flight left behind;
While, thief as he is, he took safely away
Rich treasures to last him for many a day.
Recollections unnumbered of sunny Combe-Florey;
Its cradle of hills, where it slumbers in glory;
Its Sydney himself, and the countless bright things
Which his tongue or his pen from the deep-flowing springs
Of wisdom and wit ever-flowingly brings.
Such being, on both sides, the 'tottle' amount,
We shall leave to your Rev'rence to settle th' account."

December 30th and 31st. A strange life mine, but the best as well as the pleasantest part of it lies *at home.* I told my dear Bessy, this morning, that while I stood at my study window, looking out at her, as she crossed the field, I sent a blessing after her. "Thank you, bird," she replied, "that's better than money," and so it is. "Bird" is a pet name she gave me in our younger days, and was suggested by Hamlet's words, "Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come," being the call, it seems, which falconers use to their hawk in the air when they would have him come down to them.

1844.

MARCH 12TH. . . . *Criticism of Lord Jeffrey.*

"What thanks do we owe, what respects and regards
To Jeffrey, the old nursery-maid of us bards,
Who, resolved to the last his vocation to keep,
First whipped us all round, and now sends us to sleep."

June 3rd. . . . Called on Sydney Smith, and found him at home confined by gout. Was not a little amused, as well as surprised, to find him industriously employed in teaching himself French. There was his copy-book lying upon the table, at the place where I took my seat, with all the verbs and their moods and tenses, etc., written out as neatly by his own hand as any young boarding-school miss could have done it. What an odd pastime for such a man, and how he would have laughed at any other septuagenarian so employed!

I have since recollected that one day, at Bowood, he began, *àpropos* of nothing, to speak French in the middle of dinner, and went on with some common-place sentences in that language, looking much pleased while so doing. This was now explained to me; he was thus practising his school lessons upon us.

July 16th to 18th. I am getting into great repute, I see, with the Anti-Corn-Law Leaguers. At one of their great evening festivals, some time since, there was a series of illuminated scrolls exhibited, with the names thereon of the great champions of the cause, and there I was, in full blaze, by the side of Ebenezer Elliot, who, it seems, is the other great Laureate of the League.

Some short time since, too, Dr. Bowring, who is also one of their *Dii Majores*, read in his speech, at one of these meetings, the whole of my long squib about the Owhyhean Lords.

> "Who, of all afflictions, ills, and vices,
> Thought none so dreadful as low prices.
> Wherefore they held it just and meet
> That the world should not too cheaply eat;
> Nay, deemed it radical insolence
> To wish to dine at a small expense,
> And swore, for sake of themselves and heirs,
> That, happen what might, with other wares,
> No bread should be less dear than theirs," etc., etc.

September 21st and 22nd. Here is an anecdote of William Spencer's,[1] which has just occurred to me. The *dramatis personæ* were Lady Elizabeth Foster, Gibbon, the historian, and an eminent French physician, whose name I forget; the historian and the doctor being rivals in courting the lady's favour.

Impatient at Gibbon's occupying so much of her attention by his conversation, the doctor said crossly to him,

"*Quand mi Lady Elizabeth Foster sera malade de vos fadaises je le guérirai.*"

On which Gibbon, drawing himself up grandly, and looking disdainfully at the physician, replied,

"*Quand mi Lady Elizabeth Foster sera morte de vos reçettes, je l'immortaliserai.*"

---

[1] The author of the familiar lines beginning,

"Too late I stay'd—forgive the crime."

The pompous lengthening of the last word, while at the same time a long sustained pinch of snuff was taken by the historian, brought, as mimicked by Spencer, the whole scene vividly before one's eyes.

December 12th to 14th. Some really *friendly* friend of mine, and one knowing a good deal of the matter, has published the following statement in reference to the stupid paragraph about me. I cannot conceive who it can be; but he has made himself accurately acquainted with the transaction.

"Anecdote of the poet Moore. We find the subjoined statement in several of the papers, but without the original authority being quoted:—

"'The following anecdote is related of the poet Moore. There is an excellent moral in it:—Moore had just returned from his Government office in the West Indies, a defaulter for £8,000. Great sympathy was felt for him among his friends, and three propositions were made to cancel the debt. Lord Lansdowne offered simply to pay it. Longman and Murray offered to advance it on his future works, and the noblemen at White's offered the sum to him in subscription. This was at a time when subscriptions were on foot for getting Sheridan out of his troubles; and while Moore was considering the three propositions just named, he chanced to be walking down St. James's Street with two noblemen, when they met Sheridan. Sheridan bowed to them with a familiar "How are you?" "Damn the fellow," said one of the noblemen, "he might have touched his hat. I subscribed a hundred pounds for him last night." "Thank God, you dare not make such a criticism on a bow from me," said Moore to himself The lesson sunk deep. He rejected all offers made to relieve him; went to Passy, and lived in complete obscurity in that little suburb of Paris till he had written himself out of debt. Under the spur of that chosen

remark were written some of the works by which Moore will be best known to posterity.'

"'The "excellent moral" in this case is never to believe such silly improbable gossip. We have counted five positive untruths in this paragraph. No English nobleman, who had subscribed to relieve Sheridan from his necessities, would behave in the vulgar *parvenu* manner here described. This one circumstance taints the whole statement, but it is manifestly and historically untrue. Mr. Moore never had a Government office in the West Indies. He was, however, in 1803, appointed Registrar to the Admiralty in Bermuda. He visited the islands the same year, but returned in 1804, leaving a deputy to discharge the duties of his office. The deputy, according to the general practice, was guilty of embezzlement, and the absentee poet was made liable in claims that were ultimately fixed at a thousand guineas, towards which an uncle of the deputy, a London merchant, contributed £300.

"'The first trace we have of the poet's misfortunes is in 1818, fourteen years after he returned from Bermuda, and two years after Sheridan had cancelled all earthly debts by his death! The memory of "poor Sherry" may therefore be relieved from the ignominy of a too familiar bow! Mr. Murray was not Mr. Moore's publisher, and was not consulted at the time in question, nor did the poet produce his best works in France; his "Irish Melodies" and "Lalla Rookh," on which his fame must ultimately rest, were written in England. It is true that at the period of his difficulties Mr. Moore retired to France and declined all offers of assistance from his friends, among whom were the Marquis of Lansdowne and Lord John Russell. He redeemed himself from his embarrassments in less than three years, adding one more example to those which serve as beacons to young authors, in which we find, crowned with brilliant success, the union of high talents and genius with honest industry and manly independence of character.'"

1845.

JANUARY 1ST TO 3RD. Here is a good House of Commons scene:—In the Irish House of Commons, one

night, a blustering orator having triumphantly, as he thought, exclaimed, "I am the guardian of my own honour," Sir Boyle Roche quietly settled the orator by saying, "I wish the honourable gentleman joy of his sinecure appointment."

Here is another House of Commons scene :—

Government Side :—"Have we laws or have we *not* laws? If we *have* laws, to what purpose were those laws made unless they are *obeyed?*"

Opposition Side :—"Mr. Speaker, did that gentleman speak to the purpose, or *not* to the purpose, and if he did *not* speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak?"

When I was in Kerry with Lord Lansdowne, he received a letter from one of his tenants there, in which was the following puzzling passage :—"As the Lord has given you power over everything, I wish you'd tell the Mayor of Cork not to mix butther with his timber." The poor fellow meant to say that the Mayor was not to mix timber with his butter, it being a trick with the butter vendors there to increase the weight of the casks and firkins in which the butter was packed.

One night, when John Kemble was performing at a country theatre one of his most favourite parts, he was much interrupted, from time to time, by the squalling of a young child in one of the galleries. At length, angered by the rival performance, Kemble advanced with solemn step to the front of the stage, and addressing the audience in his most tragic tones, said, "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped the child cannot possibly go on." The effect on the audience of this earnest interference, in favour of the child, may be easily conceived.

The Ph—lp—tts, ready for any 'ism,'
But liberalism and Christianism,
Shall show that of all Sectarianism,
His natural sect is contraryism.
And S——l, too, upon Romanism
Will sport his raree-showmanism;
And prove, by dint of sheer humbuggism,
That Tipperary swarms with Thuggism!

"When these things happen in synchronism,
Then woe and alas for the Oxford schism!
It hath reached the hour of fatalism,
It hath felt its last faint paroxysm.
And Puseyism and Newmanism,
And even long-winded Sewellism,
Shall all for want of some better ism,
Be swamped in one great cataclysm!"

March 13th. . . . Dined at Lady Holland's.[1] Found in the hall, as I was going in a victim of *one* of her ways of making room, in the person of Gore, who was putting on his great coat to take his departure, having been sent away by my lady for want of room. . . . So great was the "pressure from without," that Allen, after he had performed his carving part, retired to

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[1] Lord Holland had died in 1840. After his death the following lines, in his own handwriting, were found on his dressing-table:—

"Nephew of Fox, and friend of Gray,
Enough my meed of fame,
If those who deigned to observe me say
I injured neither name."

Greville refers to his "impertubrable temper, unflagging vivacity and spirit, his inexhaustible fund of anecdote, extensive information, sprightly wit, and universal toleration and urbanity."

a small side-table to dine. All was very agreeable, however, and I have seldom seen Lord Melbourne in such good spirits. Rogers's theory is that the close packing of Lady Holland's dinners is one of the secrets of their conversableness and agreeableness, and perhaps he is right.[1]

May 11th. The best thing of the evening (as far as I was concerned) occurred after the whole grand show was over [the Literary Fund Dinner]. Irving and I came away together, and we had hardly got into the street, when a most pelting shower came on, and cabs and umbrellas were in requisition in all directions. As we were provided with neither, our plight was becoming serious, when a common cad ran up to me, and said, "Shall I get you a cab, Mr. Moore? Sure ain't I the man that patronizes your Melodies?" He then ran off in search of a vehicle, while Irving and I stood close up, like a pair of male caryatides, under the very narrow projection of a hall-door ledge, and thought at last we were quite forgotten by my patron. But he came faithfully back, and, while putting me into a cab (without minding at all the trifle I gave him for his trouble), he said confidentially in my ear,

"Now mind, whenever you want a cab, Misthur Moore, just call for Tim Flaherty, and I'm your man."

---

[1] Of a date ten years previous Greville writes of what he calls "a true Holland House dinner, two more people arriving than there was room for, so that Lady Holland had the pleasure of a couple of general squeezes, and of seeing our arms prettily pinioned," and he goes on to complain that Lord Holland filled his place at table though he ate nothing.

Now, this I call *fame*, and of a somewhat more agreeable kind than that of Dante, when the women in the street found him out by the marks of hell-fire on his beard. (See Guiguenè.)

September 19th and 20th. An amusing instance of the spread of literature just now; one of Bessy's old women in the village[1] sent her lately a letter from her son, in which was the following learned piece of criticism. "The following lines are written by Thomas Moore, Esq. I consider them beautiful; very sarcastic on the gentry." Then follow these lines from "Lalla Rookh":—

> "A heav'n, too, ye must have, ye lords of dust,
> A splendid paradise—pure souls ye must.
> That prophet ill sustains his holy call,
> Who finds not heaven to suit the tastes of all."

This metamorphose of my friend Mokanna into a lampooner of "the gentry" is excellent; a sort of Oriental Tom Brown the younger.

1843.

JANUARY 10TH. I was mentioning some days since the circumstance of being one evening at Rogers's when

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[1] Mrs. Moore had many pensioners; and when Moore wished to provide her with funds for them he used to send a £5 note to a friend and ask him to assume the *rôle* of benefactor; knowing her unwillingness to tax his own pocket for the purpose. Few lives exhibit a more delightful picture of wedded happiness than Moore's.

Wilkie was looking over a set of H. B.'s early things (the first time Wilkie had ever seen them); his admiring some of them as works of art, and saying, as he pointed to a bit in one of them, "That really reminds me of Titian." "Politician," muttered Bobus, who was sitting next me.

June 5th. . . . Some one mentioned to-day that Charles Napier,[1] in writing to a friend the night before Meanee, said, "If I survive I shall soon be with those I love; if I fall, I shall be with those I *have* loved."

August 12th and 13th. . . . Some waggeries connected with Combe Florey.[2] Sydney had often laughed at me while there for my occasional absences, and the following letter alludes to them:—

"AUGUST 7TH, 1843.

"DEAR MOORE—The following articles have been found in your room and forwarded by the Great Western. A right-hand glove, an odd stocking, a sheet of music paper, a missal, several letters, apparently from ladies, an Elegy on Phelim O'Neil. There is also a bottle of Eau de Cologne. What a careless mortal you are.

"God bless you."

Scribbled him off in return some doggrel, of which I have not kept a copy, but they are pretty much as follows:—

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[1] General Sir Charles Napier, the conqueror of Scinde. He died in 1857.

[2] Sydney Smith's residence, where Moore had recently been visiting.

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